

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION

BY

A. WERNER.

WITH A SUPPLEMENT BY

JESSIE WHITE MARIO.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

SUPPLEMENT.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

SIGNORA MARIO has said little of herself in the following pages—nothing which enables the uninformed English reader to understand, what is well enough understood in Italy, the authority with which she speaks. It is, therefore, as well to mention that throughout the Italian campaigns Signora Mario was a member of the general ambulance, and consequently in the thick of whatever was going on. During the French campaign, Garibaldi named her Inspectress of Ambulances on the Battle-field; here is the brevet as given in his own handwriting :

“République Française. Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.
No. 595. Commandement Général de l'Armée des
Vosges. État Major-Général.

“En vertu des pleins pouvoirs que lui sont conférés par le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale, le Commandant de l'Armée des Vosges décrète ; Mme. Jessie White Mario est nommée Inspectrice des Ambulances sur le Champ de Bataille, à dater du Novembre 21, 1870, avec assimilation au grade de Chef de Bataillon. Le Général, G. Garibaldi.

“Pour copie conforme, enregistrée à page 40. Le chef d'État, Major Bordone.”

Two gold medals, the sole reward accepted for her labours (though others were offered her), were struck for Signora Mario by the wounded.

In almost the last year of his life, Garibaldi sent two photographs of himself to Alberto Mario and his wife, with the following dedication :—

“Al carissimo Amico mio e fratello d'armi
Maggiore di stato Maggiore.

ALBERTO MARIO.

G. GARIBALDI.”

“Alla carissima sorella mia
JESSIE WHITE MARIO

Infermiera dei miei feriti

in quattro campagne

1860, 1866, 1867, 1870.

G. GARIBALDI.”

TO THE READER.

THE biography of Garibaldi has yet to be written in English. There are excellent partial narratives, such as "Garibaldi and Italian Unity," by Colonel Chambers; "The Life and Campaign of Garibaldi in the Two Sicilies," by Charles Stuart Forbes, Commander, R.N.; "H.M.S. *Hannibal* at Palermo and Naples," by Admiral Mundy; "Personal Recollections about Garibaldi," by Karl Blind; "The Red Shirt," by Alberto Mario; but no complete history. "The Life of G. Garibaldi," "Garibaldi: Recollections of His Public and Private Life," containing more errors than facts, have been published, but they give no idea of the patriot, or the man Garibaldi, and are untrustworthy in the details of events in which he was one of the chief actors.

I make no attempt to supply this deficiency—merely offer a few "bricks without mortar" to the future historian who may choose the theme of Italy's political renaissance and England's share in her growth. "Italy," wrote Garibaldi, in 1860, "is rapidly becoming a nation, and Great Britain will find in her a sure ally, naturally drawn towards her both by her sympathies and by her interests."

The time may be at hand when such an alliance shall become an accomplished fact; then the great English

people, whom Garibaldi loved next only to his own, will care to know the truth about him and his legion of heroes. I have not drawn largely on published books, with the exception of Guerzoni's "Life of G. Garibaldi," for some manuscripts of the General's to which he had access, and of Chiala's six volumes of Cavour's letters, which have rectified many errors and destroyed many fond beliefs of his friends and foes alike. I have used many unpublished documents, chiefly the "Bertani Archives" as they are called in the text. Some thirty years ago I received from Dr. Bertani a collection of papers, letters, and documents, with a request that I should ordinate them. And throughout the following years, until his death in 1886, fresh contributions arrived, among them all the documents of 1860. When Dr. Bertani died in absolute poverty, he requested me to help two of his friends to sell this collection for the benefit of his widowed sister. This I was enabled to do by making a fourfold catalogue of over 17,000 letters, papers, and documents. These, examined by experienced directors of Archives in Milan, were purchased by the unanimous vote of the Municipal Council for the "Tempio del Risorgimento" in that city, and 30,000 francs were paid to Bertani's widowed sister. The "Bertani Archives" will be accessible to the public as soon as the authorities have organized their "Temple."

Though enjoying the high privilege of the friendship of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the other leaders of the party of action, of which my husband was an active

member from his boyhood to his death, I have, as well in my Italian works, "The Life of Garibaldi," "Garibaldi and His Times," "The Life of Joseph Mazzini," "Agostino Bertani and His Times," etc., as in the present sketch, relied as little as possible on memory, which is more tenacious of impressions than of facts, and in each successive work have corrected, by the light of new documents, the involuntary errors made in the former. All the letters of Garibaldi (saving those in the "Bertani Archives") and of Mazzini, which I quote, are in the hands of Aurelio Saffi, of the editors of Mazzini's works, of Adriano Lemmi, of other friends, or in my own, and can be shown in the original or photographed when required.

I have devoted nearly the entire volume to the revolutionary propaganda and action between the years of 1830 and 1860, to the thirty years during which the "Utopian idea" of a free, independent, and united Italy was gradually transformed into a fact—at the end of which period, twenty-two millions of Italians forming by their own will "Italy One and Indivisible with Victor Emmanuel," national sovereignty proved itself invincible, the completion of Italy with Rome for her capital a natural and logical consequence.

J. W. M.

SUPPLEMENT
TO
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

“Vedrai
Un Cavalier che Italia tutta onora
Pensoso più d'altrui, che di sè stesso.”

PETRARCA.

I.

1807-1834.

Garibaldi's ancestry, real and imaginary—Certificates of the birth and marriage of his grandparents—His father and mother—Anecdotes of his childhood—Young Italy—Joseph Borel—Cleombroto—Captain, sailor, bandit—Death-sentence—First exile.

GARIBALDI never troubled himself about his ancestors, but some of his biographers, not content with his self-created fame, have laboured hard to endow him with forefathers of equal glory and renown. Some maintain that he had German blood in his veins, seeing that Theodore Di Neuhoef of Kuggeberg, who became King of Corsica in 1736,* gave his own sister in marriage to

* In the parish register of Kuggeberg, in the county of Marea, Westphalia, D. Joseph Baptist Mary Garibaldi and Catherine Amelia Neuhoef were married August 16, 1736, King Theodore

his favourite physician, G. B. M. Garibaldi, who, after the king's death, settled in Nice with his wife, by whom he had a large family. Others affirm that their Joseph descends in direct line from Gardebaldo, one of the German conquerors of Lombardy; while some assign to him for ancestor Garibaldo, Duke of Turin in 1060. Garibaldi, "the war-bold," is certainly a German name; nor did the long sunlit hair and tawny beard, the calm, slow speech, the measured tread, the total absence of gesticulation, the marked preference of the country to the town, gainsay the theory that Teutonic blood flowed in Italian veins. "May he not have descended from Teutelinda, daughter of the Bavarian duke, Garibaldi I., who married the Lombard king Antharich, whose cousin, Garibaldi II., also Duke of Bavaria, warred against Slavs and Avars?" asks Carl Blind. Why not, we also ask, seeing that from the eleventh century to the present day Garibaldis and Garibaldos were numerous and renowned in the province of Liguria, and especially in Chiavari, in which district a commune near Nè, on the mountain behind Lavagna, still bears the name of Gariboldi? *

having sent from Ajaccio this his confidential physician on a mission to his old mother at the farm of Peddenati, not far from Kuggeberg. Certain it is that this Theodore de Neuhoef was one of the chiefs of the Corsicans during their rebellion against the Genoese; that he assumed the title of king in 1736, and reigned until 1741, when the great patriot Paoli proclaimed the liberty of Corsica. We give the often-repeated legend, which, however, has no foundation in truth, as our Garibaldi undoubtedly hails from Chiavari.

* Genoa and the Liguria were, like the rest of Italy, conquered by the Longobard kings. In the seventh century, the crown was

Manuscripts still existing in the municipal library of Chiavari attest the exploits of the Garibaldis and Garibaldos; the first record commencing with 1060, when a Paolo de Garibaldo, captain of the men-at-arms, obtained from the consuls of Genoa "aid and authority to reduce the counts of Lavagna and other brigands to order, seeing that they oppressed the populace and confiscated the merchandise that came from Tunis." Another, Rubaldo Garibaldo (1179), one of the six consuls of Genoa, sided with the people in the tumults of that year, as did his brother and son. In 1306, the Garibaldis, then a very numerous family, took part with

disputed between Grimoaldo, Duke of Benevento, and Bertando, who reigned in Milan (662), and Godeberto, crowned at Pavia (663). Garibaldo, Duke of Turin, sided with Grimoaldo, who named his son (by la Patta, daughter of Ariperto) after him. Grimoaldo was poisoned—so says the chronicle entitled *Plurima hæc inclita gesta Lombardiæ, et relicto Garibaldi filio suo adhuc puerilis ætatis*. His little son and heir was shut up in a tower till he died, and there is an inscription, still visible, on the ruins of a tower at Nè, which in modern characters runs thus :

"Garibaldo Grimualdi regis filio
Ariperto avunculo papiæ trono expulso
Ab Ariperta matre Garibaldi primi Bavarix ducis abnepta
In hac arce buxeta recondito, A. DCLXXIII.
Solo suisque nomine relicto
Joannes abnepos M. P., A. DCCLXX."

This record could be safely placed in 770 by a surviving member of the family, as just then Charlemagne defeated the Longobard and substituted the Frank kings in Italy. The Garibaldos of Chiavari may have taken the name of the murdered son of Grimoaldo, or may be descendants of the dukes of Turin. As to the existence of several families of that name in Lavagna, Chiavari, and afterwards in Genoa, where they were called *i Garibaldi da Garibaldo*, there can exist no doubt.

Spinola against Fieschi, and with their unsuccessful chief were banished from Genoa. Later we find Garibaldis at Genoa, Nice, and Chiavari, roving, restless, daring men, siding always with the people, taking their part in another insurrection against the Fieschi, which in 1460 ended in the exclusion, by law, of the nobles from the government of the republic. In 1507, however, in another popular tumult, a Bartolomeo Garibaldi, who led the Genoese, was banished from the city with his son Ugolino, who settled in Chiavari, and the majority of Garibaldi's Italian biographers maintain that their Joseph descends from them in direct line.

Possibly, nay, probably so; but despite diligent research we have not been able to trace his pedigree further back than to Stefano Domenico Garibaldi, "whose father was Giuseppe," born in Chiavari in 1708. He married Angiola Maria Gandolfi, and was a well-known merchant captain; as also was his son Angelo Maria, born on July 4, 1734, who on September 1, 1765, married Margarita Isabella Pucchia, whose family came originally from Tuscany, and, later, changed their name to Puccio or Pucci.* This couple had three sons, Domenico

* The birth and baptismal registers in Liguria were kept until 1799 by the parish priests in the archives of their respective churches, and the Archbishop of Genoa seems to have been very particular about their exactness, enjoining, by special decree in 1750, the insertion in the registers of the name of the new-born infant's maternal as well as paternal grandfather. The Garibaldis belonged to the parish church of San Giovanni Battista, in Chiavari, the Puccios to San Giacomo.

Birth certificate of Joseph's grandfather.

"1734. Die 5 Julii. Angelus Maria filius D. Dominici Garibaldi

Antonio, born on June 9, 1766, Stephen, and Joseph; and two daughters, Rosa and Angelina. The three sons became sailors and shipbuilders, and in 1770 the whole family left Chiavari and settled in Nice. Doménico, who was first mate under his father, captain of his own vessel, married * Rosa (Maria Nicoletta) Raimondi, born

q^m Josephi, et Angelæ Mariæ filiæ D. Joan. Baptistæ Gandulphi q^m Dominici natus die quarto Juli 1734, et hodie fuit a me Archipresbitero baptizatus; levantibus D. Joseph Carabella, et D. Magdalena filia dicti D. Jo. Baptistæ Gandulphi."

Baptismal certificate of Joseph's grandmother.

"Die decimoctava Julii 1742. M^a Margarita filia Antonij Puccii Andræ e^m Mariæ Franciscæ Stephani Lanatæ conjug. baptizata fuit a prædicto R. D. Simone Caietano de mei rectoris absentis licentia, levantibus Stephano de Ursio q. Michælis et Maria Caietana uxore Jacobi de Potestate."

Marriage-certificate of Joseph's grandfather and grandmother.

"Die 1^a Sept. 1765. Angelus Garibaldi q^m Dominici, et Isabella in baptismate Margarita Pucchia q. Antonii, ambo ex hac paræcia omissis solitis proclamationibus de licentia R^{mi} D. Vicarj Ge^a Genuæ, ut ex decreto sub die 13 Augusti 1765 signa^a F. M. Debecchi V^a Gen^{lis}, et Fra^{ces} M^a Axeretus Can^{onicus} in reliquis servata forma S. C. Tridentini, coniuncti fuere in matrimonium a R. P. Fran^{co} Magnasco curato, presentibus testibus clerico Josepho Copula Stephani, et Dom^o Largomarsino q. Andræ."

"1766. Die 1^a Junij. Dominicus Antonius filius Angeli Garibaldi q^m Dominici et Margaritæ filiæ q^m Antonii Pucci coniugum natus die 9 huius et hodie baptizatus fuit a me curato, levantibus Jo. Bap^{ta} Pucchio q^m Antonii et Maria uxore Agostini Dassi."

* „After many vain researches, throughout a series of years, for the certificate of marriage between our Garibaldi's father and mother, and despite the affirmation by Professor G. B. Brignardello (author of a pamphlet entitled, "The Grandfather and Father of G. Garibaldi, Notices and Rectifications," Firenze, Barbera, 1884) that the search was hopeless, following up the clue given by Pio Papacin, rector of St. Martin's, that they were married in the church

on January 22, 1776, in Loano, who brought him a small dowry and five children—Angelo, (our) Joseph, Michael, Felix, and Teresa. Domenico, who inherited his father's vessel at his death, gave his boys as good an

opposite the chapel of ease in which Giuseppe was baptized, I made one more effort during my last visit to Nice. Chancing upon a comrade of the French campaign, Advocate A. Navello, aide-de-camp of the heroic Pole, General Bossak, who died for France at Dijon, he told me that he was the grand-nephew of Pio Papacin, and could search the old registers of the churches for me. The marriage took place in 1794, during the Reign of Terror, when Nice was already annexed to France; churches were closed; the civil code was not promulgated until 1803. It was known that many of the priests made careful entries of all the births, marriages, and deaths that occurred in their parishes. And precisely, in the archives of the church of St. Martin's, not in a regular register, but in small copy-books, my friend found all the records of the year, duly authenticated by witnesses, and among them the following certificate in Italian:—

“February, 1794.

“To-day, 1st of February, 1794, I, Father Vittore Massa, have celebrated matrimony between Domenico Garibaldi, son of Angelo of Chiavari, in the western Riviera of Genoa, with Rosa Raimondi, daughter of Giuseppe of Loano, both inhabitants, for many years past, of this parish. By letter of the citizen vicar, G^{te} de Garideli, dated the 29th of this last month of January, 1794, the three usual proclamations of the banns, day and place, are dispensed with.

“Witnesses: GIUSEPPE RAIMONDI, ANDRÉA FALCHI.”

In the same church, in regular register, is the following certificate (made out according to the civil code) of the birth of Angelo, Giuseppe's eldest and best-beloved brother:—

“1804. *Angelus Garibaldi.*

“Die Dominica 29 mensis Julii, et 10 thermidor Ego Pius Papacin, rector S. Martini, baptisavi infantem natum die 25 ejusdem mensis Julii, et Dominico Garibaldi et Rosa Raimond, conjugibus, cui impositus est nomen Angelus, patrini fuerunt Angelus Garibaldi e Rosa Garibaldi nata Gustavin.”

education as the town and times afforded. Angelo, born in 1804, a clever, enterprising lad, traded with the United States, and settled down at New York, sending constant supplies to his mother, writing frequently to his second brother, Joseph, born in 1807; later, he was named Italian consul at Philadelphia, and died there in 1853. Felix, a successful merchant, died at Nice in 1856. Michael, who never took kindly to books, passed his life at sea, and died in 1866. Teresa died as a child, of accidental burns, and was always tenderly remembered by her brother Joseph. Domenico, Joseph's father, died at the age of seventy-seven, in 1843; his mother, Rosa, in 1852, aged seventy-six. The following certificates of Joseph's birth and baptism exist, the first in the municipal archives, the second in the register of the parish church of St. Martin's, at Nice.

"COMMUNE OF NICE, MARITIME ALPS.

"Birth of Joseph Maria Garibaldi, July 4, 1807.

"In this year 1807, on this 4th of July, at six in the afternoon, at Nice, dame Catherine Bandinello, midwife, aged forty-six, wife of Giraudi, born and living in Nice, presented herself in the town hall to us, Francis Constantine, adjunct of this municipality, and declared that on that day at six in the morning the male child which she held in her arms was born of dame Rose Raymondo, aged thirty, native of Loano, department of Monte Notte, inhabiting Nice, wife of Sieur John Domenic Garibaldi, captain.

"The above declaration and presentation was made in the presence of Sieurs Angelo Garibaldi, merchant, aged

sixty-five, the paternal grandfather of the infant, and Honoré Blanqui, ex-nun, aged sixty, domiciled in Nice. These witnesses have signed their names, but not so the midwife, who said she could not write, and the present act has been read to them.

“(Signed) GARIBALDI ANGELO, HONORÉ BLANQUI,
and CONSTANTINE ADJUNCT.”

Baptismal certificate.

“In the year 1807, on the nineteenth day of the month of July, was by me, the undersigned, baptized Joseph Maria, born on the 4th inst., son of Mr. John Domenic Garibaldi, merchant, and of Mrs. Rose Raymondi, married in the church opposite to this chapel of ease. The godfather was Mr. Joseph Garibaldi, merchant, the godmother Julia Mary Martin, his sister, my parishioners. The godfather signed his name; the godmother declared herself unable to write. The father present signed his name. The witnesses were Felix and Michael Gustavin.

“(Signed) PIO PAPACIN,
“Rector of St. Martin’s.”

The little that Joseph writes of his parents was confirmed by his contemporaries, few of whom are now alive; but in 1854-5, when with some English friends we spent several months in the house of his cousin, Augustus Garibaldi, at Nice, people were full of stories about the goodness of Signora Rosa to the poor and sick, of her thrifty management, and her always frugal household, for “Padron” Domenico’s earnings as a coasting trader were never considerable, and often scant, yet she always had a bite and sup for the needy, and never owed a farthing. Of “Padron Domenico” all spoke with respect, as of a man who not only set an example

of honesty and hard work to his family and fellow-citizens, but as one of the most expert captains of the Mediterranean, in whose every port the *Santa Riparata* was as well known as at Nice itself. "Peppino," said one who had been his playmate in childhood, school-fellow, and companion, "is as good, beautiful, and simple as was his mother, as honest and frugal as his father. Where his genius came from, still less his republican notions and his hatred for the priests, baffles me, for if ever there was a man who brought up his family 'to fear God and honour the king,' it was Padron Domenico; and as for his mother, though not a *beghina* (bigot), she was a pious, gentle soul, took all her boys to church, had them confirmed, and, until Peppino got his own way and became a sailor, he had to go to church and conform like the rest of us."

"Is it true," we asked, "that his mother destined him for the priesthood?" "Very likely. All the mothers liked to have a priest in the family in those times; it saved them from the conscription, and it kept them at home. His mother grieved sadly at the separation from her first son, Angelo; and, though Peppino was a bright, brave lad who planned all sorts of adventures, played truant when he could get the loan of a gun or coax one of the fishermen to take him in their boat, went oyster-trawling, never missed the tunny festival at Villafranca, or the sardine hauls at Limpia, he was often thoughtful and silent, and when he had a book that interested him would lie under the olive-trees for hours reading, and then it was no use to try and make

him join any of our schemes for mischief. He had a beautiful voice, and knew all the songs of the sailors and peasants, and a good many French ones besides. Even as a boy we all looked up to him and chose him as our umpire, while the little ones regarded him as their natural protector. He was the strongest and most enduring swimmer I ever knew, a very fish in the water, and the stories about his saving a washerwoman at eight years old, and several boys whose boat capsized when he was twelve, are true."

And this is all we could gather about our hero's early days. If his parents had really destined him for one of the liberal professions, they would have sent him to college to prepare him for the university; if for the priesthood, to the seminary; but he never went to either. Once I asked him how he came by his knowledge of algebra, geometry, and mathematics. "By applying myself to their study," he answered. "As I meant to be a sailor, so I determined to pass as merchant captain; to obtain the certificate a certain knowledge of mathematics, astronomy, geography, and commercial law was necessary. I set to work with books by myself, and all my practical knowledge I owe to my first captain, Pesante; the rest came by itself."

Aided certainly by the boy's natural talent and his invariable habit of never giving up anything he had set himself to do until he could do it thoroughly and well. His very handwriting is a proof of this; the fine up and clear down stroke, the perfectly formed letters, the equal space between the words, and again

between the lines, are even more marked in his early than in his later letters. An unintelligible handwriting always prejudiced him against the writer. No one ever beat him at draughts, his favourite game; but after a few attempts he gave up chess, saying that it would take as much time and trouble to become a great chess-player as to become a great general. A sailor who was with him on board his father's ship bears testimony to his hearty kindliness, his thoroughness in duty. "You could tell when the deck had been swabbed or the cables coiled by Peppino. He would help us all with our work; never got us into any trouble with the skipper, but neither aided nor abetted indiscipline." Thus from cabin-boy to sailor, receiving his first pay and proudly taking it home to his mother, second mate, first mate, and finally captain, Garibaldi passed the eleven years of which he gives us such ample particulars. The dates of the following documents, which have puzzled some of his biographers, must be carefully noted, as thereby hangs a tale.

In the first volume of the maritime register of the Sardinian states for 1832 we find the following entry:—

"Garibaldi Giuseppe Maria, son of Domenico and Rosa Raymondo,* born on July 4, 1807, at Nice, in the province of Nice; inscribed on the register of the captains of the department of Nice on February 27, 1832, Number 289."

And now, strange as it may seem, less than two years

* Some of the certificates give the name Raimondo, others Raimondi. In one of them, Garibaldi's mother is called Rosa Gustavin, that being the name of her mother's family.

later we find this same "certificated merchant captain" offering himself as volunteer in the royal navy. We may say as volunteer, because, though all the subjects of the King of Piedmont were liable to be drawn as sailors or soldiers, he, as captain in the merchant service, ranked in the third category, and could not be forced into active service except in case of war. Yet we read in the register of the royal navy for 1833—

"Sailor of third class, Garibaldi Giuseppe Maria, *nom de guerre* Cleombroto,* son of Domenico and Rosa Raymondo; born on July 4, 1807, at Nice; inscribed on the rolls of the department of Nice as captain, February 27, 1832; detached from Genoa as sailor of the third-class levy, December 26, 1833. Height, five feet six and a half inches; hair and eyebrows reddish, chestnut-coloured eyes, spacious forehead, aquiline nose, medium mouth, rounded chin, rounded face, healthy colour, no special marks. Embarked on the *Desgeneys*, February 3, 1834, deserted from the above-named royal frigate, February 4, 1834."

One other extract from the *Piedmontese Gazette* of June 17, 1834, completes the documentary history of our hero's youth.

"SENTENCE.

"Genoa, June 4, 1834.

"The divisionary council of war sitting in Genoa, convoked by the order of his Excellency the commander-general of the division . . . in the action brought by the royal military *Fisco* against Mutru Edoardo, aged 24, native

* It is curious that the name of the king who fell at the battle of Leuctra, after a magnificent defence of the Spartan troops, which he commanded, against the Thebans, should have been given to our hero.

of Maritime Nice, third-class marine in the royal service; Canepa Giuseppe, aged 34, sergeant in the first regiment of Savona; Parodi Enrico, aged 28, sailor in the merchant service; Deluz Giuseppe, called 'the Bear,' aged 30, sailor in the merchant service; Canale Filippo, aged 17, bookseller's apprentice; Crovo Giovanni Andrea, aged 36, under-secretary of the Tribunal of the Prefecture; Garibaldi Giuseppe Maria, son of Domenico, aged 26, captain in the merchant service, and sailor of the third class in the royal service; Caorsi, a native of Genoa; Mascarelli, also a merchant captain of Nice. The first-named six are prisoners; the others, judged by default, are all accused of high military treason. Garibaldi, Mascarelli, and Caorsi are also accused as the authors of a conspiracy framed in this city during the late months of January and February, tending to induce the royal troops to revolt and overthrow the government of his Majesty.

"Garibaldi and Mascarelli are, moreover, accused of attempting by persuasion and sums of money actually disbursed to seduce several non-commissioned officers of the royal artillery corps, etc., etc.

"The council of war, invoking divine aid, rejecting the plea of incompetence put forward by the defence, condemns by default Garibaldi, Mascarelli, and Caorsi to the penalty of ignominious death, and declares them to be exposed to public vengeance as enemies of the country and the state, subject to all the pains and penalties imposed by the royal laws against bandits of the first catalogue in which the condemned are placed."

This terrible sentence may be explained, if not justified, when we add that "Captain Garibaldi" of the Nice merchant service, whom his townsmen delighted to honour for his prowess against the pirates who scoured

the Mediterranean—for the respect in which his name was held in every port of the Ligurian or Provençal shores—the “Cleombroto” of the royal navy, had also, another alias, *Giuseppe Borel*. “This was the name by which he was known among the members of “Young Italy,” and his object in entering the royal navy had been solely and simply to enrol in that association as many of his Majesty’s officers and sailors as he could, and possibly to seize his Majesty’s ship, the *Eurydice*, to which ship he had been attached as pilot, and from which he was only transferred by the Admiral De Geneys himself on board his own flag-ship and name-sake on February 3, the day preceding the fatal 4th. At the same time, other conspirators were entering Savoy in armed bands, and hoping on St. Stephen’s Day to raise the flag of insurrection throughout the Sardinian states, to possess themselves of the forts and arsenal and men-of-war of Genoa, rally the army to their standard, proclaim the unity and independence of Italy, and then and there wage war against Austria.*

* So much has been said and written about the bloodthirsty projects and diabolical plans laid by the members of Young Italy, that it will be well to give here the actual plan of that projected revolution as discovered on the arrested conspirators by the Government.

“The revolution will break out on a given day at a given hour throughout the Peninsula. The tocsin will give the signal for the rising of twenty millions of inhabitants from the waters of Sicily to the Alps. The night of St. Stephen is the time fixed for all the cities; the hour, that in which the theatres are opened. As for Piedmont, it being taken for granted that the troops are at the service of the revolution, a condition *sine qua non* of general insurrection, the orders to be observed are as follows:—First, the person of

It is difficult to say when the consciousness that Italy, his native land, was in slavery first dawned upon

his Majesty must be seized, and should he refuse, after a given time, to assume the leadership of the revolution, he must submit to the fate of Charles X. The commissary entrusted with the organization of the capital must assure himself of the persons in authority who are supposed to be partisans of the late Government, and name in their stead fitting individuals. All the troops in arms must march at once on Lombardy, to second the revolutionary movements that will break out there. In provincial cities where there is a garrison, which is pretty sure to side with us, the revolution becomes a mere local fact, and the commissary will maintain order. In the villages and the country, members of the party, when sufficient, arming themselves as soon as the result of the revolution in the cities is known, will sound the tocsin and proceed in arms to the public square; there they will make known the result of the revolution in the cities, summon by heralds the royal carbiniers, and give them the alternative of taking the oath to the new Government or of retiring. A civic guard must be organized; all the rest left for the time being *in statu quo*."

In another plan, we find that the provisional seat of government was to be placed in Genoa, and the authority entrusted to a triumvirate, in case his Majesty should decline the leadership of the revolution. However one may smile at the evident belief in the success of the revolutionary movement, the object proposed stands out in clear relief—the creation of Italy one, free, and independent. It is curious to see how the hopes of the majority in Charles Albert were never altogether lost. Of course, there was a republican minority; but the greater number of the exiles who proposed, and the patriots at home who assented to the project were willing to accept monarchy if Charles Albert would consent to assume the leadership of the revolution, and send or lead his army into Lombardy to assist the revolutionists there. After all, if he declined, he was only to submit to the fate of Charles X.—be sent into exile. The summary vengeance inflicted by English and French revolutionists on kings who declined to fall in with their ideas never occurred to those sanguinary "Young Italians."

No doubt can be cast on the authenticity of the document sent by the Sardinian Government to Metternich. The above is a trans-

the young Garibaldi, but easy to fix upon the precise moment when he resolved to consecrate his whole being and entire life to her rescue. Of the events stirring the world in his childhood he heard continuously, for Nice was orphaned of her youth to create and renew the army of the Alps, destined to perish on the frost-bound plains of Wilna, the cruel snow for death-bed and the sullen sky for shroud, pining vainly for one farewell glance of their own sun-warmed, sea-girt home.

The first event that remained clearly in his remembrance was Napoleon's landing at Cannes, when from Elba, in March, 1815 he returned to Paris "with the violets." Ugo Foscolo, Carlo Cattaneo, and Mazzini, while deploring the fatal ambition which prevented the first Napoleon from freeing and unifying Italy, yet admitted his right to Italian gratitude, inasmuch as he had trained the youth of Italy to shoulder a musket and unsheath a sword; had given them their tricolour flag; had in his bulletins made them proud to be called Italians, accustoming them to look upon the red, white, and green tricolour, baptized in blood and glory, as the symbol of their country. But never in writing or in speech have we found Garibaldi express any sense of indebtedness to or enthusiasm for the first Napoleon, its absence being due, perhaps, to the hereditary hatred of the inhabitants of Nice for French domination from the original, existing in the state archives at Milan. Sent by his Majesty's council of state, from Turin, September 5, 1833, signed by Count di Cimella, whose signature is endorsed at the Austrian legation and signed by the secretary of legation, Baron Erbeis.

conquerors, to their loyalty to the house of Savoy—manifested by all, save the few who voluntarily followed Massena to the war—in their detestation of Napoleon's rule, in longings for the day when the kings of Piedmont should come to their own again; lastly and chiefly, to his own instinctive abhorrence of all war for conquest or tyranny of any kind. Piedmont was the only province of Italy gladdened by the treaty of Vienna, which parcelled out the Italians like flocks of sheep among ignoble owners, Austria, "wearing the smooth olive-leaf on her brute forehead," lord paramount of all. Right hearty was the welcome given by his loyal subjects of Nice to the King of Piedmont on his return from his long exile in the island of Sardinia; but their joy was of short duration, for the king's heart was full of bitterness, which he vented on all who had even submitted to Napoleon. "I have slept for seven years," he said, on returning to Turin; and, acting on that belief, he dismissed at once all the nominees of Napoleon from the universities and public offices, and, taking an old almanack, reappointed those who were in place when he was compelled to flee, many of whom were in their graves; reopened and repeopled the convents; persecuted Jews, Protestants, and liberals. "In Piedmont," wrote his queen, Maria Teresa, "there is a king who governs, plebs who obey." Truly so it seemed for a time, but the gifted and unhappy Leopardi has drawn a true picture of Italy in the following words:—"Whether Italy watches or waits, pleads or threatens, weeps or laughs, she is in a state of permanent and general conspiracy."

This was natural, for whatever were the faults of Napoleon's rule, he had accustomed the Italians to active enterprises, to intellectual exertion, to mental movement, light, and air--had whispered the magic word "liberty" in their ears, and by his civil code had made them equals before the law. After his fall, by a stroke of the pen they had been trapped and caged. What wonder that they wore their hearts out and beat their heads against the bars; that day by day and year by year the strongest and most daring plotted and planned methods for breaking the cage or forcing the door; that, without any previous concert, Naples rose up in arms against the Bourbon, while the Piedmontese contented themselves with respectfully demanding a constitution and war against Austria? But Victor Emmanuel (whose ambassador to Leyback, where the "holy allies" were assembled in February, 1821, had just pledged his master's royal word that he would never sign any charter whatsoever) abdicated, as was the custom of the princes of Savoy when in trouble; and as his brother Charles Felix, the legal heir to the throne, was absent at Modena, he appointed his nephew regent in the interim. Charles Albert, a lineal descendant in the sixth generation of Charles Emmanuel I., was, owing to the failure of male heirs to his three uncles, heir presumptive to the crown of Piedmont. Only two months old when the French Directory annexed Piedmont to France, his parents, after two years' residence in Turin, where the father did duty in the national guard, and, according to Litta, his mother danced

the *carmagnole* round the tree of liberty, took him to Paris. Later he was educated by the Protestant pastor Vaucher at Geneva. When eighteen, Napoleon gave him a lieutenant's commission in a regiment of French dragoons. Victor Emmanuel, on his restoration, annoyed with the second marriage of the princess of Carignano to Count de Montleart, summoned his nephew to Turin, treating him with great distinction; to the dismay of his Austrian queen, who hoped to induce him to leave the crown to their eldest daughter, married to the Duke of Modena. Charles Felix also detested him for the reforms which he dared to propose in the army, with which he was a favourite, especially when, after a brutal attack on some of the university students by Thaon de Revel, Governor of Turin, he openly protested, and visited the wounded in the hospital, distributing money among them. Friends with the chiefs of the "independents" in Milan, at whose head was Count Confalonieri; with Prince Della Cisterna, then at Paris; with Santarosa, Liseo, Colegno, young Sammarzano, and the leading liberals of Piedmont,—Charles Albert was aware of their plans and intended demands, and up to the evening of March 6, 1821, had given a tacit consent to head the movement. On the evening of the 7th, he expressly declared that he could not assume the leadership. When Victor Emmanuel abdicated, the young regent consented to the proclamation of the Spanish constitution, subject, however, to the consent of the new king, and above his signature wrote the words, "I swear also to be faithful to the king, Charles

Felix." A portion of the army insisted on declaring war against Austria, seized the fortresses of Alexandria and the citadel of Turin, and sent messages to the conspirators of Milan that they were willing to second any rising on their part. But Count Confalonieri, learning meanwhile of the total defeat of the Neapolitans under General Pepe, and the march of the Austrians through Tuscany to Naples, sent an express to Sammarzano, urging on him to refrain from crossing the frontier, unless he had the entire army at his back, as the only result would be to subject both Piedmont and Lombardy to Austria's vengeance. Meanwhile, the new king, Charles Felix, refusing his consent to any constitutional charter whatsoever, ordered the regent to join him instantly at Modena, commanding General De la Torre at the same time to act in accordance with the Austrians for the suppression of any symptom of rebellion. Charles Albert, after vainly trying to induce the king to come to terms with his subjects, finding that Della Torre was invested with absolute authority, and receiving from Charles Felix a letter which ended, "From the more or less promptness of your obedience we shall judge whether you are a prince of the house of Savoy, or have ceased to be such," left Turin for Novara, and arrived at Modena, where he was received with insults and contumely by his uncle, the king, and ordered off to Tuscany, whose grand duke was his father-in-law.

Turin rose in full insurrection, Genoa seconded her, and the Austrians would have taken possession of the capital of Piedmont, had not the chiefs of the move-

ment quitted Turin for Genoa, going thence into voluntary exile. The new king's edict, issued on April 3, is worthy of the chief of a savage tribe. Refusing all quarter to the "felons," he put a price upon their heads, vaunting openly that his full and sole trust lay with the Austrians, naming the author of the student massacres his *alter ego*. Eighty-three death-sentences were pronounced; Colegno, Santarosa, and Liseo to have their right hand cut off before execution.

These events happened just as Joseph Garibaldi had obtained his heart's desire, and overcome his mother's reluctance to his becoming a sailor. When Victor Emmanuel and the Austrian-hearted Maria Teresa arrived at Nice, crownless and fugitives, Joseph, in love with *la Costanza*, his first ship, the blithest cabin-boy on deck, was setting sail with "the pearl of captains," *Pesante*, on his first voyage to Odessa. He knew little at that time of the cause for which hundreds of Italians had risked their lives and liberty, and, failing, were going out to their long, in many cases lifelong exile. Fortunately, all but three of the conspirators had effected their escape; two only were shot at Genoa. In this city, where hatred to Austria scarcely exceeded the detestation of most of the inhabitants for their forced aggregation to Piedmont, numbers offered themselves to the fugitive leaders to recommence the struggle; but they answered, "Reserve yourselves for better destinies."

It was the sight of those sad, defeated men passing through his native city to their several lands of exile that inspired Joseph Mazzini, then a youth of seventeen,

with a conviction that such failure could not have followed on such heroism but for some vital and inherent defect in their methods of action. This defect he traced to its true source—the absence of a common bond, of a sole and single aim; the isolation of one province from another; the fact that Neapolitan patriots were ready to crush revolution in Sicily; that there had been no combined plan of action between them and the Piedmontese and Lombard patriots. “One for all and all for each, Naples for Sicily, Venice for Piedmont, and all for Italy, to be freed from every foreigner, united under one government, crowned with her crown of towers in her true capital, Rome:” this could, should, and ought to be effected, decided the young Genoese, whose thought was action, and whose prayer was work. At first he hoped that the vast association of the Carbonari might be used as an instrument, but soon discovered that the life which once animated it was extinct. Imprisoned in 1830, as a *carbonaro*, in the fortress of Savona, and liberated by a mere chance, Joseph Mazzini was banished from the kingdom of Piedmont, and took refuge in Lyons, where he found a number of fellow-exiles all imbued with the notion that the liberty of Europe depended upon France; for which belief none paid so bitterly as the inhabitants of Central Italy, the theatre of revolution in that year. Parma, Modena, and the Roman states had all rebelled; nearly three millions of Italians were free, and the youth and the people clamoured to be led against the perjured King of Naples. War against

Austria was, of course, included in their programme. But the leaders of the movement took for their motto, "Every man for himself," or rather "every state," giving it to be understood that if they put into practice the new doctrine of non-intervention, France and diplomacy would prevent Austria from interfering. France, never loath to interfere, occupied Ancona, while Austria "restored order" in Parma, Modena, and Reggio; then occupied Ferrara; and meanwhile Charles Felix died, and Charles Albert ascended the throne of Piedmont. Just ten years had elapsed since he had quitted it, a "regent disgraced," a "traitor accursed." As happens in most cases of unsuccessful revolutions, some scapegoat must be found, some supreme reason assigned for failure. Now the causes of failure in Piedmont were self-evident: the act of Victor Emmanuel in abdicating was pusillanimous; the army was a house divided against itself; the people took no part, nor were they invited to do so; the Lombards, whose rising was to have been the signal for the crossing of the Ticino by the Piedmontese army, not only forebore, but discountenanced the projected invasion. Charles Albert's fault lay in his undecided, vacillating nature. "He willed and unwilled," said Santarosa of him; he "let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'" He betrayed no accomplice, and if he deserted, or rather refused to head, the revolution, he gave fair warning of his intention beforehand. The men mentioned in his memorandum had all escaped: the secrets of all the Milanese conspirators, especially those of Count Confalonieri, the Marquis Pallavicino, and

Gaetano Castiglia, were in his hands, yet none of these were arrested by Austria until nearly twelve months afterwards, and then their arrest was due to the fact, but lately discovered, that Castiglia's brother was a spy in Austrian pay.

Nevertheless, the entire blame was laid on the shoulders of Carlo Alberto, and he was denounced as a traitor throughout France and Italy. Berchet, the favourite poet of the revolutions of 1821 and 1830 thus apostrophizes him: "Execrated, O Carignano, thy name goes forth among the people; in the most distant lands the squalor, the weariness, the curses of the fugitives, proclaim thee traitor!" Giusti, the ease-loving, satirical poet of Tuscany, in describing the tyrants who assembled at the coronation of the Emperor of Austria, says, "The first to soil his knees is the Savoyard, yellow with remorse, who washed out his brief sin in glory at Trocadero. O Carbonari, this your chief is he who sped you to the scaffold and to dungeons drear; how royally he maintains the pledge of 1821!" As it happens, Charles Albert was not present at the coronation of the Emperor of Austria, and if ever a man, prince or plebeian, hated the Austrians it was he; but the brutal treatment of his uncle, the scornful courtesy extended to him by the duke and court of Tuscany, the unstinted loathing lavished on him by the liberals in exile, who more than once greeted him with Berchet's strophe, hardened and embittered a nature which had in it the ordinary mixture of good and evil. His apologists would have us believe that he fought compulsorily at Trocadero—in Spain,

against the constitution, face to face with many of the old conspirators of Turin; but we have little doubt, on the contrary, that he fought with thorough satisfaction to himself. That the very name of a constitution was abhorrent to him he proved by refusing it steadily in 1848, until one other day's delay would have cost him his hard-won crown. It was to save his crown that he fought at Trocadero, and but that Austria was too much taken up with the affairs of Central Italy when Charles Felix died, he might have lost it at the eleventh hour. Yet it was to this man, on his accession, that Joseph Mazzini, still an exile, addressed from Marseilles the letter which is in reality the corner-stone of the kingdom of Italy, the key-note to the transformation of the kings of Sardinia into "hereditary kings of Italy crowned in Rome." Mazzini's intellectual penetration was far too keen to admit that the defection of one young man, albeit the crown prince, could have caused universal failure, and remembering that at least a spark of patriotism had stirred his heart, calculating on his burning hate to Austria—on the traditional ambition of his house to descend the valley of the Po to the Adriatic, or, as they prosaically put it, "to look upon Venetian Lombardy as an artichoke to be eaten leaf by leaf," he addressed to him that wondrous letter which to us seems still the loftiest and noblest of patriotic writings.

"I dare to speak the truth to you because I deem you alone worthy to listen to it, and because none around you venture to utter the whole truth into your ears."

Here he reminds him of the bitter past—of the days when he was hailed as liberator, then accursed as traitor.

“We sought on your face the lineaments of a tyrant; we found them not. No man who had once taken a sublime and holy vow could plunge suddenly into the villainess of calculating perfidy. Hence we said *there was no traitor except destiny*. We now wait to see whether the king will redeem the pledges of the prince.”

He then points out to him the crown of Italy ready to be grasped by the hand that shall dare.

“Sire, have you never cast a glance, one of those eagle glances which reveal a world, on this Italy, beautified with nature’s smile, crowned with twenty centuries of sublime memories, the home of genius, endowed with infinite means, requiring only unity, surrounded by such natural defences as a strong will and a few brave breasts would ensure, to protect her from the foreigner’s insult? Have you never said to yourself, ‘This Italy is created for great destinies’? Have you never contemplated this people who inhabit it, splendid despite the shadow of servitude which hangs over their heads; great by the instinct of life, by the light of intellect, by the energy of passions—passions blind and ferocious, it may be, since the times are against the development of nobler ones—but who are, nevertheless, the elements from which nations are created; great indeed, since misfortune has neither crushed them nor deprived them of hope? Has the thought never dawned on you to evolve, as God from chaos, a new world from these dispersed elements; to reunite the dissevered members, and exclaim, ‘Italy is happy, and all my own! Like God, I can become the creator of twenty millions of men, whose cry shall be,

“God in heaven, and Charles Albert on the earth”’? Sire you did once nourish that idea; the blood did boil in your veins when it dawned on you radiant with hope and glory. Many and many a night that sole idea peopled your dreams; you became a conspirator to realize it. Do not blush for this, Sire. There is no holier career on earth than that of a conspirator who dedicates himself to become the avenger of humanity, the interpreter of the eternal laws of nature. Times were against you then, but can ten years and a precarious crown have destroyed the dream of your youth, the ideal of your manhood?”

The rest of the letter may be thus summed up:

“Italy awaits from you but one word, one single word, to become yours entirely. Write upon your banner, ‘Unity, liberty, independence,’ and twenty millions of men, freed by you, will write upon your throne, ‘Charles Albert born a king; Italy reborn through him.’ Sire, we are determined to become a free and united nation—with you, if you will; without you, if you will not; against you, if you oppose our efforts.”

Charles Albert read the letter, and gave strict orders that the writer should never be allowed to re-enter his dominions. The excuses made by his apologists for the young king in the commencement of his reign are admissible; he had next to no army, and his old officers were incompetent and partisans of Austria—Austria, who, having crushed Central Italy and terrorized Lombardy, was ever on the watch for a chance to invade Piedmont. Thus surrounded by retrogrades, Jesuits, and Austrian-hearted advisers, with every liberal in exile, Charles Albert found no encouragement outside

himself to risk his little crown afresh. Mazzini waited a couple of years, patiently organizing Italian exiles, and such patriots as he could reach at home, into a vast association for the avowed purpose of freeing Italy from the yoke of Austria, then unifying her under the form of government that the majority of the people should choose. Holding up a republic as the ideal, he did not enforce it as a necessary article of faith. His doctrines spread like wildfire through the Peninsula; fly-sheets and small pamphlets were carried to every port by merchant captains and sailors, and from those ports his friends and partisans undertook their dissemination throughout Italy. But among the exiles was a Judas, who warned the authorities of Genoa that on July 4, 1832, a trunk with a double bottom would be found addressed to the commercial house of Rini and Brothers. The custom-house officers were instructed to open it; they did so, and found numbers of the *Giovine Italia*, a copy of the instructions of the secret society signed "Filippo Strozzi," Mazzini's name as chief of the association, the popular dialogues of Gustavo Modena, thirteen letters from Mazzini enclosing introductions from exiles to persons resident in Palermo and Naples. Copies of all these were sent to Metternich,* and to all the different governments of the Peninsula; the persons to whom the letters were addressed, and those named in them, of course knew nothing, so the police were enabled to spread the net and set decoy-birds to trap the

* All these documents sent from Piedmont are in the state archives of Milan.

chief conspirators. All the ferocity latent in the princes of the house of Savoy fermented in Charles Albert's bosom at the idea that his army was to be tampered with, his throne undermined. We have but to recall the conduct of Amadeus in the seventeenth century, when the sturdy Mondovites refused to pay the salt tax, from which they were legally exempted. He invaded the province, destroyed the rebels by fire and sword, strung up some hundreds on the public scaffolds, and carried off four hundred families to Vercelli. The conduct of Charles Emmanuel II. and his mother Christina to the Waldenses is well known to English readers. Charles Albert, resolved neither to head a revolution nor to submit to the fate of Charles X., needed no instigation from Jesuit councillors or brutal generals to avert either alternative by the direst punishment that his vengeance could invent. He set himself to exterminate the conspirators and crush out the conspiracy, using the subtler weapons in vogue in modern times. Willing and zealous instruments he found, but these were tools in the hands of the absolute sovereign. "His Majesty," writes one of these, "is fortunately decided to adopt no half-measures, but to go to the uttermost lengths. You can imagine how zealously he is seconded by us all;" and again, "It is the sovereign will that Ferrari, officer of the first regiment of Cuneo, and the royal procurator, Andrea Vocchieri, shall be arrested stealthily and without any noise."

Court-martials were held at Turin, Alexandria, Chambéry, and Genoa; blood flowed in torrents, although

no charge save that of having read the writings of Young Italy, and of not having denounced the existence of the association, could be brought against any of the arrested. When a number of the rank and file had been shot, Charles Albert complained to Villamarina that the blood of mere soldiers was insufficient as an example, and Effisio Tola, an officer, was at once shot at Chambéry. The executioners increased as much as possible the sufferings of the condemned. Vochieri, who had treated his judges with cool disdain, was, on his way to execution, purposely led past the windows of his mother, sister, and young sons; was shot, not by soldiers, but by the galley slaves' guards, and the governor, in grand uniform, witnessed the execution seated on a cannon. Charles Albert sent his hearty congratulations to Galateri "for the manner in which he had fulfilled his duty." In Genoa, Mazzini's ablest co-operator and best-beloved friend, Jacopo Ruffini, killed himself in prison lest torture should extract from him the names of his accomplices. The executions were, on a less numerous scale, a reproduction of the legal murders of Ferdinand Bourbon in 1799. Even the Emperor of Austria had not yet executed fourteen youths in cold blood! Charles Albert did yet more; he conferred the grand cross and the grand cordon on all the savage executors of his barbarous commands. Naturally, as soon as the first arrests commenced, all who feared a similar fate escaped across the frontier, some reaching France, some Switzerland, others wherever the vessels they could get on board

landed them. One of these, G. B. Cuneo, of Savona, a youth of considerable talent, and a devoted member of the association of Young Italy, chanced to be set on shore at Taganrog, where Garibaldi, as he tells us, had landed from one of his voyages.

Patriots and exiles had now but one idea—to avenge their murdered brethren by carrying out the object for which the young martyrs had been sacrificed. Cuneo was telling the history of their fate, and the plans for freeing and uniting all Italy, to a number of sailors assembled at a little inn in Taganrog. Garibaldi, who had been much excited by his visit to Rome, who, on his return voyages to Nice, must have heard from time to time the terrible stories of Central Italy, Lombardy, and now of Piedmont, was already worked up to that state of mind in which a desire to redress the wrongs of his countrymen, to set slaves free and send tyrants to their doom, was only restrained by his utter want of knowledge of how to set about it. He entered the room as Cuneo was holding forth, listened attentively to all his arguments and entreaties; then with one bound reached him and clasped him speechless to his heart. From that day he became the intimate friend of the “Believer,” as he called the man who initiated him in the doctrines of Young Italy, and from that hour devoted his whole life to the redemption of his country; went purposely to Marseilles to find out Mazzini, and in one single interview they settled their plans.

Partisan biographers, who would fain erase the Young

Italy's membership from their hero's life-history, represent Garibaldi at the time of that interview as a daring, artless youth led blindfold by the arch-conspirator to his doom. Now, Garibaldi was never led by any one against his will, and knew far more of the world and its ways at six and twenty than did Mazzini at the age of twenty-nine. Reared with the tenderest care by his idolizing mother, Mazzini's boyhood and youth had been passed in the studious seclusion of a home where only a few chosen friends were admitted. With the exception of his one journey to Tuscany, he had seen little of life and men till he was suddenly cast out an exile among exiles, and brought face to face with the first results of his ideas and efforts to ensure the triumph of right over might—to set the few armed with principles against the many armed with musket and cannon. The catastrophe, while it wrung his heart with agony, steeled his soul for sterner deeds. His views of humanity were to the last broad, high, and hopeful. His influence over all with whom he came in contact was extraordinary; men became better by contact with his own nobility and his confidence in theirs; the very intensity of his faith in the destinies of Italy veiled the immensity of the mountains that must be removed before the goal could be reached. A merciful gift of nature, this power of beholding the unseen, to a man destined for a lifelong struggle after a "Utopia," an "unattainable chimera," as the whole world called his dream of "Italy united, free, and independent," until it stood forth a realized and accomplished fact. It was

precisely the clearness of his vision, the utter, absolute certainty of its reality, that won the tens, the hundreds, the thousands to live and die for its attainment. The martyrs sacrificed by Charles Albert or self-slain had gone up to join the band of waiting witnesses of Italy's wrongs and rights, to prove the willingness of her sons to die, so that she, their mother, might live. What could be the duty of the survivors but to avenge their death and complete their work but just begun?

Clearly the indication of this supreme duty, enjoined with the vehemence of passionate conviction, was calculated to intensify Garibaldi's enthusiasm and strengthen his purpose to devote himself to his country's cause; but we may be also very sure that the immediate plans of action were fully discussed and approved of before he consented to take a responsible part in their execution. Garibaldi had lived in constant contact with facts from his childhood, and for the last ten years his experience at sea and on shore had brought him into the closest acquaintance with them; with facts hard as rocks, relentless as the ocean—facts which might be dealt with successfully by sheer courage and force of will, or be circumvented by strategy and skill, but which could not be ignored or left out of account with impunity. Used to buffet with the waves, to scud with bare masts close his port-holes, and screw his hatches tightly down when a cloud not bigger than a man's hand was discerned by his eagle eye, now he would watch for a fair wind or wait for the turn of the tide; or, if needs must be, trim his vessel to an inch, veer her far out of her course for

safety, then dash along before the wind and make for his predestined harbour by a longer route. Prudence and daring were his distinctive and equally balanced qualities, and he brought both of them to bear on his self-sought, consciously accepted task. Drawing upon his own experience of the qualities of men and the best means for securing those needful to his purpose, he would have put the quantity and quality of heroes at a much lower figure than the man whom for the time being he called "master." He, with heroic daring in his heart, had seen much of the unheroic side of life—had dealt with cunning and haggling traders; sordid, heartless, greedy shipowners, who cared nought for the crews and captain if their vessel and cargoes were insured; and he had done battle with ferocious pirates, who would mutilate and murder for sheer spite because others of their craft had been before them with the spoil. Even among sailors, his superiors, then comrades, finally subordinates, he had found more of them ready to throw a cargo overboard than to caulk a gaping seam or pump their arms weary, out of duty to their owners; and had often seen a rope's-ending and grog-limiting discipline secure obedience where kindness, persuasion, and example had failed. Italy's young knight could count upon his own prowess; with regard to the courage and constancy of the masses he probably had his doubts. The chief of Young Italy, and the scores of fugitives who, halting for refuge at Marseilles, painted Italy as a volcano on the eve of eruption, the Genoese and Piedmontese as thirsting for revenge; the

Savoyards themselves ablaze with wrath at the absolute power given to Jesuits and Catholic priests, to the detriment of religious liberty and peaceful living generally ; fully believed that every Italian felt as they felt : even in those days we suspect Garibaldi of putting all this enthusiasm into quarantine. Still, one likes to dwell on that meeting, fraught with such momentous consequences for Italy's future, between those two men, so unlike in character, in training, in feature, and even in dress, yet so absolutely one in hopes and aims, in singleness of purpose, in capacities of self-sacrifice, of devotion, of constancy, both endowed with the qualities that made them leaders of men, both born dictators for the discomfiture of despots. One can see the muscular, broad-chested sailor, well-knit and stalwart as a forest oak, his long chestnut-golden hair flowing back from the fair and ample forehead, his brows slightly knit, his keen eyes gleaming from under their long lashes, as he entered the little inner room where the chief of Young Italy, condemned already to ignominious death by the King of Sardinia, and sought for by the minions of Louis Philippe, found a precarious asylum in the house of a French citizen.* One sees the Chief himself lift up that broad, high, wondrous brow overhung with black masses of softest, finest hair ; raise his frail, slender, yet upright form ; then, on learning who was his guest, spring forward with outstretched hands and eyes luminous with the fire of genius and the light of holiest passion, to welcome this bronzed, lion-featured, tawny-

* Demosthenes Olivier, father of " Emile the light-hearted."

bearded captain, who had come so far to volunteer his services to Italy in her hour of defeat.

What a contrast, yet what counterparts!

Suffice it, they had met, clasped hands, exchanged their pledge and pronounced their vow. What if, in the future, their notions as to the best and shortest path to the fixed unalterable goal should differ, their wills and their opinions clash? what if in life they were destined to walk each on his separate, lonely road? Those roads were convergent, and along them both, following in their leaders' wake, martyrs and consecrated victims, pioneers and heroes, marched through blood and torture, through failure and defeat, onward to death and victory. Would that victory have been won, would Italy to-day be living her third life "of the people," honoured among the peoples, a nation peerless among her peers, had Joseph Mazzini and Joseph Garibaldi never met that autumn in Marseilles, and parted with the "Now (*ora*) and for ever (*e sempre*)" as their watch-word from that moment to their death-hour?

We simply put the question, and leave the answer to philosophers and evolutionists, while we follow our hero from Marseilles to Genoa, where, suiting the action to the word, he entered the royal navy, and where, though nominally a common sailor, he at once acted as pilot throughout the winter months of 1833 and 1834. Very active indeed must have been his propaganda, for we find a large number of sailors and officers enrolled, though very few were arrested, and there can be little doubt but that he kept up constant correspondence with

the other conspirators at Marseilles and in Genoa itself. But—and here we have the Garibaldi of Quarto and Marsala clearly shadowed forth—when the day fixed for action dawned, he, to spare useless sacrifice and to save useful lives, warning his companions to hold themselves in readiness, but to make no sign till he should summon them, landed alone in Genoa on the morning of February 4, to see for himself whether the preparations in the arsenal and among the carbineers in piazza Sarzana were ripe for execution. At the custom-house steps a voice whispered in his ear, “All is discovered;” but he sauntered on unnoticed till he reached the piazza Sarzana, where, purchasing the *Gazzetta di Genova*, he read the story of the entrance, brief sojourn, and exit of the preconcerted expedition of the exiles into Savoy. “Why,” we asked him once, “did you not return to your ship, seeing that no movement had taken place on board or in Genoa?” “Because,” he said, “the fact that but the day before I had been transferred from the *Eurydice* to the admiral’s ship convinced me that I was suspected. Then, again, I had taken French leave that morning, so, finding a kindly soul in the shape of a fruitseller, I left in her hands his Majesty’s livery in exchange for an old suit of her peasant husband’s clothes, and after ten days’ hiding, and ten nights’ marching with Cassiopea for guide, I reached Nice, hungry, foot-sore, and so tattered that my aunt turned me away from the door for a beggar, and my own mother scarcely recognized me.”

One can fancy the agonized horror of that pious,

gentle mother, of the "God-fearing, king-honouring father," on learning that their idolized son, the Captain Garibaldi of whom his townsmen were so proud, was a deserter from the royal navy, a fugitive from his native soil. Alas! they had yet to read the sentence which condemned him to ignominious death, which stigmatized him as a first-class bandit! His quitting the merchant service for the navy had surprised and disappointed them; but he was long since of age, and, though tender and respectful to his parents, very masterful and resolved. So they were chary of questions which he often left unanswered; and now, finding that his mother's tears availed nothing, even his father desisted from his entreaties to be allowed to enlist the services of their many good friends in Nice, to get him out of what they supposed a temporary scrape! *Joseph Borel*, the member of Young Italy, knew well what his fate would be with Charles Albert for judge and jury. The condign punishment that the ruthless, relentless Admiral De Geneys would inflict "Cleombroto" could fairly guess. He had not compromised any of his accomplices, his conscience was clear as his purse was light, so without more ado Joseph Garibaldi crossed the Var, then—now, alas! no longer—the frontier between France and Italy. On arriving at Marseilles, and reading his death-sentence in the *Peuple Souverain*, he exchanged all his aliases for that of *Giuseppe Pane*, and thus was literally and for many a day "lost to sight, to memory dear" in his home and in his native land.

The fact that of the only two conspirators shot in that month of February, 1834, one was really named Giuseppe Borel, led the initiated among the members of Young Italy to believe that Giuseppe Garibaldi "was the martyr dead."

After the *fiasco*, the fugitives dispersed over the face of the earth, driven from France and, later, even from republican Switzerland. Those who could not make a living in England, crossed the seas and sought refuge in the United States or in South America.

II.

1835-1847.

Letters from Garibaldi to Cuneo during their mutual exile in South America—Anita's marriage-lines—The Italian legion—Death of his daughter Rosita—Offer of service to the Papal Nuncio—His answer—Anita precedes her husband to Italy—Letter from Anita.

IN his accounts of his South American experiences, Garibaldi says so little about his hopes, plans, and projects, that one might fancy the roving, daring, adventurous life led there had lessened the intensity of his sorrow for his country's misfortunes and of his spontaneous dedication of himself on her altar.

But letters during this first exile, carefully preserved by our good friend Cuneo,* the *credente*, who had pre-

* Cuneo's niece, Signora Amalia Zunini, and her husband kindly

ceded him to Rio Janeiro, show that failure and distance had but intensified his love for his enslaved country, and that he was always devising schemes in her behalf, the most feasible plan of helping her apparently being to secure a vessel, land in some part of Italy, and there raise the flag of insurrection, and then "let come what come may." Many of these letters are signed with his old name as member of Young Italy, Borel; some are written in cypher; all those relating to immediate plans in metaphor, Cuneo well understanding the double meaning of the words. On October 17, 1836, he writes from Capo Frio—

"BROTHER,—This is merely to tell you of our arrival here on the 15th, and that the daughter of our caulker is lovely, beautiful—of the kind of beauty which your ardent fancy paints; and that I am over head and ears in love with her. Assuredly, if I were not so out of practice, I should rub up our tools, grown rusty by disuse; but, alas! we shall go on doing nothing, as usual.

"*Dinè! dinè!* [money, in Genoese dialect] is what we want; and with that in Italy we should also find beauties. The thought that we get poorer and poorer every day is not a lively one, is it, my brother? Patience."

In this letter he sends a receipt for some money which a cousin of Cuneo's has lent him. The "daughter placed at my disposal all the papers left by their uncle at his death. In this collection exist forty-eight letters of Garibaldi to Cuneo himself, Cuneo's own diary, or "log-book," of the Italian legion, letters of Mazzini, Medici, Sacchi, Anzani, etc. Besides these, we have had access to a manuscript biography of Garibaldi, written by Odicini, surgeon of the legion at Montevideo, to whom he refers in his preface.

of the caulker," who, had she been a woman in flesh and blood, might have been easily won without *dinè* by the handsome young sailor, was a vessel on which he and Rossetti had set their hearts. In another letter of December, he writes—

"Our trips have not been lucrative, owing to our trust in seeming friends, who turned out thieves, and to our ignorance of the places we visited. *One must learn in order to know*, that's certain. Of myself, I can only say that I am not happy, tortured as I am by the thought of being unable to do anything for our cause. Preferring tempests to calm, I am impatient to have recourse to extreme measures. Write to Pippo,* tell him to give us a recipe, and we will get it made up. This is not the first time, O brother mine, that I importune you; don't be angry. By God! I am weary of dragging on this life of a trading sailor, so useless to our country. Be sure we were destined for higher things; we are out of our element altogether. I long to plunge into it once again."

And two months later from Campos—

"My voyages are more remunerative than in the beginning; still I am bent on you know what. Write to me when there is anything going on; trading muddles my brain."

When he cast in his fate with the republicans of Rio Grande, in their struggle against the Emperor

* "Mazzini," whose name among the members of Young Italy was Filippo Strozzi; hence Pippo, say some; but it is also the short name for Giuseppe in Genoa, whereas in Nice it is called Peppino, or Pepin.

of Brazil, he excuses himself to Cuneo for not joining him at Montevideo—

“because it is impossible for me to do so; nor can I, without risk, explain the reason by letter. All that I can tell you is that I am setting out upon a new path, guided ever by our principles, with that goal in view which you first put before me. I trust to you to set our work in its true light. [Cuneo was the editor of a paper in Montevideo.] You know me, and can answer for me as for yourself.”

His letters during his imprisonment at Gualleguay are all signed “Borel.” He gives Cuneo the good news which he gleans from the French newspapers :

“Calabria, the Abruzzi, Sicily, in revolution. Mazzini and the committee in Malta, unmolested by England. We answer as best we can the fanfaranades of these French journalists, who know we are always ready to follow up our words by deeds.”

He alludes carelessly to the wounds received, which are “healed and forgotten,” but is wearing out his heart in captivity.

“I write and read;” then, quoting his favourite poet, exclaims, “with Italy ever in my heart! and I cry aloud with rage, would she were a desert and her palaces in ruins, rather than see her trembling beneath the Vandal’s rod.*

“Yo la vorrei deserta
Ei suoi palagi infranti,
Pria che vederla trepida
Sotto il baston del Vandalò.”

This is a quotation from a poem of his own, written during his captivity, and thought so good by a noted Italian poet that he induced Garibaldi to publish it some years before his death.

Our fates are united; O brother mine! Guided by the same principle, consecrated to the same cause, we have renounced peace and ease, imposed silence on all our passions—can afford to treat with contempt the superficial judgment of the multitude, who examine our generous schemes from the points of view of interest or ambition. We must persevere, and let the approval of our own conscience suffice us.”

That throughout he kept up a correspondence with Mazzini, either directly or by means of this friend, is clear from Mazzini's letter, addressed to Cuneo for Garibaldi and “all the exiles in whose co-operation I have faith; for all of you who have taken the oath to Young Italy.” “I enclose a letter,” he writes in March, 1842, “for Garibaldi; in a few days, if Harro Harring starts, I will write again. He will probably bring you the fifth number of the *Apostolato*.” In this periodical, published by Mazzini in London, Garibaldi's exploits in South America were first narrated to the Italians in glowing colours. When in 1847 a free press was granted in Tuscany and later in Piedmont, he sent the same accounts to the *Alba* in Florence, to the *Tribune* in Genoa, to the *Concordia* in Turin; so that on his return, Garibaldi found that his reputation had already preceded him. “I have written to Mazzini,” is a frequent sentence closing his narrations to Cuneo of daring exploits or hair-breadth escapes, and there are very clear indications, towards the close of 1843, of his determination to make another attempt for Italy. Cuneo and other Italian friends, merchants, writers, patriots, all had from the first in-

sisted on Garibaldi's joining them at Montevideo. "Not so," he writes; "another voyage is before us, which we must make together, brother mine, never again to be separated save by death."

But various circumstances decided him, after six years of hardships and privations, to yield to the wishes of his friends and to go to Montevideo, at least for a time. As he tells us (at page 134), he left Cruz Alta for Montevideo for various reasons—to obtain news of his aged parents; to provide his little family with many things unnecessary for himself, indispensable for them. Among these many things, one of the most necessary was the making his Anita, about to become a mother for the second time, his lawful wedded wife. Anita and his children came second, but second only, to Italy in Garibaldi's heart. When in grief nearly akin to despair for the loss of all his Italian friends—among whom were Carniglia, who had nursed him back to life when wounded, Mutru and Parodi, condemned to death in 1834, and who, reprieved, had crossed the ocean to rejoin him—he realized the truth "that it is not good for man to be alone," met Anita, and the problem was solved. Here was his "woman." "Thou oughtest to be mine" ("*Tu devi esser mia*"), are the words he says to her; nor can we be much surprised at the love at first sight inspired by this fair, golden-haired, and stalwart hero with whose prowess the islands and the ocean rang. That he would have married her then and there if he could have obtained the consent of her family is certain; but her father, a proud, severe man, accustomed to

implicit obedience, had betrothed his daughter to a very wealthy and very old man. Could Anita have hoped, either by open opposition or by persuasion, to regain her freedom, naturally she would have preferred that her lover should have wedded her and taken her from her home to his heart in proper orthodox fashion; but she knew that she would have been compelled to marry the old man whom she had never loved and now abhorred, so she fled with her true love on board the schooner *Itaparica*, on which, and in the desert wilds, throughout dangerous battles and still more dreadful separations, they lived their true life, and Menotti was born, to whom as a birthday gift his father was only able to present a handkerchief, in which he often had to carry him gipsy-fashion through the forests. To get married either in the wild woods or in the towns, where he was as often as not a fugitive, would have been a difficult matter, but as soon as he arrived at Montevideo the ceremony was performed in all due order. No doubt was ever entertained among his Montevidean friends and comrades that Anita was Garibaldi's lawful wife—such he always calls her in his letters to his friends and to his mother; so Cuneo speaks of her in the biography published in 1850. It was only after a portion of Garibaldi's Memoirs was published in 1859 that the remorseful terms he uses in speaking of her death and of "the guilt that was his alone," gave rise to the notion that he had carried off the wife of another man. He, unaware of this erroneous interpretation of his own

words, could not rectify it, but when, in 1881, it came to the ears of his friend Antonini y Diez, then ambassador of Uruguay, at Rome, he at once procured an authentic copy of the certificate of the marriage and of their children's birth. The former document in the original sets the matter at rest for ever.

" Hay tres sellos.

" 031318.

" Martin Perez, Cura Rector de la Parroquia en San Francisco de Asis en Montevideo,

" Certifico : que en el Libro primero de matrimonios de esta Parroquia al folio diez y nueve vuelto, se lee la partida que trascribo : ' En veinte y seis de marzo di mil ocho cientos cuarenta y dos : Don Zenon Aspiazũ, mi lugar Teniente Cura de esta Parroquia de San Francisco de Asis en Montevideo, autorizò el matrimonio que in facie Ecclesiæ contrajò por palabras de presente Don José Garibaldi, natural de Italia, hijo legitimo de Don Domingo Garibaldi y de Doña Rosa Raimunda, con Doña Ana Maria de Jesus, natural de la Laguna en el Brasil, hija legitima de Don Benito Riveiro de Silva y de Doña Maria Antonia de Jesus, habiendo el Señor Provisor y Vicario General dispensado dos conciliares proclamas y practicado lo demas que previene el derecho : no recibieron las bendiciones nupciales por ser tiempo que la Iglesia no las imparte. Fueron testigos de su otorgamiento Don Pablo Semidei y Doña Feliciana Garcia Villagran : lo que por verdad firmo yo el Cura Rector, Lorenzo A. Fernandez.'

" Concuerda con el original y á solicitud de parte interesada expido el presente en Montevideo á veinte y siete de Enero de mil ocho cientos ochenta y uno.

" MARTIN PEREZ.

" Buono per la legalizzazione della firma sovrapposta del

signor Martin Perez, parroco della Matriz a noi ben cognita.

“Il vice-console, PERROD.

“Montevideo, febbraio 8, 1881.”*

The responsibility of this wife and family weighed by no means lightly on Garibaldi's mind. His friends vied with each other in pressing their hospitality upon

* *Translation of the certificate of marriage between Joseph Garibaldi and Anita.*

“Martin Perez, rector of the parish church of San Francesco d'Assisi, in Montevideo.

“I certify: that in the first book of marriage [registers] of this parish, at the nineteenth page, is written the following, which I copy:—

“On March 26, 1842, Don Zenone, my vice-rector [curate] of this church of San Francesco d'Assisi, in Montevideo, authorized the ecclesiastical marriage verbally contracted between Don Joseph Garibaldi, native of Italy, legitimate son of Don Domenico Garibaldi, and Doña Rose Raimunda, with Doña Ana Maria de Jesus, native of the Lagoon, in Brazil, legitimate daughter of Don Benito Riveiro de Silva, and of Doña Maria Antonia de Jesus—the bride and bridegroom both present. The superintendent and vicar-general, having fulfilled all the conditions prescribed by law, allowed the second and third proclamation of the banns to be dispensed with. The couple did not receive the nuptial benediction, because the marriage took place during the season in which the Church concedes it not. [They were married in Lent.]

“The witnesses of the act were Don Paolo Semidei and Doña Feliciano Garcia Villagran.

“This document I for truth's sake sign, Lorenzo A. Fernandez.”

“True copy, issued at the request of the party concerned, Montevideo, January 27, 1881. MARTIN PEREZ.

“Witness to the signature of the above-named Signor Martin Perez, parish priest of Matriz, well known to us.

“PERROD, Vice-consul.

“February 8, 1881, Montevideo.”

In 1883, after Garibaldi's death, Enrico Rovira, secretary of legation in Rome, gave a certificate that the above is a copy of the original existing in the archives of the legation. Article 82, No. 141.

him; but he was not a man to live on alms, and only consented to remain in Montevideo when he had obtained employment as teacher of algebra, geometry, French, Italian, and caligraphy in the schools and colleges of the city, eking out a livelihood by trading in cheese and grain. But it was not likely that the Montevideans, literally involved in a struggle for existence, would allow a man whose daring exploits were household words among them to remain long in the obscure position of schoolmaster and broker. That struggle in Montevideo between Ourives and Ribera, rivals for the presidency, would have possessed no interest for Garibaldi had not the former, defeated by the latter, thrown himself on the protection of Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres, who meditated the conquest of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay, and for this purpose had furnished means to Ourives, the renegade Montevidean, to besiege and, if need be, destroy his native city. What really fired Garibaldi's enthusiasm was the belief that here he could realize the long-cherished idea of forming an Italian legion—train Italians, by fighting for the liberties of others, for the day when he should lead them against their own country's foes.

At first, Vidal, the minister of war, merely gave him the command of three ships for an expedition to Corrientes, to second an imaginary insurrection in that province against Rosas. It was during the famous engagement of the river Parana that he won the admiration of Admiral Brown, who commanded the

squadron of Buenos Ayres, and had become famous for his victories over the Brazilian fleet. With ten ships,* he looked on the little flotilla as an easy prey, and ever afterwards expressed his "amazement" at the defence, the naval skill displayed, "worthy of an old salt," the final daring in firing the vessels, which precluded his pursuit. Returning to England, Admiral Brown spent a few days at Montevideo, and sent a messenger to Garibaldi to say that he should like to visit him. Garibaldi went instead to visit the "grey-haired, loyal, and generous enemy," who returned the visit, astonished at the youth and simple manners of the "unconquered foe." On his return to Montevideo, the invading army of Rosas was at the gates, and the traitor general Ourives had warned the respective consuls that all foreigners who took arms in their defence or should aid or abet the Montevideans would be summarily dealt with—a threat calculated to arouse all the latent pride and generosity of the Italian nature. Hospitality and kindness denied to them in their own country had been lavished on them in this foreign land; here was the means of repaying it. So the wealthy clubbed together to defray the first expenses, and enrolled from five to six hundred volunteers. But when the Government offered the means for regular organization, a Frenchman of considerable influence affirmed that "Italians were only good for stabbing in the dark or from behind; that care or money spent upon them would be thrown away." When Garibaldi heard

* Garibaldi writes that Brown had seven vessels; Cuneo, in his diary, from which we take these details, says ten.

of the ignoble speech, he restrained his own indignation and that of his friends, who wished to challenge the insulting calumniator. "No," said he; "if one of us killed the creature in a duel, what would that prove? That one brave man dared to face a coward. No! we have a chance of proving the Frenchman to be a liar; let us profit by it."

Just then Montevideo was in a sorry plight, "without an army, without soldiers, without war-material, without money, without credit, its walls destroyed in 1833, Ourives with 14,000 troops, against which they could oppose but 500." Pacheco-y-Obes, the new minister of the army and the navy, at once realized that fortune favoured him at least in sending at that critical moment such a man as Garibaldi to his aid. "Create me a fleet," were his first words; and on April 10, 1843, he also signed a decree authorizing Colonel Garibaldi, Napoleon Castellani, and Orrigoni* to form an Italian legion, with a commission of Italians to assist them. Even then Garibaldi, "who knew himself," had realized that nature had not endowed him with special talents for "organization." The dressing, keeping clean, drilling, disciplining awkward squads is an irksome task at best, and to Garibaldi especially so. To begin with, he hated all unnecessary pedantry; from first to last considered that barrack-life dulled the intellect, narrowed the sympathies, and fettered the souls of men.

* Anzani speaks of Orrigoni as a good Italian "recommended to us by Mazzini and Foresti." He followed Garibaldi from Montevideo to the Volturno, and guided poor Anita during her last journey from Nice to Rome.

He deemed that if you could train a man to face and fight the enemy, never to fire in the air nor from a distance too great to hit him, nor turn his back on the field, nor yield to a panic, it was as much as you could expect from him; other peccadilloes might be condoned. By degrees he realized, though never to its full extent, the fact that the better a man is morally (given, of course, the physical requisites) the better he fights materially. What concerned him wholly and solely was that the Italians should fight, should create for themselves a name to be trusted and respected by their hosts and feared by their foes. Now, those in Montevideo belonged to two classes—political exiles (writers, merchants, doctors, etc.); and the waifs and strays of fortune, run-away or cast-away sailors, many who, having escaped from Italy for quite other than political reasons, working their way out, had been dropped there. Naturally enough, the tares among the wheat were numerous, and this despite the sifting and sieving process diligently and several times performed by the commission. On June 2, 1843, the legion of 400 men, under Colonel Labandera, of Montevideo, received orders for a skirmishing-expedition. The first company under Danuzio advanced, and, coming upon a patrol of the enemy, engaged them bravely; the second and third, with the usual excuse that ammunition ran short, left their companions in the midst of the fray and returned to the city, where they were received with derisive cheers by the French legion and the populace. Rarely did Garibaldi suffer as on that day. Hitherto he had been too

occupied with the little fleet to devote much attention to the land forces; now he at once assumed the command of the legion, and, after severe castigations of the guilty, obtained permission to lead it first to Cerrito, then to Cerro, occupied by the enemy, whom he ousted from all his positions, pursuing with the bayonet, killing and wounding numbers, and returning with forty-three prisoners.

"For the first time," writes Cuneo, "since June 2, when he told us he 'felt ready to die of grief and shame,' his eyes shone with their old light; but he was far from being reassured." On July 2, the colours were assigned to the legion, a black flag, with a volcano in the midst—symbol of Italy in mourning, with the sacred fire burning in her heart.* The men were also dressed for the first time in the now historical red shirt. Garibaldi, seeing how deficient still was the organization of the legion, with that special instinct of his for choosing the right man and putting him into the right place, sent for Anzani—a man whom he respected and deferred to as to no one else throughout his whole

* This flag, planted on the victorious heights of Calatafimi in 1860, tattered and torn, is still religiously preserved by Garibaldi's daughter Teresita, to whom he gave it in 1880. It bears the inscription:

"Bandiera della Legione Italiana a Montevideo.

Hazana del 8 febrero de 1846

Realizada por la Legione Italiana

A las Ordenes de Garibaldi."

In Garibaldi's handwriting: "Caprera 30 marzo 80. Questi sono gli avanzi gloriosi della gloriosissima bandiera della Legione Italiana.—G. Garibaldi." [These are the glorious remains of the most glorious banner of the Italian legion of Montevideo.]

career.* Anzani came, and dismissed a number of officers for immoral conduct; despite Garibaldi's plea that they were brave under fire. So great was their indignation, that a plot was formed for the assassination of both Anzani and Garibaldi. The conduct of the legion for the rest of the year was sufficiently good, and, when at the pass of Boyada they distinguished themselves, Garibaldi said to Anzani, "We may be satisfied, I think." "No," said Anzani; "we are not out of the wood yet." "Don't exact too much from human frailty," was the characteristic reply. But Anzani drew the reins still tighter, and by so doing excited the indignation of a brave but ambitious officer named Mancini, who held the same rank of colonel as Garibaldi himself. On May 28, with eleven officers, Mancini deserted to the enemy, presenting himself at the outposts and inciting the whole legion to desert also. The traitors were received with a volley of shot, and three of them mortally wounded. Here is Garibaldi's order of the day, June 30, 1844:

"Italians! Treachery has tried to enter our ranks, but its few vile agents dared not face us and pronounce the abominable word. Your aspect confused their base designs; the consequence of their infamy dumfounded

* Francesco Anzani was born in Alzate, in the province of Como. Exiled in 1821, he fought heroically for liberty in Greece, in Spain, and in Portugal; then, under Zambeccari, for the republicans against the Emperor of Brazil. Garibaldi met him in Rio Grande, where, among the inhabitants, his name was a synonym for honour and dauntless bravery. Cuneo and Odicini both affirmed that Garibaldi with Anzani was as docile as a child.

them. Out of 600 men under arms eleven only were unlike the rest; the word 'traitor' is branded on their brows. Cowards, like brave men, are attracted one to the other; they have joined their fellows. They felt suffocated in your ranks; the air that is life to brave men is death to cowards. They have gone to their own place—passed over to the enemy's camp.

"God be praised!

"One of them was your chief; the others were your officers. They have fled. They will reap their deserts—shame and ignominy. The loyalty of the Italian legion was put to a crucial test; you have come out pure. Remain so! Place your hands on your hearts, and if you feel them beat with that true Italian pulsation which inspired our fathers to do high deeds, swear a solemn oath with me to prove to the world that we are true sons of Italy; that the Italian legion is worthy of its name. Death to all traitors! long live liberty, long live Italy!

"G. GARIBALDI."

From that day, Garibaldi, remaining the military leader of the legion, recognized Anzani as its moral head and chief.

As the senseless war waged between Brazil and the Argentine Republic fettered commerce, France and England, in 1845, sent a squadron commanded by Lord Howden for England, and Admiral Lainé for France, to mediate; and, as Rosas refused all their overtures, they blockaded him at Buenos Ayres, capturing all the vessels he possessed on the Plata, Parana, and Uruguay rivers. Lord Howden, in the hopes of bringing Montevideo to terms, tried to induce Garibaldi to dissolve the legion, offering him full indemnity for his officers and

soldiers. But Garibaldi made answer that he and his had taken up arms to defend the cause of liberty and justice, which cause could never be abandoned by honourable men.*

At Salto, another baptism of blood strengthened the courage and the devotion of the Italians to liberty. To the last day of his life, Garibaldi spoke of the engagement of Sant' Antonio with the keenest delight.† The

* Though his efforts as a peacemaker were thus frustrated by Garibaldi's firmness—when, in 1849, certain Catholic peers protested against the “filibuster's” defence of Rome—Lord Howden rendered him that justice which no brave man withholds from another. “The garrison of Montevideo,” he said, “was commanded by a man to whom I am happy to bear witness; he was the one disinterested individual among numbers who only sought their personal aggrandizement. I speak of a man endowed with great courage and high military talent, who has a right to all our sympathies during the extraordinary events now happening in Italy; I speak of General Garibaldi.”

† After the “day of Sant' Antonio,” Admiral Lainé, commander of the French squadron, wrote to him from the frigate *Africaine*—

“MY DEAR GENERAL,

“I congratulate you on having contributed so powerfully, by your intelligent and intrepid conduct, to the success of a battle of which the soldiers of the great army which one day controlled Europe might be proud. I must also compliment you on the simplicity and modesty which enhance the value of the report, in which you trace the most minute particulars of a feat of arms whose entire honour is due to you. The fact is that your modesty has won the sympathy of all persons capable of appreciating at its due worth all that you have effected during the last six months. Among these I place first and foremost our plenipotentiary minister, the honourable Baron Deffandis, who does due honour to your character. In him you have a powerful defender, especially when he writes to Paris, with a view of destroying the unfavourable impressions produced by certain articles in newspapers, edited by

decree of the Government of Montevideo was ever cherished by him above all other proofs of Italian prowess.* His letters of 1846 from Salto to the Commission of Montevideo are radiant with enthusiasm. "Oh, I would not exchange my title of Italian legionary for the world in gold!" he writes to Cuneo.

individuals who are not accustomed to tell the truth even about things which happen under their own eyes. Receive, General, the assurance of my esteem.

"LAINÉ."

Nor did this letter suffice. As soon as the admiral knew that Garibaldi had returned to Montevideo, one evening he left his frigate, the *Africaine*, and found his way to Via Portone, where a poor hovel with no door was pointed out to him as the residence of the chief of the Italian legion. Hearing his name called, Garibaldi shouted, "Anita, bring a light." "No light to bring," was the answer; on which, the admiral announcing his name, Garibaldi came forward, apologizing for the darkness, adding that his rations did not include candles. "Consequently," said the admiral, in relating the anecdote, "I spoke with Garibaldi, but did not see him."

* A grand review was ordered, and a deputation charged to present the general with the following decree, the Italian legion, drawn up, being hailed with cries of "Viva our country! viva Garibaldi and his heroes!" The decree ordained that on the flag of the Italian legion should be inscribed in gold letters, "Battle of February 8, 1846, of the Italian legion under the orders of Garibaldi." Secondly, "To the Italian legion is assigned the post of honour on parade." Thirdly, "The names of the dead who fell in that fight shall be inscribed on a tablet and placed in the Government Hall." Fourthly, "All the legionaries shall wear as their distinctives, a shield on which, surrounded by a crown, shall be inscribed the words, 'Invincibili, combatterono, Febbraio 8, 1846.'" And Garibaldi himself, to testify his gratitude to his fallen and living braves, caused a great cross to be erected, on one side inscribed "To thirty-six Italians, dead on February 8, 1846;" and on the other, "To a hundred and fifty-four Italians who fought on the field of San Antonio."

But when Rivera offered the Italian legion the same amount of land which the French legion had accepted, Garibaldi replied in a most noble letter, refusing the gift and returning the title-deeds, affirming that the legion desired no other recompense than that of sharing the fatigues and perils of the Montevideans in return for their cordial hospitality.

Sacchi, then a young ensign, was never tired in his old age of recounting Garibaldi's care for the wounded, to save whom he risked his own life and those of the survivors, himself carrying Sacchi, whose leg was broken, in his arms—nor depositing his burden until he reached Salto, where Anzani—who, though he had given them all up for dead, had still held the town against the enemy—welcomed them with passionate joy.

After this victory, Garibaldi thought fit to summon all the willing and able-bodied legionaries who still remained in Montevideo to Salto, but Cuneo and others of the commission strenuously urged him to return with the entire legion to the capital. The fact was, that Cuneo, being in direct correspondence with Mazzini, knew more about what was going on in Italy than Garibaldi at that distance could guess. He also knew what jealousy had been excited in the minds of the other generals, Baez and Medina, by Garibaldi's success and by the honours rendered to him by the Government; and he wished him to accept the offered rank of general, and return to Montevideo, there to complete the organization of his legion, and await the chances of the future.

“You write to me of affairs in Italy,” Garibaldi answers

on February 27; "when the love I bear to her grows less in me, may a thunderbolt reduce me to ashes. But let me give you an admonition which you evidently need. To the school of bullets and similar little matters (*cosuccie*) which we frequent to-day, another moral school of conciliation must be added, the most necessary school of all, especially to us Italians. . . . Do pray keep those few legionaries together, otherwise it is all labour lost—our fatigues, privations, and sufferings will have been in vain; our wounded, our mutilated, our martyrs, our dead themselves, will rise up and curse us. I repeat to you that it is necessary to join me with the legion, not precipitately, but in the way that I will point out to you."

And on March 10, "I am still of the same opinion that you ought to leave Montevideo with the legion and join us. Every consideration convinces me of the necessity of collecting all together and remaining united. If the families of the legionaries are obstacles, let such of the wives as choose accompany their husbands, and the rest be formally placed under the care of the commission. Mind that neither pressure nor promises be used to induce them; let only the willing ones come, and with the clear understanding that all our obligations to this country cease when the siege of the capital shall end. Our wounded are getting about nicely. Send us 250 caps, 200 *ponci*,* and jackets for the sailors."

Cuneo, who possessed a fair amount of quiet tenacity, dilates upon the friendly position of the Government, and ventures again to entreat his dearly beloved brother to accept the rank of general. Garibaldi,

* A *poncio* is a large grey circular cloak. This over the red shirt and grey trousers was Garibaldi's favourite costume on the field, and in later years he never wore anything else.

always angry with those who "won't take no for an answer," writes—

"I refused the title of colonel-major, consequently I will not accept that of general. The minister of war must have received my letter of non-acceptation. I don't know whether he has made it public; if not, I will take that trouble upon myself."

And here is his letter :

"In my quality of commander-in-chief of the national navy, in the honourable position in which it pleased the Government of the Republic to place me, I have done nothing to merit the promotion to the rank of general. The sum awarded to me as chief of the Italian legion I have distributed between the mutilated and the families of the dead. Gifts and honours purchased with so much Italian blood would weigh my soul to the earth. I had no second thoughts in exciting the enthusiasm of my fellow-countrymen in favour of a people whom fatality has placed in the power of a tyrant, and now I should give the lie to myself were I to accept the distinction which the generosity of the Government wishes to confer on me. The legion found me a colonel in the army; as such it accepted me for its chief, as such I shall leave the service when once the pledge taken to the Republic is fulfilled. I hope to share to the last the fatigues, the glories, the disasters which may yet be reserved to the legion. I return infinite thanks to the Government, and decline the promotion offered to me on February 16. The Italian legion accepts with gratitude the sublime distinction conferred on it on March 1.* One thing only my officers, the legion, and I ask, and it is this : that as the economical administration,

* See note, p. 56.

the formation, and the hierarchy of the legion from its first origin was spontaneous and independent, it may be allowed to remain on the same footing. Hence we pray your Excellency to be so kind as to cancel the decree for the promotion of any individuals of the Italian legion issued on February 16. God be with your Excellency for many years.

“G. GARIBALDI.”

Here we have our hero “all of a piece.” He was willing and thankful to serve and save the Republic of Montevideo in return for their hospitality, and for the opportunity it gave him to train Italians as soldiers, and raise their name and reputation. But he would not, by accepting gifts or rank, pledge himself or them to future service, when once its difficulties and dangers should be over. Gradually in his letters there creeps in an increasing weariness; he begins to understand the jealousies of Baez and Medina, who inflict unmerited insults upon the legionaries, try to corrupt the sailors, and would have carried off all his cavalry, had not the soldiers not only warned him of the plot, but revealed the name of the one officer who seconded it. He gives a most comic account of the flight of this traitor, Carvallo.

“Medina, also,” he writes, “on hearing that the plot was discovered, fled in his slippers, and thus freed us from the consequences of their base intrigues. You would have died of laughing if you had heard Centurione tell the story of the flight. So we have our general-in-chief *in slippers* with Colonel Carvallo and two aides fugitives ‘on the desert soil of the fatherland’ (this is the poor old

chap's favourite expression), pouring rain and a tremendous hailstorm accompanying them. . . . My brother, we must manage," he continues, "to unite the legion; you know how necessary harmony is to the defenders of this unfortunate people. All would go well but for the inertia and nullity of the powers that be. I am wearied out; one needs Job's patience."

Warned by the members of the commission that dissensions were rife among the legionaries, that discipline was failing, and that calumnies were being again invented against the Italians, he answers—

"All I can say is, my brethren, that ours is a mission of apostolate; that we must expect ingratitude and injury from the Pharisees, and pity them for their ignorance. Let us look to ourselves, and remember that dissension among the Italians is the main cause of their troubles and their misfortunes. We all have our faults; the essential is to know how to exercise mutual tolerance. I desire that to all the members of the commission united, to commander Bottaro, to the officers of the legion, these my words be read, and that they be taken as the expressions of my affection for you all who compose my first family. However you may judge my acts, love me, because, as I always tell you, the Italians form my first family. Adieu. Write, but I hope soon to see you.

"P.S.—Send me, I beseech you, two hundred and fifty pairs of shoes and fifty pairs of boots, and if you haven't means, mortgage the brig 28 *Marzo*, which is our very own."

Boots and shoes were always heavy weights on Garibaldi's mind, as on that of other *patresfamilias*. It is clear that he had some precise project in view, which

according to his and Anzani's opinion, could be better carried out from Salto than from Montevideo.* In June, he ends a long epistle—

“I enclose you a letter to send to Mazzini. Thanks for all, and especially for what you have done for the legion. Love me well, and hasten your coming with the legionaries. Adieu.

Later he condoles with Cuneo for the “sufferings and vexations” he complains of;

“but let me remind you,” he adds, “that if we throw it all up in disgust, our enemies will take a diabolical pleasure in holding us up to ridicule, and we shall forfeit all our rights. I beseech you, therefore, to be patient yet a little while, and above all things to join me with the rest of the legion.”

But for once in his life Garibaldi had to yield. Affairs in Montevideo were getting worse and worse. The army was in a state of insubordination; part sided with Ribera, part with Pacheco y Obes. Both implored Garibaldi's return, promising that he should be allowed to organize his legionaries in his own fashion. Tired of refusing, and perhaps influenced by Anzani's failing health, in

* Anzani also writes long letters to Cuneo, insisting on the union of the entire legion at Salto. “Tell Castellani,” he says in one, “to embark quickly; and instead of bringing money with him, though we are all as poor as Job, he had much better spend it in buying clothes, for we are literally naked.” And in another: “General Medina insists on being named commander-in-chief; being a general and a native, he says that it is injustice to leave the command with a foreigner, seeing that one day or other all the foreigners will have to quit his native shores. And we have proof that Medina is supported by Ribera.”

September, 1846, he returned with the glorious survivors of San Antonio, and assumed provisionally the supreme command of the garrison. On the very day a regiment mutinied, and none of the chiefs chose to assume the responsibility of compelling them to return to their duty, seeing that, shortly before, Estibas had been killed in a mutiny. Garibaldi, springing to horse, rode into the midst of the regiment, and brought them back to their duty. No other disorders occurred during his command.

But while he thus did with his whole might the thing he had set his hand to, his heart was far away with his countrymen fighting and dying in Italy. In 1844, he had actually decided to return, to land in Malta, and there organize an expedition for the Neapolitan states; but the tragedy of the Bandiera brothers, shot with five companions by order of the King of Naples at Cosenza, convinced him that any similar attempt would result in a similar catastrophe. He had learned, by the bitter experience of 1834, that failures, while they may inspire a few heroic souls with the determination to persevere to the end—to try, try, try again till they succeed—so depress the unheroic multitudes that it is vain to count on any general co-operation from the survivors of the last defeat.

In 1845, Giacomo Medici * came out to Montevideo,

* Giacomo Medici, born in Milan in 1817, was, with his father, a Piedmontese liberal, banished by the Austrian Government. At the age of twenty we find him in the regiment of the Cacciatori of Oporto, commanded by the Italian exiles and officers, Borso-Car-

ostensibly as agent for an Anglo-Italian commercial house, and in 1846, joined the Italian legion. In 1848, he returned to Italy to arrange with Mazzini and other patriots for Garibaldi's home voyage with his legion, and by letter it was agreed that, with money subscribed by patriots in Italy, England, and Montevideo, a vessel should be purchased or hired in the latter city, and that Garibaldi with his legion should land, possibly in Tuscany, where Medici was to hoist the standard of revolt.*

During these projects and counter-projects, one constant thought occupied Garibaldi's mind, and that was how he could place his wife and little family under the guardianship of his mother, in his own birthplace and beloved home in Nice. From 1842 to the end of 1845, Anita with her increasing family lived in Montevideo, much respected by the inhabitants, while the legionaries regarded her, not only as the wife of their worshipped chief, but as a friend, a nurse, almost a mother in times of sickness. She never attempted

minati, the brothers Durando, Cialdini, and Nicola Fabrizi. As corporal and sergeant, he was decorated for the combats of Torre, Blanca, Canteveja, and Chiava, (1836-1840). He went from Spain to New York, Montevideo, and London, where he became one of Mazzini's most devoted disciples, as he was one of Garibaldi's most splendid officers.

* In the instructions for Medici, written in Garibaldi's own hand on February 28, 1848, he says, "We have decided to return home and join our brethren to oust the Austrians from Italy, to fight the foreigner in open field without quarter; against the foreigner alone must be concentrated all our strength, all our ire. This is the desire of all my companions. Used to active life on the field, they would never get accustomed to life in barracks. Medici is to see Mazzini and all friends."

to influence any of her husband's decisions—or to induce him to accept rank, or honour, or pay in order to render the family more comfortable; but his long absence at Salto formed her one and constant grief. Not only did she suffer from the separation, but she was intensely and not unnaturally jealous of her handsome and popular hero, whom all the ladies of Salto and Montevideo made much of, whose “exquisite hands and feet, small and well-formed as those of any high-born dame of Seville,” were admired by him more than she deemed necessary. But all her entreaties to be allowed to join him at Salto had been ineffectual. While he would narrate with pride her heroic deeds in their early-love days, he could not forget that both she and their first-born had had various hair-breadth escapes from death, and now that she was the mother of three children (Menotti, named after the patriot victim of the Duke of Modena's treachery; Rosa, called in Spanish Rosita, named after his mother; and Teresita, named after the little sister burnt to death at Nice), it was at once his duty and cherished resolve to preserve the mother for the little ones, who at any moment might be made fatherless. But towards the end of 1845, a bitter sorrow won for poor Anita the boon denied to her in prosperity. Little Rosita, their eldest girl, and cherished darling of both, died during Garibaldi's absence at Salto, and in one of the manuscripts possessed by Guerzoni, he gives a long and characteristic account of how the news reached him.

“During my residence at Salto, 500 miles to the north of Montevideo, on the Uruguay river, fortune sometimes

favoured me. With my small contingent of Italian legionaries and horsemen, we had been so fortunate that I found myself at the head of a respectable column of infantry, 500 horsemen, and about 2000 horses taken from the enemy. The department of Salto was entirely in our power, and the military colony in a flourishing state. In those days I was really content—as content as a soldier can be when all things relating to warfare ‘go with swelling sails,’ until I received a letter from General Pacheco y Obes, then minister of war in Montevideo. It said laconically, ‘Your daughter Rosita is dead; *this you ought to know, at any rate.*’ That man was not a father, never had been, never could be; had he been a father, he would have been able to understand a father’s love for a daughter. That man had been my friend, but from that moment his memory was repugnant to me. I should have known of my misfortune, of course. How could it have been concealed from me? I had loved and esteemed Pacheco, and when Montevideo shall have buried her partisan animosities, and remembers with gratitude the men who laboured for her glorious ten years’ defence, General Pacheco y Obes and General Paz will figure at the head of her brave defenders, and will deserve record in the New Troy.* But I loved so dearly that little creature of mine, the loss of her would have grieved me by itself;—and the way in which the news was communicated to me was so brutal, it hurt me so grievously, that I have never been able to forgive it. A man is proud of his work; if possible, he would like it to be better than that of another. And woman, poor woman (*poverina*), who suffers so much in performing her work, has she no right to think that she has

* “Montevideo, or the New Troy,” by Alexander Dumas, published in 1849, and dedicated to the heroic defenders of Montevideo, is one of the best narratives of Garibaldi’s South American exploits.

given birth to a good and beautiful being in the boy or girl that she brings forth to the light? My poor Anita thought so, at any rate, and were I to recount all the qualities that she had found in our Rosita, it would seem incredible. Be that as it may, Rosita was the most beautiful, the sweetest of little girls. She died between four and five years old. Her intelligence was most precocious. She faded away in her mother's arms, as the light of the first-born of nature fades away in the infinite—gradually, gently, affectionately. She died without complaining, begging her mother not to grieve, telling her that they would meet again soon—meet to part no more. A world of gracious things was that child. (*Era un mondo di cose gentili.*)

“Perhaps I shall pass for a visionary, but so sincere, so true, so bearing the impress of her spirit seemed to me the last words of the child to her mother, as my Anita told them to me when she arrived at Salto—where I summoned her, really fearing that her mind would give way—that I answered my broken-hearted wife, ‘Yes, yes, we shall see our Rosita again; the soul is immortal, . . . and this life of littlenesses (*miserie*) is but an episode of immortality—a divine spark, part of the infinite flame that animates the universe.’”

Not long, alas! was the distracted mother allowed the only solace possible—her husband's presence. In July, he writes to Cuneo from Salto—

“I have decided finally to send my family to Nice, and as we are utterly *impecunious* [*impecuniata* is a word often used by Garibaldi as expressive of his usual penniless condition], I shall be much obliged to you if you will help them to obtain a passage, for which I give my wife a letter to Lainé and Ousely. Help her also to realize

certain bonds (*obligaciones*) which are in the hands of Antonini."

Throughout that year the idea of an "expedition," a landing, an unfurling of the insurrectionary flag in Italy, prevailed; but the accession of Pio Nono, "the reforming pope," his general amnesty, the hostility of Austria, and all the wild hopes and unrealizable schemes which his mere name brought to light, naturally influenced the patriots of Montevideo. To free Italy and make her one—under a pope, a king, or a president of a republic, were he but a true Italian, was the pure and simple aim of Anzani, Garibaldi, Cuneo, and all who there were worthy of the Italian name. The enthusiasm of Garibaldi and his legionaries equalled that of the Italian youth at home, who whetted their swords and provoked Austria and her minions by blending the tricolor flag with the papal colours, to the cry, "*Viva Pio Nono e la Libertà!*" Anzani and Garibaldi regarded Pius IX. as the "political Messiah of Italy," and sent a most enthusiastic letter to the apostolic nuncio in Montevideo, offering their swords and services to his Holiness.

"If these hands, used to fighting, would be acceptable to his Holiness, we most thankfully dedicate them to the service of him who deserves so well of the Church and of our fatherland. Joyful indeed shall we and our companions in whose name we speak be, if we may be allowed to shed our blood in defence of Pio Nono's work of redemption" (October 12, 1847).

Here is the answer of Monsignor Bedini, on November

14, the same who in 1849 guided the Austrian army to bombard Bologna, and to execute Italian patriots by hundreds in the Roman States :

"I feel it my duty," wrote the nuncio with his own hand, "to signify that the devotion and generosity towards our supreme pontiff expressed in your letter is worthy of Italian hearts, and deserves praise and gratitude. With the English mail that left yesterday, I sent that letter to Rome, so that other hearts may be inspired with the same sentiments. If the ocean dividing the two hemispheres should prevent such magnanimous offers from being accepted, their merit cannot be diminished, nor the satisfaction of receiving them lessened. May all those enrolled under your orders remain ever worthy of the name that they have honoured, and of the blood which runs in their veins !"

To the very last, Garibaldi, though named military governor of Montevideo, was still so poor that when Ricciotti * was born, Doctor Odicini, his lifelong friend and worshipper, found in the house only a few dried beans, and had to make a collection among friends to clothe, warm, and properly nourish mother and child. At the end of 1847, choosing to be quite free to place

* The death of the Bandiera brothers, sent to their doom partly by Sir James Graham's letter-opening at the post-office for the benefit of foreign despots, had made a painful and tremendous sensation in the little colony. Garibaldi named his youngest son "Ricciotti," after the hero who, shot to death with the Bandieras, encouraged the soldiers trembling at their task, with the words, "Fire away! we too are soldiers and know that orders must be obeyed," then met his doom chanting, "*Chi per la patria muore, Vissuto è assai*" ("Who dies for his country has lived long enough")

himself at his country's service, Garibaldi despatched by sailing vessel his wife and three children to his old mother in Nice, despite Anita's grieved entreaties to be allowed to remain until they could cross the ocean all together.

How simply and entirely Garibaldi was bent on putting himself and his legionaries under the orders of whosoever — pope, duke, or king—should proclaim war to Austria, how unjust are those who accuse him of having belied his principles in deference to either, is shown by the following letter, addressed to his friend Paul Antonini, an Italian patriot once resident in Montevideo, who had returned to his native Genoa :

"DEAREST,—I have received yours of August 2, and profit by the departure of my family to answer it. I need not recommend them to your care, as I know your heart too well. I merely ask you to see them safely to my mother's home in Nice.

"I and my friends are resolved to return to Italy and to offer our humble services either to the pope or to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.* Soon I shall have the joy of

* Charles Albert's conduct was still ambiguous. Anzani writes from Salto to Cuneo, "The news from Italy must be put into quarantine. If Charles Albert aspires to rule over Italy, why does he leave here three men-of-war in the waters of Montevideo? Why do the Sardinian states not figure among the other provinces where the Italian movement seems rife. I am most anxious to come to Montevideo, to ascertain how much we may believe of the news given by the papers. The mere fact that at length the Italians are awakening fills my heart with joy." It was only on their return voyage, at San Paolo, on the coast of Spain (as Garibaldi tells us at p. 136 of "Memoirs") that they learned that the Piedmontese army was fighting against the Austrians; hence the abandonment of the first design to land in Tuscany, and the offer of the services of the legion to Charles Albert.

embracing you. We are expecting news from Europe. The siege continues. Remember me to your brothers and our friends. Love your GARIBALDI."

Anita and her three children, Menotti, Ricciotti, and Teresita, left Montevideo in December, 1847. Cuneo tells of Anita's abiding grief for the loss of her daughter Rosa; how she to the last visited and decked with flowers the little grave in Montevideo. In his collection, we find the following letter from Anita herself, written from Genoa after her own and before her husband's arrival in Italy. It is directed to Stephen Antonini, in the house of whose brother she was a guest :

"ESTEEMED SIR,

"I write with pleasure to tell you of my safe arrival in Genoa, after a good voyage of about two months. The Genoese people gave us a singularly festive welcome. More than three thousand people shouted under our window, "Viva Garibaldi! Viva the family of our Garibaldi!" and they presented me with a beautiful flag of the Italian colours, telling me to give it to my husband as soon as he shall land in Italy, so that he be the first to plant it on Lombard soil. Ah! if you knew how Garibaldi is loved and longed for in all Italy, and especially in Genoa! Every day they think each ship that arrives may hail from Montevideo, and that he may be on board; and when he does come, I think the welcome will never end. Italian affairs go well. In Naples, Tuscany, and Piedmont the constitution has been promulgated, and Rome is soon to have one. The national guard is everywhere established, and is of great benefit to these provinces. The Jesuits and all their agents have been expelled from Genoa and the entire province, and nothing is talked of anywhere save the

union of Italy by means of political and custom-house leagues, and the liberation of Lombard brethren from the foreign yoke. I have received a thousand delicate attentions (*finexze*) from your brothers Antonini. Yesterday I went to the opera; to-night I am going to the theatre, and have visited all the city and suburbs; and to-morrow I go by steamer to Nice. Be so kind, if my husband has not sailed already, as to hasten his departure, and tell him the latest events in Italy.

“With affectionate salutations,

“Your most devoted servant,

“ANNA GARIBALDI.”

When this letter arrived in Montevideo, Garibaldi had already started in the *Speranza* with his eighty-five companions. Among these were Anzani, in the last stage of consumption, and Sacchi, whose wounds received on the field of San Antonio had never healed, and whose leg was in such a state that Garibaldi himself had to carry him on board and up on deck throughout the voyage. Gaetano Sacchi rose gradually till he became a general in the Italian army, but remained faithfully devoted to his beloved first chief to the latest hour of his life.

We cannot better conclude these additions to Garibaldi's narrative of his South American experiences than by giving two testimonials which he was too modest to insert. The first is a letter from the National Guard of Montevideo, signed by Colonel Tajes and all the officers: “It is impossible that we, who have been witnesses of all that you and your companions have done and borne in our service, of your generosity

and prowess throughout this disastrous war, can remain indifferent spectators of your departure or to the void which your absence creates. . . . Accept as a most imperfect homage these few words of gratitude for the immense services you have rendered to the liberty and independence of our country." The second is an extract from a long reply made by General Pacheco y Obes to the "(French) calumniators of Montevideo:":* "General Garibaldi, the commander in Montevideo of the Italian Legion, which has never received a farthing (*un sou*) from the country which they defended, was ever the most obedient soldier, the most pronounced friend of order, the most ardent defender of liberty. And it is for liberty and civilization that Montevideo fights."

III.

1848-1849.

Garibaldi in Lombardy—Mazzini and Medici—The siege of Rome—
Letters of Garibaldi to Mazzini—The fall of Rome.

DESPITE his anxiety to be first on the field, Garibaldi and his legionaries only arrived in Italy in June, 1848, "the day after the battle."

Owing to the reluctance of the Montevideans to part with him and his, all sorts of excuses had been invented

* "Réponse aux détracteurs de Montevideo." Pacheco y Obes. Paris: 1849.

and every imaginable obstacle thrown in his path. "He was beside himself with impatience and vexation," writes Cuneo. "'We shall arrive too late; we shall reach Italy when all is over; ours will be the succour of Pisa,' were the phrases ever on his lips." And he was right in a certain sense. When he and his little band arrived at Nice, and he went to Roverbella to offer his services to Charles Albert at the end of June, the Italian cause was virtually lost, yet even then "no one was traitor save destiny." The miracles effected by an unarmed populace, who in five days had driven 16,000 Austrians out of Milan, who in Venice had gained a bloodless victory, who had seized all the forts—were, in short, masters of Venetian Lombardy with the exception of the famous quadrilateral—had proved how unanimous was their hatred of the foreigner, how they were descended in direct line from the heroes of the Lombard League, the victors of Legnano. But, instead of the swift, sudden pursuit of the defeated and discomfited foe, precious time had been lost by Charles Albert in crossing the Ticino, and by the provisional government of Milan, in waiting for him. Even when he came, despite the pledge "to give that assistance which brother may expect from brother and friend from friend," despite the agreement that "after the victory the people should decide upon its own destinies," his ministers and the members of the provisional government were far more concerned about the political form of government in the future than with putting the Alps between the Austrians and themselves. It is no part of our business to adjust

the proper share of blame to each actor, but having had for many years all the papers and letters, documents, and history of the Milanese provisional government of 1848 in our possession, we may express our conviction that the least to blame were precisely Charles Albert and his military counsellors, who, even as the volunteers and the republicans, did heartily desire to utterly expel the Austrians. But Gioberti had mooted the question of whether Turin or Milan was to be the capital of the future kingdom of Italy; Casati, the president of the provisional government, with others of its members, preferred fusing the two provinces by a stratagem, and in so doing doomed their country to another ten years of slavery. That fusion was fatal for all reasons. It distracted the minds of the Lombards and Venetians from powder and shot; it gave the pope, the Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples the excuse they wanted to recall the troops they had been compelled by their subjects to send up to fight against the Austrians; it broke up the perfect harmony which had existed among all parties, who had agreed to waive all questions of form of government—to (if the simile, more forcible than elegant, be allowed us) “catch their hare before discussing the sauce in which it was to be cooked.” Moreover, it gave republican France the pretext she wanted for laying claim to Savoy and Nice. It alienated republican Switzerland, which feared that the Canton of Ticino would be also “fused with Piedmont.” Finally, it gave Radetzky the quarter of an hour that he needed, to reorganize his defeated, disorganized, but not

annihilated army, to receive reinforcements, and to ensure his communications with the troops crossing the Alps and with the four fortresses. This effected, the rest "went of itself" *for* Austria and *against* Italy. At this moment, when all things were out of joint, Garibaldi arrived at Roverbella and offered his services to the king, who sent him to Ricci, minister of war, who advised him "to go to Venice and there ply his trade as corsair, by which, perhaps, he might be useful to the Venetians."

What Garibaldi does not remember is that Mazzini, of whom he speaks so unjustly and so bitterly, had prevailed on the provisional government to summon him to Milan, and entrust him with the enrolment of volunteers. Mazzini was of all men in those days the most eager for the postponement of political discussions until the war was ended. He it was who persuaded the provisional government to summon General Fanti to Milan. Thither came Cialdini, Cucchiari, and other illustrious exiles who had distinguished themselves in Spain. But the jealousies and confusion, the "general muddle," were too great. Fanti, who speaks in bitter terms of the neglect and ingratitude with which he was treated, did not succeed once in unsheathing his sword throughout the Lombard campaign, and Cialdini went off "to get himself wounded in Venice," Cucchiari to Modena, so that Garibaldi only shared and shared alike with the other political military exiles. Medici, it seems, keeping true to his tryst, had enlisted and organized a band of three hundred picked men, and was clearly

disappointed at Garibaldi's proffer of his services to the king—not, be it borne in mind, because Medici wished Garibaldi to wage war for a republic, but because the volunteers in the Tyrol, in the Valtellina, in the Lombard plains, were dispersed, disorganized, without a leader, and Medici knew that they would all rally round Garibaldi. He also knew that neither the king, his generals, nor his ministers would at that time have anything to do with Garibaldi's "tribe of savages."

Fresh from his interview with Ricci, and smarting under the sting of his insulting words, Garibaldi was pacing up and down the colonnades of Turin, when he came face to face with Medici, just returned from Alzate, where he had buried Anzani, who died in Genoa. Anzani in death, even as in life, proved to be Garibaldi's guardian angel. Medici, as a soldier in the Italian legion, shared the enthusiasm of all the soldiers for their chief. He had also loved Anzani with filial tenderness, and at his request had borne him from Nice to Genoa to die. The dying man, crippled with wounds, suffering from the tubercles on his lungs, suffered still more acutely when Medici poured out his bitterness against Garibaldi, his fears that the man who had done so much for the liberties of a foreign nation would, by a mistaken trust in princes, avail little for his own. "Medici," answered Anzani, "do not be hard upon Garibaldi. He is a man who has received a special mission from heaven; it is the duty of all patriots to help him to fulfil it; the future of Italy depends upon him; he is predestined. He has often angered me, but

the conviction of his mission has ever prevailed; I have always been the first to seek reconciliation." Then again at the very last moment, when life seemed extinct, he opened his eyes and murmured, "Giacomo, remember my injunctions about Garibaldi." And Medici had just buried this man, so dear to both, when he met his chief pacing up and down the colonnades. The old faith, intensified by the halo of tenderness born in death's shadow, revived; a brief silence followed their wordless embrace. The same evening both started for Milan, where the provisional government conferred on Garibaldi the title of general, authorizing him to organize battalions of Lombard volunteers. Garibaldi also had seen Anzani, "and felt bitterly his entreaty not to desert the people's cause" (vol. i. p. 265). Mazzini, on the contrary, trusted in him as in the people's supreme champion, and the "ostracism" of which he speaks was a mere invention of "the *Thersites*," whose mission it was to detach Garibaldi from Mazzini at any cost and by any means. So far from detaining the youth of Lombardy in Milan to proclaim a republic, Mazzini's one cry was, "To arms! to arms!" Despite his disapprobation of the fusion, and the means adopted to secure it, he eschewed all political questions, and, as Fanti had been named general of the Lombard troops on July 10, and permission was given to Garibaldi to enrol volunteers, all his efforts were directed to sending the latter all the youths capable of bearing arms. One of his articles on Garibaldi and the Italian legion in Montevideo thus concludes:

“As long as danger threatens Lombardy, until the defence is completed; as long as the barbarians, though put to flight, still dream of reconquering our sacred soil; we can raise but one cry, ‘To arms! to arms!’ Political opinions, thoughts of the future, sympathy for men and forms of government, all vanish before this fact—the barbarians are at our gates.

“And yet again they will be vanquished; the people are once more on the alert. The Piedmontese army, concentrating round our walls, will find brothers, combatants, soldiers of the holy cause. Forwards! forwards! O Lombards, on the straight path; let us make our last effort. From the walls of Milan, where an exile of eighteen years directs the defence, to the crest of the Alps, where an exile of twenty-seven years leads the combatants, one battle-cry resounds—‘War to the invader!’”

Garibaldi's own proclamations to his troops were reprinted in the *Lario* and other papers, with warm appeals, signed, “Joseph Mazzini, soldier in Garibaldi's legion;” and when the new committee of defence summoned Garibaldi to defend Milan, Mazzini marched as simple soldier, carrying the colours. Medici, who wrote his narrative of those eventful days in 1850, when every fact and date was fresh in his mind, thus tells how Mazzini came, rifle on shoulder, to join his ranks:

“A general evviva saluted the great Italian, and the legion unanimously confided its banner, ‘*God and the people*,’ to his charge. . . .

“The march was very fatiguing; rain fell in torrents; we were drenched to the skin. Although accustomed to a life of study, and unfit for the violent exertion of forced marches, Mazzini's constancy and serenity never forsook

him, and, despite our entreaties—we feared for his physical strength—he would never stay behind, nor leave the column. Seeing one of our youngest volunteers dressed in a linen jacket, and with no other protection against the rain and sudden cold, he forced him to accept and wear his own cloak. Arrived at Monza, we heard the fatal news of the capitulation of Milan, and learned that a numerous body of Austrian cavalry had been sent against us. . . . Garibaldi, not wishing to expose his small band to useless destruction, gave orders to fall back, and placed me with my column as rear-guard to cover the retreat. . . . My column, always pursued by the Austrians, never wavered, but remained compact and united, . . . and kept the enemy in check to the last. In this march, full of danger and difficulty, the strength of soul, intrepidity, and decision which Mazzini possesses in such a high degree, never flagged, and were the admiration of the bravest amongst us. His presence, his words, the example of his courage, animated our young soldiers, who were, besides, proud of partaking such dangers with him. . . . His conduct is a proof that to the greatest qualities of the civilian he joins the courage and intrepidity of the soldier.”*

After the capitulation of Milan and the retreat of the Piedmontese army across the Ticino, Garibaldi and Medici, with less than 1000 men,† performed prodigies of

* This is taken from a long letter of Medici's addressed to Mariotti Gallenga, published in the English papers in 1850, refuting his calumnies about Mazzini.

† There is some confusion of dates in Garibaldi's account of the warfare carried on by himself and Medici, after the capitulation of Milan (vol. i. pp. 271-288). From the paragraph (p. 280) “Medici, after having done his best and fought bravely against heavy odds, had been obliged to pass into Switzerland,” it would seem that he had preceded his chief by a long time, whereas he only reached Lugano,

valour, though surrounded by 10,000 Austrians ; as also, after Garibaldi's departure from Lugano for Nice,

"with his men in perfect order, and still carrying their flag, 'God and the people,'" three days before Garibaldi himself.

Antonio Picozzi, one of the few survivors of the Anzani battalion, published in 1882 a most minute account of the exploits of both Garibaldi and Medici after the capitulation of Milan. He says Garibaldi sent Medici to Lugano from Castelletto to recruit volunteers among the Italians there ; the active and beloved aide returned to the camp *the day after*, August 10, with 300 men. Medici was sent by Garibaldi to Viggiù ; thence against d'Aspre, where, with 300 men, he occupied Cazzone, Ligurno, and Ròdero, keeping the enemy at bay from San Maffeo ; thus enabling Garibaldi to retreat on Morazzone, which he reached on August 26. Medici, when he had burnt his last cartridge, after holding his own with 200 men (100 had crossed the frontier the day before) against 5000 Austrians for four hours, retreated into Switzerland. Garibaldi, for an entire day at Merazzone, kept at bay, with 500 men, 10,000 Austrians with eighteen guns and cavalry ; at dusk, uniting his soldiers in serried column, cut his way through the enemy's ranks. When at a league's distance, he advised his men to gain Switzerland by different routes, and with a few of his intimates arrived the day after at Lugano, where Medici and Mazzini—even as at Locarno—Bertani, Pietro Maestri and Restelli, ex-members of the committee of defence, were collecting arms and ammunition, and organizing volunteers to make fresh attempts. Garibaldi left Switzerland before any were ready. Medici returned into Lombardy as late as October. Three of his band were frozen to death on the mountains. D'Apice led another column, and was repulsed by the Austrians. Daverio, who, like all Mazzini's truest disciples, was one of Garibaldi's bravest soldiers, led a third column to Luino, and, overpowered by the Austrians, was compelled to retreat into Piedmont. Verily, we cannot see what more human beings could do than did those "Mazzinians," from July till November 28, when Haynau, with numerous troops and half a battery of the famous "rockets," dispersed the last band from Chiavenna.

Scores of letters in Bertani's collection prove that every man who would go, was sent from Switzerland to join Garibaldi as long as he remained in Lombardy. Medici acted with Mazzini, because

Genoa, and Leghorn, did other bands under Medici, D'Apice, and Daverio. But the fates were against them; the Lombard campaign of 1848 was at an end. Sixty thousand Lombard families, more than 200,000 individuals, had emigrated from Lombardy to Piedmont in the rear of the royal army; all the volunteer chiefs, to whom Garibaldi had appealed in vain, had with their followers crossed the Ticino, because Charles Albert had pledged his word to renew the war as soon as his army should be reorganized and reinforced; which pledge he redeemed to his cost. Venice alone remained in arms, but there was no possibility of reaching the lagoons with any efficient succour, as by the very terms of the armistice the King of Piedmont had bound himself to withdraw his fleet from the Adriatic.

Hence during the long months that elapsed between the exodus from Milan and the renewal of war against Austria, every man did as it seemed good in his own eyes. Those who believed that Charles Albert really meant to renew the struggle waited patiently in Piedmont; others went to Tuscany, others to Sicily, others actually "went round by sea to Venice." It would seem that Garibaldi's wonderful exploits in Lombardy had made their due impression; certain it is the new

he approved of his actions; both had secured all the help that the Canton Ticino could give, without incurring the ire of the Federal Government or further brutality from Austria. Mazzini, by long residence in Switzerland, knew to a man who were and who were not disposed to give help to Italy. The "federal colonel" was a myth. A General Arcioni, who proffered himself later, returned from Lombardy to Switzerland without striking a blow.

minister of war offered him a commission in the Piedmontese army, which he declined, as he had already pledged his sword to the Sicilians, and was, as he tells us, on his way to the island, when the murder of Rossi and the flight of the pope altered for a time the current of ideas and of circumstances.

The way in which Garibaldi refers to the assassination of Rossi is unfortunate, not merely because it will prejudice the majority of his readers, but because it is entirely unfair to himself and to his associates in the defence of Rome. No man living was more averse to deeds of blood than was Garibaldi. It would be grievous if the reference to Rossi's murder should renew the unpleasant impression that even the best and noblest Italians do not eschew the dagger and the bowl. What, if we come to look at the matter coolly, does exasperate not only Italians, but all oppression-hating, fair-dealing persons, is the hypocrisy with which men in high places, pillars of the Church, the most respectable organs of the press, will condone such trifles as Bonaparte's treacherous murder of the Roman republic and his wholesale assassination of December 2, yet treat as a heinous crime such an act as that of Agesilao Milano, who at a review, made an unpremeditated rush on the perjured Bomba, and broke his bayonet on the tyrant's coat of mail.* This feeling it is that Garibaldi means to express,

* Garibaldi granted a small pension to the mother of Agesilao Milano, who was executed by Bomba immediately after his attempt, and it was cancelled by Cavour's first Italian parliament, on the proposition of a senator.

but exaggerates his meaning. As far as the assassination of Rossi was concerned, he knew as much about it as a child unborn, and, had he been consulted previously, would have turned with loathing and disgust from the proposition and the proposer. The author of Rossi's murder has remained a mystery to the present day.* Pietro Leopardi, at one time Neapolitan ambassador to the court of Piedmont, attributed the act to the Jesuits, and made his case out pretty clearly, though he has not enabled us to say, "Thou art the man." Certainly no party had such reason to hate Rossi as the Jesuits, those same Jesuits who deliberately justify assassination; who maintain that the means justify the end; who, in 1848, separated the cause of the papacy from the cause of Italy; and who, in 1876, prevented the reconciliation between Leo XIII. and the new kingdom of Italy, thus undermining the spiritual authority of the Vatican, by proving that Italians cannot be patriots and catholics at the same time. Had Rossi lived and triumphed, their reign and influence would have ended in 1848. The Jesuits and the majority of the Catholic hierarchy, therefore, hated Rossi, as only they can hate. The fusionists feared and disliked him for his stern upholding of the pre-eminence of Rome, his contempt for the favourite artichoke theory of the Charles Albertists. The liberals had no special reason for disliking Rossi, who would have carried constitutional

* The son of Rossi, on June 7, 1851, provoked Prince Canino to a duel by calling him the murderer of his father. Neumerkerke was challenged by Pierre Bonaparte because he had refused to act as second to Canino, and another duel was fought.

government to its uttermost limits. The party of disorder and of crime, a party of itself in all countries, had not been so severely handled by Rossi as it was later, in 1849, by the Republican Government. And in that autumn of 1848 a republican *party* was not yet in existence, nor was it consolidated until after the flight of the pope.

Hence any attempt to connect republicanism, and especially the Roman Republic, with the murder of Rossi, is frustrated by dates and circumstances. The fact is that the pope was thoroughly weary of playing the liberal, and after summoning Mamiani, on the death of Rossi, to form a new lay ministry, he took counsel with Jesuits, with the ambassadors of Spain, Austria, and Naples,—and decided to quit Rome till he could return a pope-king absolute. The Romans were not exultant. Thrice they besought him to return; their messengers were refused audience. Antonelli informed them that “the Constitution was buried under the rock of Gaeta.” Rome was without a government at the end of 1848.

Of the many sublime pages traced in the blood of Italian patriots, the sublimest in our eyes is that of the defence of Rome. No writer of genius has yet been inspired to narrate the heroic deeds enacted, the pain, privation, anguish borne joyfully to save “that city of the Italian soul” from desecration by the foreigner. Mazzini’s beloved disciple, Mameli, the soldier-poet, died with the flower of the student youth; the survivors, exiled, dispersed, heart-broken, or intent only on preparing for the next campaign, have left us but fugitive

records, partial episodes, or dull military chronicles. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, competent by love and genius to be the historian, who had collected the materials day by day, lived the life of the combatants hour by hour, was wrecked with "Ossoli, Angelo," and her manuscript, in sight of her native shore. From details that reached him, Garibaldi always maintained that there was a priest among the wreckers, who secured and destroyed the treasure! Guerrazzi's "Siege of Rome" is inferior to all his other writings. The entry of the Italian army into Rome by the breach in Porta Pia has cast the grand defence of 1849 into the background of rash attempts and futile failures. In these brief pages we give merely the outline of the drama in which Garibaldi was one of the chief actors. We have said that the men who desired a republic did not exist as a party in Rome previous to the flight of the pope. But there existed a strong national anti-Austrian party, who, as they had worshipped Pio Nono when he "blessed Italy" and the banners that the Romans bore upwards to the "holy war," now execrated him inasmuch as he had withdrawn his sanction to that war, and blessed the Croats and the Austrians who were butchering the Italians in the north. Convinced of the impossibility of favouring the independence and unity of Italy, and remaining at the same time the supreme head of the Universal Church, Pio Nono, as we have seen, fled for protection to the King of Naples; there he declined to accept from the King of Piedmont his repeated offers of protection or mediation, and appealed to Austria, and

to Austria only, to restore him pope-king absolute in Rome. Very soon afterwards the Archduke of Tuscany revoked the constituent assembly which he had granted, and followed the saintly example of the holy father, so that Tuscany and Rome were alike left sheep without a shepherd.

In the Roman States an appeal was made to universal suffrage, and the people sent up deputies known chiefly for their honesty and bravery, to decide on the form of government, to assist Piedmont in her second war against Austria. When the constituent assembly met to decide on the form of government, Mamiani warned them that but two rulers were possible in Rome—the pope or Cola di Rienzi, the Papacy or the Republic.

Garibaldi, who had organized his legion at Rieti, was elected member of the constituent assembly, and on February 7 put in his appearance, and in language more soldierlike than parliamentary urged the immediate proclamation of the Republic. But the debate was carried on with all due respect for the “rights of the minority.”

Finally, on February 9, of the 154 deputies present, all but five voted for the downfall of the temporal power of the pope, all but eleven for the proclamation of the Republic. These, with the exception of General Garibaldi and General Ferrari, were all Romans.

G. Filopanti, who undertook to explain the state of affairs to the Roman people, won shouts of applause by his concluding words, “We are no longer mere Romans, but Italians.”

This sentence sums up the sentiments of all: of Garibaldi, who, after recording his vote, returned to his troops at Rieti, and drew up an admirable plan for attacking the Austrians bent on subjugating the Roman provinces, and for carrying revolution into the kingdom of Naples; of Mazzini, who, so far from having imposed on the Romans a republic by the force of his tyrannical will, was—during its proclamation—in Tuscany, striving to induce Guerrazzi and his fellow-triumvirs to unite with Rome, and organize a strong army for the renewal of the Lombard war.

True, the Romans, mindful of all they owed to the great apostle of Italian unity and independence, proclaimed him Roman citizen on February 12, and on the 25th of the same month, the Roman people, with 9000 votes, elected him member of the constituent assembly; but it was not until March 5 that he entered Rome, when in one of his most splendid speeches, rising above parties and politics, he called upon the Rome of the People to send up combatants against the only enemy that then menaced Italy—against Austria. Suiting the action to the word, he induced the assembly to nominate a commission for the thorough organization of the army, and 10,000 men had quitted Rome and were marching up to the frontier, to place themselves at the orders of Piedmont, when, alas! their march was arrested by the news of the total defeat at Novara, of the abdication of Charles Albert and the reinauguration of Austrian rule in Lombardy. Genoa, whose generous inhabitants rose up in protest against the disastrous

but inevitable treaty of peace, was bombarded and reduced to submission by La Marmora, and now, while to Rome and to Venice flocked all the volunteers who preferred death to submission, the new holy alliance of continental Europe took for its watchword, "The restoration of the pope; the extinction of the two republics of Venice and of Rome."

Austria crossed the Po and occupied Ferrara, marching thence on Bologna; the Neapolitan troops from the south marched upwards to the Roman frontier; even Spain sent her contingent to Fiumicino. But only when it was known that the French Republic had voted an expedition, with the specious object of guaranteeing the independence of the supreme pontiff, did the Romans and their rulers realize that the existence of Rome and her new-born liberties was seriously menaced. Garibaldi wrote from Rieti, in April, an enthusiastic letter worth recording here :

"BROTHER MAZZINI,—I feel that I must write you one line with my own hand. May Providence sustain you in your brilliant but arduous career [Mazzini had just been elected, with Armellini and Saffi, triumvir of Rome], and may you be enabled to carry out all the noble designs which are in your mind for the welfare of our country. Remember that Rieti is full of your brethren in the faith, and that immutably yours is JOSEPH GARIBALDI."

At the same time he sent a plan, proposing to march along the Via Emilia, to collect arms and volunteers, proclaim the levy in mass, and, with a division stationed in the Bolognese territory, operate in the duchies, unite

Tuscan, Ligurian, and Piedmontese forces, and once more assail the Austrians. But the news of Piedmont defeated, Genoa bombarded and vanquished, convinced him that it would be difficult to rearouse the disheartened populations of Northern Italy. Hence he next proposed to cross the Neapolitan frontier, fling himself upon the royal troops, and seize the Abruzzi. A sensible project this, to take the offensive against the pope's defenders. But before the Triumvirate could come to a definite decision, it was known that the French troops, by a disgraceful stratagem, had landed and taken possession of Civita Vecchia, General Oudinot, entwining the French with the Roman tricolor, assuring the Romans that they only came to secure perfect freedom for the people to effect a reconciliation with Pio Nono.

But the people had no desire for such reconciliation ; the assembly decreed that Rome should have no garrison but the national Roman guard—that if the Republic were invaded by force, the invaders by force should be repelled. A commission of barricades established, the people flocked to erect and remained to man them. The national guard summoned by Mazzini all answered “present,” and served enthusiastically throughout the siege ; all the troops dispersed in the provinces were summoned to the capital, and Garibaldi and his volunteers marched into the city amid the acclamations of the populace, too thankful to welcome them to demur at the strange appearance they presented.

Now that Garibaldi's military and naval genius is fully recognized, and the extraordinary fascination he

exercised over officers and men, the enthusiasm with which he filled whole populations whom others failed to stir, are undisputed; many historians and critics have expressed their astonishment that he was not made at once commander-in-chief of the Roman forces; and have blamed the Triumvirate for having failed to recognize in the hero of Montevideo the good genius of Rome. Such critics must be simply ignorant of the actual condition of Rome and her government. There existed, in the first place, the regular Roman army, which would have served under none save regular generals; then there was the Lombard battalion under Manara, whose members, after fifteen months of regular campaigning, were thoroughly drilled and disciplined, who insisted on retaining the cross of Savoy on their belts, and, until their prowess made them the idols of the Romans, were nicknamed the "corps of aristocrats."

Little did they imagine, when they kept aloof from the legion, that before three months were over their young hero chief would resign his command of them to assume the delicate post of head of Garibaldi's staff. Carlo Pisacane, educated in the military college of the Nunziatella, who had served as captain in the foreign legion in Algiers, destined later to become the pioneer of Garibaldi and his Thousand and to lose his life in the attempt;—while recognizing Garibaldi's prowess and talents as a guerilla chief, in his military history of 1849, severely criticizes his tactics, and blames his sending up "a handful of boys against masses of the enemy"—censures—unhesitatingly "his indiscipline at

Velletri." One of the deputies of the Roman Constituent wrote to the Triumvirate, begging them to "send Garibaldi with his motley crew to a terrible spot, called For del Diavolo, between Civita Vecchia and Rome; on no account to allow them to enter the city, as they are quite too disorderly."

Now, they had committed no *disorders*, save that of carrying off the mules and horses of the convents; but when we think of the wild, free, peril-scorning life led in the backwoods of America—of how they recognized no law save their commander's orders, how little used he had been to receive command from any, it will be easily understood how this wild, tanned, quaintly dressed band filled the inhabitants of the towns through which they passed with terror and dismay. Garibaldi's violent tirades against priests and priestcraft, the liberation of a gang of miscreants * arrested

* The Triumvirate very soon gave it clearly to be understood that the Republic meant order and obedience to law. They had sent Felice Orsini to Ancona, where bands of brigands and assassins infested the province, and he, dealing summarily with all, soon restored order and the confidence of the people in the government. Thirty-five of the miscreants, arrested by Orsini's orders, were being conveyed under escort to the fortress of the state, when Haug, a Prussian, one of Garibaldi's most courageous officers, with a company of his men, snatched them from the escort and effected their rescue. The Triumvirate protested, recaptured the brigands, and conveyed them to the fortress, there to await their trial. Garibaldi, deeming that there was good fighting stuff in these men, and that it might be well for their country and themselves if they could be "redeemed," made worthy of dying for Italy, wrote the following letter, which we translate from the original, to Mazzini:—

"MAZZINI,—The thirty-five prisoners arrested as homicides in Ancona are now partly in Civita Castellana and partly here. I suppli-

by order of the Roman government, had not prepossessed men of order and of discipline in his favour, and although personal contact dispelled all unfavourable prepossessions, one sees how impossible it was for Mazzini to place him in the position which he would himself have assigned to him. Garibaldi altered in nothing his South American modes of warfare. He and his staff in red shirts and ponchos, with hats of every form and colour, no distinctions of rank or military accoutrements, rode on their American saddles, which when unrolled served each as a small tent. When their troops halted, and the soldiers piled their arms, the general and all his staff attended each to the wants of his own horse, then to securing provisions for their men. When these were not at hand, the officers, springing on their barebacked horses, lasso on wrist, dashed full speed along the Campagna, till oxen, sheep, pigs, kids, or poultry in sufficient quantities were secured and paid for; then, dividing their spoil among the companies, officers and men fell to killing, quartering, and roasting before huge fires in the open

cate you to hasten their trial. Let them be condemned to death, if necessary, but let them be sent to me. I shall know how to make them behave with decorum and in a manner profitable to the cause. I supplicate you warmly to grant this great favour. Yours, GARIBALDI.

“Rieti, April 9.”

These ideas may find favour with certain humanitarians, but it is possible that more than a few of the defenders of the Roman Republic might have declined even to “fight” in such company. In any case, Mazzini and Saffi refused to comply with the request, and this was one of Garibaldi’s grievances against the Triumvirate.

air. Garibaldi, when no battle was raging or danger near, if in the city, selected some lofty belfry tower, if in the country, climbed the loftiest peak; and, with brief minutes of repose under his saddle-tent, literally lived on horseback, posting his own pickets, making his own observations, sometimes passing hours in perfect silence, scanning the most distant and minutest objects through his telescope. Ever a man of the fewest words, a look, a gesture, a brief sentence sufficed to convey his orders to his officers. When his trumpet signalled departure, the lassos served to catch the horses grazing in the fields, the men fell into order and marched, none knowing nor caring whither, save to follow their chief. Councils of war he never held; he ordered, and was implicitly obeyed. To his original legion were added some of the finest and bravest of the Lombard volunteers, who had learnt his worth "after the armistice;" while boys from ten to fourteen, who were his pride and delight, formed his "band of hope." To-day, for an act of courage, a man would be raised from the ranks, and, sword in hand, command his company; but woe to him if he failed in shouldering a musket or brandishing a bayonet at need. To onlookers this legion, composed at first of but 1000 men, seemed a wild, unruly set; but this was not the case. Drunkenness and insubordination were unknown among the ranks. Woe to a soldier who wronged a civilian. Three were shot for petty theft during the brief Roman campaign. Still, while Garibaldi felt within himself his own superiority to those around, Mazzini, who also felt

it, might as well have proposed an Indian chief to command the Roman army as this man, whom in later years, no soldier in Europe but would have been proud to call *duce*. Again, it must not be forgotten that the grounds on which France explained her interference, was the imposition by "foreigners" of a republic on the Roman people, anxious only to receive the pope with open arms; that Austria, Piedmont, and the Ultramontane faction in England represented the Roman States as handed over to the demagogues, to the riff-raff of European revolutionists. Hence the absolute necessity that presented itself to the minds of the triumvirs for filling the civil and military offices as far as possible with citizens of Rome or the Roman States. Unfortunately, no capable Roman commander-in-chief existed. Rosselli was chosen as the least incapable; but throughout, Garibaldi was regarded as the soul, the genius of the defence.

A very short time had sufficed for Mazzini and the Romans to come to so perfect an understanding that no exercise of authority, no police force, was necessary to keep order in the city, as the French, English, and American residents, as the respective consuls repeatedly affirmed in public and in private letters. Oudinot too had warning from his own consul, from his own friends within the city, of all the preparations, of the resolute determination of the inhabitants, of the known valour of many of the combatants in past campaigns, yet to all such remonstrances he answered with French impertinence, "*Les Italiens ne se battent pas,*"

and clearly he had imbued his officers with this belief. At dawn on April 30; starting from Castel di Guido, leaving their knapsacks at Magnianella, the officers in white gloves and sheathed swords advanced on Rome, taking the road to Porta Cavallaggieri, sending sharpshooters through the woodlands on the right, the Chasseurs de Vincennes on the heights to the left. Avezzana, war minister, from the top of the cupola of San Pietro in Montorio, on seeing the first sentinel advance, gave the signal for the ringing of the tocsin, which brought the entire populace to the walls, the Roman matrons clustering there to encourage their husbands, sons, and brothers to the fight.

When the army arrived within a hundred and seventy yards from the wall, the artillerymen from the bastions of San Marto fired their first salute, to which the Chasseurs de Vincennes responded so well, that the Roman Narducci, Major Pallini, and several of his men fell mortally wounded at their guns. Finding themselves under a cross-fire from the walls and from the Vatican, the enemy placed a counter-battery, which did deadly mischief to the besieged, who lost at once six officers, numerous soldiers, and had a cannon dismounted to boot. Not the slightest confusion occurred; women and boys carried off the wounded, fresh soldiers took the place of the fallen; compelling Oudinot to summon both his brigades, and plant two other pieces of cannon. But he now had to cope with an enemy whom Frenchmen in Montevideo envied and calumniated; who to himself and his followers was as yet an unknown quantity.

Garibaldi, who had had but two days to organize his men and take up position, had at once perceived the importance of the scattered buildings outside the gates, and occupied them all—villas, woods, and the walls surrounding them. As the enemy fell back from the first assault, he flung his men upon them as stones from a sling. At the head of the first company was Captain Montaldi, who in a short time was crippled with nineteen bullets, yet still fought on his knees with his broken sword; and only when the French retreated did his men carry him dead from the field. As fought his company, so fought all under the eyes of Garibaldi, who directed the fight from Villa Pamphili. Then summoning his reserve, himself heading the students, who had never seen fire, but who had given each to the other the consign, "If I attempt to run away, shoot me through the head," he led them into the open field, and there gave them their first lesson to the cry of, "To the bayonet! to the bayonet!"—a lesson oft repeated since, a cry never after raised in vain. Numbers of his best officers and soldiers fell, but never a halt or panic made a pause in that eventful charge, until in full open fight the French were compelled to retreat, leaving Garibaldi absolute master of the field.

Numbers of the French were killed and wounded, others hid themselves in the woods and vineyards round; a general retreat ensued, while a portion continued the fire to protect it. The guns had to be carried off by hand, as four horses had been killed; and at this retreat up to Castel di Guido, General Oudinot was forced to

assist in person. Summing up his losses, he found that he had left 400 dead upon the field, 530 wounded, 260 prisoners. He had, besides, the glory of depriving the Roman Republic of 214 killed and wounded, 25 officers among them, and of carrying off one prisoner, Ugo Bassi, the chaplain, who had remained behind to assist a dying man, his only weapon being the cross, of which the French were the knightly protectors. Garibaldi's first thought was naturally to pursue the fugitives to Castel Guido, to Palo, and Civita Vecchia; "to drive them," in his own forcible language, "back to their ships or into the sea." For this he demanded strong reinforcements of fresh troops. But the Government of Rome, believing that it sufficed for republican France to know that republican Rome did not desire the return of the pope, that it was not governed by a faction, was resolved unanimously to resist all invasion, decided against pursuit, sent back the French prisoners to the French camp, accorded Oudinot's demand for an armistice, and entered into negotiations with the French plenipotentiary, Ferdinand Lesseps, for the evacuation of the Roman territory. The refusal was never forgotten, never forgiven, by Garibaldi, and has always been a "burning question" between the exclusive partisans of Mazzini and Garibaldi, in whose eyes to scotch and not to kill the snake was the essence of unwisdom. It is also maintained by many Garibaldians that an out-and-out victory could not have been concealed from the French Assembly as the president and his accomplices did manage to conceal the affair of April 30, and that had the people and the army in France known what a

humiliation had been inflicted on their comrades, they would have insisted on the recall of Oudinot, and that thus the president's own position would have been endangered. On the other hand, Mazzini's partisans say, granting—what remains unproven—that Garibaldi could have succeeded in driving every Frenchman back to his ships or into the sea, there can be no doubt that Louis Napoleon, bent on restoring the pope and thus gaining the clergy to his side, would have sent reinforcements upon reinforcements, until Rome should be vanquished.

The disputants must agree to differ on this point, though all, surely, must allow that it was necessary that the small forces at the disposal of the Republic should be husbanded for the repulse of others besides France, who claimed to be defenders of the pope—Austria, the King of Naples, and even Spain! And, in fact, a Neapolitan army, with the king at their head, had crossed the Roman frontier, and had taken up positions at Albano and Frascati, whence Garibaldi was sent to oust them, the Lombard brigade being added to his legion. This Neapolitan king-hunt formed one of the characteristic episodes of the Roman campaign. Garibaldi generally lodged his men in convents, to the terror and horror of their inmates, sending them thence to reconnoitre the enemy's positions, and harass them by deeds of dare-devil courage. The king was indeed at Albano, whence from Palestrina Garibaldi marched to the attack; which would probably have been successful had he not been suddenly summoned back to Rome, as the movements of the French

were by no means reassuring. However, a fresh truce being proclaimed, General Rosselli, with Garibaldi under his orders, was sent out again in full force against the Neapolitans. Not a wise arrangement this, as the volunteers and the regulars, unless at different posts within the city, had not yet united in harmonious action. Garibaldi, sent by Rosselli merely to explore the enemy's movements, finding that they were retreating from Albano, gave battle to a strong column about two miles from Velletri, without giving time to Rosselli to come up with the main body. So the Neapolitans got into Velletri, barricaded themselves there, and, escaping during the night by the southern gate, recrossed the Neapolitan frontier, the king foremost in the van. Rosselli and the regulars complained loudly that this disobedience to orders had prevented them from making the King of Naples prisoner, the Garibaldians maintaining on their side that this would have been effected had the regulars thought less about their rations, and come to the rescue when first they heard the distant shots. Messengers sent by the generals to the Triumvirate bore the complaints of each. Rosselli was recalled, and Garibaldi left with full liberty of action. But when the French Government disavowed their envoy extraordinary, the patriotic, able, straightforward Lesseps, instructing Oudinot (surnamed the Jesuit, the Cardinal) to enter Rome by fair means or by foul, sending enormous reinforcements, promising to follow up with the entire French army, if necessary, what could they do but recall Garibaldi with

all possible despatch? Was it not a proof of their confidence in him? Moreover, on Garibaldi's return to Rome, Mazzini made a last effort to induce him to unburden his mind at least to himself, by asking him in writing to tell him frankly what were his wishes. Here is the laconic answer, characteristic of the writer, frank and unabashed as the round, clear handwriting of the original, from which we copy :

"Rome, June 2, 1849.

"MAZZINI,—Since you ask me what I wish, I will tell you. Here I cannot avail anything for the good of the Republic, save in two ways : as dictator with unlimited plenary powers, or as a simple soldier. Choose. Unchangingly yours, GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI." *

This letter has given rise to various unfounded accusations of vanity and ambition ; we see no grounds for either. Garibaldi, in 1849, knew as well of what he was capable when invested with supreme authority as in 1860 ; he believed in himself, in his own unsullied patriotism and power, even as Cromwell believed when he dissolved the Long Parliament and signed the death-warrant of King Charles. A true descendant of the pure primitive Roman Republic, Garibaldi retained to the latest hour of his life the most profound conviction that the only way to save a nation in danger was to confer on a dictator unlimited power for a limited

* "Roma, Giugno 2, 1849.

"MAZZINI,—Giacchè mi chiedete ciò ch'io voglio, ve lo dirò. Qui io non posso esistere, per il bene della Repubblica, che in due modi : o dittatore illimitatissimo o milite semplice. Scegliete. Vostro invariabilmente, G. GARIBALDI."

period. Neither was there any affectation in putting the alternative of being accepted as a simple soldier—a position which he would infinitely have preferred to that of a subordinate general with immense responsibility and no corresponding authority, compelled to execute plans of which he disapproved, and to forego projects on which he believed the safety of Rome depended. Yet to create Garibaldi civil and military dictator—and thus he understood dictatorship—was simply impossible. A crucial proof of his unblemished patriotism lies in the fact that, realizing as he did the impossibility, after the defeat of June 3, of the Triumvirate's accepting either of his propositions, he retained his amphibious position of general of division, and devoted his entire energies to do all that was possible to save "the honour of Rome." Writing of the siege of Rome, Garibaldi, is, of course a supreme authority on all military matters. His surprise and indignation on finding the villas and Monte Mario in the hands of the French, who had even thrown a bridge of boats across the Tiber just below San Paolo, *fuori le mura*, is most natural, and a proof of the utter incapacity of Rosselli. His vexation at being recalled from the Neapolitan territory is natural. There and then, in 1849, to his officers gathered on the Piazza d'Arce, near San Germano, he said, "Here the destinies of Italy will be decided. A battle won under Capua will give Italy into our hands." These words, read in the light of his wonderful feats in 1860, seem like a prophecy. But we doubt their fulfilment in 1849, with a French army surrounding

Rome, with the Austrians rampant in Lombardy, garri-soning Alexandria, threatening Turin, occupying Central Italy. Certainly he underrated the immense moral importance of the defence of Rome itself by Romans and by Italians from the other provinces against royal, imperial, and republican foes. Even supposing, as he does, that his handful of soldiers could have vanquished the Neapolitan army and made the king prisoner (a debatable question, as in those days that army was staunch and loyal to such a point that, with a few exceptions, officers and soldiers, in 1848, abandoned the Lombards to their fate and returned to Naples at the king's bidding), what would that have availed for Italian unity if, without a struggle, Rome had been left to the tender mercies of French soldiery? Again, Garibaldi disapproved the conduct of Mazzini and the Triumvirate because they refused to allow any acts of violence against religion or the professors of religion. They had abolished the Inquisition, and used the edifice to house the people driven from their homes by the siege; had invited and aided monks and nuns to return to their homes and to lead the life of citizens. But they had not allowed the confessionals to be burned in the public market-place. A wretch named Zambianchi who ill-treated some inoffending priests was severely punished "for thus dishonouring the Republic and humanity." Moreover, the Easter ceremonies were celebrated as usual; the Triumvirate and the Assembly stood among the people in the church and in the square to receive the blessing from the outer balcony

of St. Peter's. All this gave umbrage to Garibaldi, but no hypocrisy and much wisdom inspired these acts. In the first place, the Triumvirate, and especially Mazzini, the most religious man we have ever known, were well aware that, while the temporal power of the papacy might be destroyed by fire and sword, the spiritual power of the Roman Catholic hierarchy could only be extinguished in the name of a moral law recognized and accepted as higher and truer than any self-created intermediates between God and the people—they knew that ideas can only be vanquished by ideas. Again, as the responsible heads of the Roman Republic, the triumvirs were wisely careful not to offend the hearts and consciences of Catholics abroad. Finally, the very fact that, with four armies at their gates, life, its feasts and fasts, its work-days and holidays, could go on as usual, was one highly calculated to strengthen the faith and affection of the Romans for the new Government. No crimes were committed; the people came to the triumvirs as children to their fathers, and, what for Italians is a very remarkable thing, they not only paid down current taxes, but they paid up arrears. When the Triumvirate met for the first time, the coffers were empty; for the flourishing state in which they left the treasury we refer our readers to the English translation of the "*History of the Roman States*, by Luigi Farini," a patriot and unitarian, but hostile to the Roman Republic. .

From Garibaldi's brief account, it would almost seem that the Triumvirate and the Assembly surrendered

Rome before absolute necessity constrained them so to do. He does not tell us how, when the French had actually entered Rome by the breach, he alone of all the civil and military commanders refused to lead the troops to attack the invaders in possession. He gave his own reasons, very wise ones it seems to us, in writing many years later, but in his Memoirs he seems to have forgotten them. The terrible tidings that the seventh bastion and the curtain uniting it to the sixth had fallen into the hands of the French spread through the city. The Triumvirate had the tocsins rung. All the houses were opened at that sound; in the twinkling of an eye all the inhabitants were in the streets. General Rosselli and the minister of war, all the officers of the staff, Mazzini himself, came to the Janiculum.

“The people in arms massed around us,” writes Garibaldi, in a short record of the siege of Rome, “clamoured to drive the French off the walls. General Rosselli and the minister of war consented. I opposed the attempt. I feared the confusion into which our troops would have been thrown by those new combatants and their irregular movements, the panic that would be likely by night to seize on troops unaccustomed to fire, and which actually had assailed our bravest ones on the night of the 16th. I insisted on waiting for the daylight.”

He here narrates the daring but unsuccessful attempt of the Lombard students, who flung themselves on the assailants, and who had gained the terrace of Casa Barberini, and continues—

“But at daylight I had counted the forces with which

we had to contend. I realized that another 3rd of June would bereave me of half of the youths left to me, whom I loved as my sons. I had not the least hope of dislodging the French from their positions, hence only a useless butchery could have ensued. Rome was doomed, but after a marvellous and a splendid defence. The fall of Rome, after such a siege, was the triumph of democracy in Europe. The idea of preserving four or five thousand devoted combatants who knew me, who would answer at any time to my call, prevailed. I ordered the retreat, promising that at five in the evening they should again advance; but I resolved that no assault should be made."

From this and other writings of Garibaldi, it is clear that from the night of June 21 Garibaldi considered any further attempt to prevent the French from entering Rome as worse than useless—that hence he refused to lead the remnants of his army "to butchery" on the breach. How, then, was it possible for Mazzini to have retarded the catastrophe indefinitely, and reserved to Rome "the glory of falling last," *i.e.* after Venice and Hungary? *

Mazzini, beside himself with grief that the armed people had not been allowed to rush on to the bastions and drive the French from the walls, wrote a reproachful letter to Manara, then chief of Garibaldi's staff, and this patriot hero seems to have kept the peace, as on the 25th we find a friendly letter from Garibaldi to the Triumvirate, in which he proposes to leave Manara in Rome, and to conduct himself a considerable number of his men out of Rome to take up position between the French and Civita Vecchia, to harass them in the rear.

* See "Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 19.

And on the same day, evidently after a meeting and the acceptance by Mazzini of Garibaldi's project, the latter writes—

“June 26, 8 p.m.

“MAZZINI,—I propose, therefore (*dunque*), to go out to-morrow evening. Send me to-morrow morning the chief who is to assume the command here. Order the general-in-chief to prepare 150 mounted dragoons, who, with the 50 lancers, will make up 200 horse. I shall take 800 of the legion, and to-morrow shall send them to change their shirts [*i.e.* doff their ‘red’ for ‘grey’]. Answer at once, and keep the plan a profound secret.”

The attempt was not made, probably because it was impossible to march out secretly from any gate, and Manara writes from Villa Spada, 1 p.m. on the same day.

“CITIZEN TRIUMVIR,—I have received your letter. I am somewhat better and at my post. I have spoken with Pisacane [chief of Rosselli's staff]; we are perfectly agreed. Both animated by the same spirit, it is impossible for petty jealousies to come between us. Be assured of this. I have begged General Garibaldi to return to San Pancrazio, so as not to deprive that post at this moment of his legion and his efficacious power. He promises me that before dawn all will be here. Everything is quiet. MANARA.”

This was Manara's last letter to Mazzini; at that same Villa Spada the yearned-for bullet pierced his heroic heart. Manara died as the barbarians entered Rome.

And here, to all appearances, is Garibaldi's last letter written in Rome to Mazzini :

“We have retaken our positions outside San Pancrazio. Let General Rosselli send me orders; this is now no time for change. Yours, G. GARIBALDI.”

• No time for anything but one last desperate onslaught at the point of the bayonet, Garibaldi in the foremost ranks with sword unsheathed, while Medici from Villa Savorelli renewed the wonders of the Vascello. Twice the assailants were driven back to their second lines, thrice they returned in overpowering numbers; but, gaining the gate, they were received with volleys of musketry from the barricades at the ingress to Villa Spada and Savorelli. There fell the flower of the Lombards; boys of the band of hope; Garibaldi's giant negro, faithful, brave Anghiar;—six hundred added to the 3400 corpses on which the soldiers of *la grande nation* reconstructed the throne of the supreme pontiff, and guarded it with their bayonets until the sword of their self-chosen master fell from his trembling hands at Sedan.

What remained for the heroic survivors yet to do or to attempt? At 2 p.m. Pisacane writes from Monte Cavallo to Mazzini—

“CITIZEN TRIUMVIR,—The latest decisions come to between General Garibaldi and General Rosselli are to withdraw with all their forces to the right of the Tiber, the troops now outside Porta del Popolo to man the bridges, the troops now at San Pancrazio to bivouac in Piazza Navona. These positions are now untenable. The enemy would re-enter the city with us. The Trasteverini must be removed at once. Health and fraternity.”

But the Trasteverini were not to be induced to abandon their homes and hearths. The Assembly, which sat in permanence, had to decide between three alterna-

tives: (1) to capitulate; (2) to defend the city street by street, house by house; (3) to quit Rome—Government, Assembly, and army, and such of the people as should choose to do so—and continue elsewhere the war against France and Austria. Mazzini said, “The first proposition is unworthy even of discussion, the second is possible, the third is preferable;” then he quitted the Assembly.

Cernuschi, who had been the soul and arm of the barricades, made the following motion:—

“In the name of God and the people,

“The Roman Constituent Assembly ceases from a defence which is no longer possible, and remains at its post.”

The motion was voted unanimously, and the Triumvirate charged with the execution of the decree.

Mazzini, who had never imagined such a finale, indignantly refused to be “the executioner of Rome’s honour.” He did propose that the Assembly, if the defence of Rome was to be abandoned, should, with the Triumvirate, army, and war-material, quit the city and renew the defence elsewhere. The Assembly refused; then he exclaimed, “You chose us to defend, not to destroy, the Republic,” and with his two colleagues resigned; and on the following day Mazzini wrote a violent protest to the Assembly, “whose members had despaired of their country, which the people were prepared to defend with their last breath.” Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini were declared by the Assembly to have deserved well of their country, and another Triumvirate

was elected to carry into execution the resolution of the Assembly.

We give the details, not as a criticism of that resolution which was inevitable, but to show that it was not *Mazzini* who desisted from the defence—who “awaited the entrance of the French, to hand over to them the arms by whose means a painful and shameful period was to be prolonged.” *

While Garibaldi was making his heroic effort to reach Venice, and at least die sword in hand, *Mazzini* (to whom the American ambassador, Mr. Cass, made the same offer as to Garibaldi), after the Government had quitted Rome, when the remnants of Manara's band were driven into exile, the army dispersed, the French and papal hordes materially masters of Rome, still remained there, in the midst of the people, striving, hoping against hope that one last effort might yet be made. Then, convinced of the impossibility, he went to Civita Vecchia, and said to a captain, “I am *Mazzini*; do you dare to give me a passage?” The captain consented. At Leghorn, the Austrians came on board and made rigorous search. “Do not be frightened,” he said to the captain; “they will not take me, and you will not be compromised;” and putting on the steward's cap, and pulling it over the brow which, with the wondrous eyes, distinguished him from other men, he set to wash the cups and plates, and the captain landed him at Marseilles, from which city he joined Saffi, in Switzerland, there to begin his work afresh, broken down in health and sad at heart, but neither disheartened nor dismayed.

* See “Memoirs,” vol. ii. p. 20.

The Italian people had been conquered by brute force, by treachery, by the unholy alliance of despots with perjured kings and "presidents;" he knew that they had learned the force of numbers, and the strength that lived latent in their union. But though Piedmont was defeated, though Rome had fallen and Venice was doomed, to Italian patriots, all patriots, Mazzini could say exultingly with Shelley—

"Fear not that tyrants will rule for ever,
Or priests of the evil faith :
They stand on the brink of that raging river
Whose waves they have tainted with death.
It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells,
Around them it foams and rages and swells ;
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity."

IV.

1849–1858.

Garibaldi's abnegation—The world's rejected guest—Two visits to England—Withdrawal from the republican party—"For Italy under any flag"—Letters to Cuneo.

GARIBALDI'S retreat from Rome, now eluding, now dispersing the combined forces of imperial Austria and republican France, of bombast Spain and craven Bomba, and the thousands of papal, Jesuitical, and priestly spies who crept out of their hiding-places as soon as *Cardinal* Oudinot entered the eternal city, is by the highest

authorities considered one of the most marvellous military feats on record.* It was the supreme effort of sublime despair. At the same time, it proved the practical necessity of Cernuschi's motion and of the Assembly's unanimous acceptance of it. Garibaldi succeeded in leaving the city with his four thousand followers, but they were already worn out, disheartened, morally and physically exhausted, and he could not provision or duly clothe even these; hence the falling-off of numbers, the consequent necessity of abandoning the arms and ammunition, the impossibility of obtaining guides from populations who well knew what priestly vengeance meant, the reprisals of the starving, footsore, fainting volunteers on the inhabitants who refused them food and shelter, and the inevitable disbandment of the legion within the hospitable precincts of the Republic of San Marino. With the two hundred who accompanied their chief thence in his attempt to reach Venice, he once more dared to attack the Austrian guard and put them to flight. Then fickle fortune abandoned him, and her chief servants, the moon and wind, decided his fate, or rather that of heroic, sad Anita.

Eight of his followers were murdered by the Austrians, who issued a proclamation, warning the inhabitants that any one who sheltered, fed, or helped Garibaldi or his followers to escape should be hung, drawn, and quartered. Anita's fate was too sadly horrible for de-

* If I am not mistaken, Colonel Forbes, who never abandoned Garibaldi till all was over, wrote a graphic account of this retreat in English, but I have been unable to procure a copy of his work.

scription. Even such of the heart-rending scene as he witnessed remained so indelibly impressed upon her husband's mind that he could never allude to it but with shuddering horror; his life was embittered by remorse that he had not left her to live out her natural life in her island home. But he was blameless for her death; he had forced her to return from Rieti to his mother and their children in Nice, and only a woman's passion could have overcome the obstacles that separated her from her idol. When the siege of Rome commenced, her anxiety became unbearable. She induced Orrigone, who was passing through Nice, to escort her by sea to Leghorn, whence by land they made their way to Rome, and reached Villa Savorelli when the bombs were clattering through the roof.

"Garibaldi was sternly displeased," recounts Ripari, his surgeon and devoted soldier, "but neither severities nor entreaties could induce her to quit his side. She cut off her hair, which was her one ornament, and was the first to mount horse in Piazza San Giovanni. I should have accompanied them, but the general ordered me to remain with my wounded, and I obeyed to my cost."*

How thoroughly he loved his family, how in the most critical moments Anita was ever in his thoughts, may be guessed from the following letters, which have fortunately been preserved. The first is written from Subiaco on April 19, 1849.

"BELOVED WIFE,—I write to tell thee that I am well, and

* Dr. Ripari "remained in Rome with the wounded," was arrested by the Franco-papal authorities, on what charge he never knew, and kept a prisoner in the papal dungeons until 1857.

that I am going with the column to Anagni, where probably I shall arrive to morrow, but I cannot say how long we shall stay there. In Anagni I hope to find muskets and clothes for the men. I shall not be tranquil until I receive a letter to assure me that thou hast arrived safely at Nice. Write to me directly; I want to hear from thee, my dearest Anita. Tell me what impression the events of Genoa and of Tuscany made on thee. Thou strong and generous woman! with what scorn must thou not look upon this generation of hermaphrodites, on these countrymen of mine, that I have tried so many times to nobilitate, and with so little result! Treason has paralyzed every courageous impulse; we are dishonoured; the Italian name will be held up to scorn by foreigners of all countries. I am ashamed to belong to a family which has so many cowards. But I am not discouraged; I still believe in the destiny of my country. Nay, I am more hopeful now than ever. You may dishonour an individual without being punished, but you cannot dishonour a nation with impunity, and the traitors are already known. The heart of Italy still beats, and, if not entirely healthy, she is still capable of plucking out and cutting off the offending eye or foot.

“Reaction, treason, and infamy have stupefied the people, but the people will not forgive the treason or the infamy. Awakened from their stupor, they will rise terrible and crush the vile instruments of their dishonour.

“Write to me, I repeat; I want to hear of thee, of my mother, and of the children. Do not afflict thyself for me; I am stronger than ever, and with my 1000 armed men I feel myself invincible. Rome is assuming an imposing aspect; around her, generous ones are rallying, and God will help us. Remember me to Augustus, and to the families Galli, Gustavin, Court, and to all friends. I love thee dearly, dearly, and I beseech thee not to afflict thy-

self. A kiss for me to the children ; to my mother, whom I trust to thee. Good-bye. Thy husband, G. GARIBALDI."

The second is dated from Rome, July 12. Anita never received it, as she had already quitted Nice.

"MY DEAR ANITA,—I know that thou hast been, and art still, ill. I want to see, therefore, thy handwriting, and that of my mother, to reassure me. 'Cardinal' Oudinot's Gauls and friars content themselves with cannonading us, and we are so accustomed to their shots that we take no notice of them. The women and boys run after the balls and bombs, striving for their possession. We are fighting on the Janiculum, and this people is worthy of its past greatness. Here they live, are mutilated, and die, to the cry of 'Live the Republic !' One hour of our life in Rome is worth a century of life elsewhere.

"Happy my mother, who gave me birth, enabling me to live at a period so splendid for Italy !

"Last night, thirty of our men were surprised in a small house beyond the walls by 150 'Gallic friars;' whom they bayoneted, killing the captain and three soldiers, making four prisoners, and a heap of wounded. We had one sergeant killed, and a soldier wounded. Our men belonged to the Union regiment.

"Try and get well ; kiss my mother and the children for me. Menotti has favoured me with a letter, and I am grateful to him. Love much thy husband.

After the fall of Rome, the loss of Anita, and the general failure of all his plans and hopes, Garibaldi gave signal proof of one of his cardinal virtues—the submerging of self in his country's wants and woes. No matter how hostile a government might be to him, he never allowed his friends or partisans to harass it on his

account, if on the whole it seemed to be doing its best for the country. And in those days, so terrible for Piedmont, when an Austrian garrison occupied Alesandria and threatened Turin because, when Charles Albert abdicated, the young Victor, crowned on the lost battle-field, refused to abrogate the constitution that his father gave, to haul down the tricolour flag, or to consign Lombard or Hungarian subjects to their victorious foe, when the democratic party assailed him as a traitor for concluding the inevitable treaty of peace,—Garibaldi alone among Italians understood the situation. At Chiavari, he was arrested, escorted to Genoa, and imprisoned in the ducal palace, the people raging menacingly around his cell. Two by no means radical deputies demanded that the House compel the ministry to set the illustrious prisoner at liberty. The aged Baralis narrated with stirring eloquence the feats and glories of the siege of Rome. The war minister Pinelli answered that the thirty-fifth article of the civil code deprives a subject who, without the authorization of his sovereign, serves under a foreign flag, of civil rights; that hence Garibaldi, created general of the Roman Republic, had forfeited his rights as citizen, and could no longer invoke the guarantees of the statute. Pinelli had put his head into a hornets' nest; the majority of the House and the galleries cried, "Shame!" Cavour rose angrily from his seat, calling upon the speaker to maintain the respect due to the House. Moja taunted Pinelli with having endeavoured—after Garibaldi's proclamation denouncing the armistice and Charles Albert—to induce

him to accept a commission in the Sardinian army, which Garibaldi refused merely because he had promised his sword to Sicily. Mellana expressed his surprise that a Piedmontese minister should speak of the Roman Republic as a foreign government, seeing that the Government of Piedmont had sent an ambassador to Rome to treat for a subsidy of troops, which troops were on the march for the frontier when the defeat of Novara put an end to the war. Valerio, the "ambassador," taunted the ministry with servility to France and Austria, who feared the presence of so great a man in Italy. "Imitate his greatness if you can; if you are unable to do so, respect it. Keep this glory of ours in Italy at least; we have none too much." Innumerable motions were presented. That of Lanza, the well-known moderate minister of after-days, denounced Garibaldi's arrest "as a violation of individual liberty, an insult to Italian nationality." Brofferio, stigmatizing the arrest and menace of expulsion as cowardly, affirmed that "General d'Aspre, in order to express his contempt of Piedmont, had said in Parma, 'You had but one general—Garibaldi, and you knew him not. How can you pretend to create a nation when you possess no knowledge of men?' And remember, gentlemen, that this judgment was pronounced before Garibaldi had immortalized himself by the defence of Rome." The motion, carried by an immense majority, was that proposed by Tecchio—"The chamber, declaring that the arrest of General Garibaldi and his threatened expulsion from Piedmont are violations of the rights consecrated

by the statute, of the principles of nationality, and of Italian glory, passes to the order of the day." Among the eleven *noes* was Cavour's; four abstained. The champions of Garibaldi were acclaimed by the populace; the aristocrats and reactionaries were dismayed. In virtue of this vote of parliament, the Government was compelled to set Garibaldi at liberty, and appeal to *his generosity* to leave the country in order to save them from molestation from Austria and France. He acquiesced at once, refusing the subsidy offered to him by Massimo d'Azeglio through General Lamarmora,* was escorted by night on board the *San Michele*, and thence transferred to the *San Giorgio*, which steamer cast anchor at Nice at 8 a.m. on the 12th. Garibaldi landed, and showed his passport to the carbineers, who found it "all right;" but the Intendant of Nice ordered him back to the steamer. The news spread among the people, who rushed to the pier and into boats to welcome, touch, or at least see the citizen of whom they were so proud and whom they loved so well. At last, after much unnecessary delay, he was allowed to leave the steamer and go to the house where his old mother awaited him with her orphaned grandchildren.

* Massimo d'Azeglio, in a letter to Sir Anthony Panizzi, severely censuring the enthusiastic welcome given by the English people to "the rebel of Aspromonte" in 1864, affirms that in 1849 he offered a pension to Garibaldi, who *refused it for himself, but accepted it for his mother*. Letters written at the time speak of his extreme poverty and anxiety about his children. It may be that the Government sent subsidies to his mother in Nice without Garibaldi's knowledge.

“The scene,” writes Paul Antonini, the friend who accompanied Garibaldi, “was the most touching I ever witnessed. The mother was speechless, an old uncle and cousins contended for his kisses and hand-shakes. Menotti and Ricciotti clung to his legs, till Giuseppe Deideri, who had adopted little Teresita, came to claim him for a visit. The child greeted him with the words, ‘Mamma will have told thee in Rome how good I was. Where is mamma?’ The children had been kept in ignorance of their loss. The father turned pale, and only clasped his motherless ones closer to his heart. He was compelled to take a hasty leave of all, as he had passed his word that he would be on board the *San Giorgio* at 6 p.m. On that 12th of September, he received his mother’s last blessing and bade her his last farewell.” *

* In one of the manuscript pages written entirely in Garibaldi’s handwriting, published by Guerzoni, he thus narrates “a dream :”

“Once—and I shudder when I remember it—on the immense Pacific Ocean between the American and the Asiatic continents, when on the *Carmen* [a vessel of 400 tons belonging to Signor Pietro Denegri, an enterprising Genoese, who entrusted it to Garibaldi with a cargo of grain and silver from his own silver mines of Cerro and Pasqua in Peru], we were caught in a typhoon, not as formidable as those off the coast of China, but sufficiently severe to oblige us to keep, on March 19, 1852, our port-holes closed. I call it a typhoon, because the wind veered entirely round the compass, which is a characteristic sign, and the sea was terribly agitated, as it is during a typhoon. I was laid up with rheumatism, and, in the midst of the tempest, was asleep in my berth upon deck. In dreams I was transported to my native land, but instead of that air of Paradise which I always used to find in Nice, all seemed gloomy as the atmosphere of a cemetery. In the midst of a crowd of women whom I discerned in the distance, downcast

One word of indignation, one sign that he would head them, and the Genoese would have been up in arms once more, if only to vent their loathing and abhorrence for the king "*who had come to terms with Austria.*" Garibaldi not only gave no such sign, but submitted uncomplainingly to his fate; that one visit to his mother and orphan children was all he claimed. Having chosen Tunis as his place of exile, on the eve of his departure he penned his last adieu to his beloved mother.

"I start to-morrow for Tunis in the steamer *Tripoli*, and if it were not for the separation from you and the and sad of aspect, I seemed to see a bier, and those women, moving slowly, slowly, advanced gradually towards me. With a fatal presentiment, I made an effort to draw near to the funeral convoy. I could not move; I had a mountain on my chest. The procession, however, came up to the side of my berth, laid down a coffin beside it, and withdrew. Sweating with fatigue, I had tried in vain to raise myself upon my arm. I was suffering terribly from nightmare, and when I began to move and felt close to me the cold contact of a corpse, I recognized the saintly face of my mother. I was awake, but the impression of a frozen hand remained on my hand. The wild roaring of the tempest and the moanings of the poor *Carmen*, pitilessly lashed by the waves, could not dispel the terrible effects of my dream. In that day and in that hour I was assuredly bereft of her who gave me birth—of the best of mothers."

This he wrote before knowing that his mother had really died on March 19, 1852. It is also true that her bier was followed by the women and ladies of Nice, an unusual attention for those days paid to the lifeless remains of the so-loved and respected Signora Rosa herself, also to the mother of the best-beloved son of Nice. Basso, who, becoming acquainted with Garibaldi in New York, was first mate on the *Carmen*, and later on the *Commonwealth*, and from that time to within a year of his death served him faithfully and tenderly as a woman, was his officer, soldier, friend, secretary, and nurse, told us of the extraordinary impression made on Garibaldi by that dream.

children, I should not have much to complain of. I am led to hope for a speedy return. Above all, I beseech you not to grieve overmuch and not to deprive yourself, nor to stint the children, whom I so warmly recommend to you. Use freely the little money I left with you, give me warning when you want more, and write to me often. I will keep you informed of my whereabouts. A kiss to the children. Love ever your devoted son."

He also requested his friends to sell for the benefit of his family a sword of great value, presented to him by the Florentines; and to Cuneo, then deputy of the extreme left in parliament, he wrote—

"DEAREST FRIEND,—I sail to-morrow in the *Tripoli* for Tunis. I know all that you and your generous colleagues have done for me. I beg you to convey to them the sentiments of my heartfelt gratitude. I have no complaints to make against any one. I believe that these ought to be times of resignation, because they are times of misfortune. Remember me to all the valourous champions of the Italian cause. Love ever thy JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

"Genoa, September 15, 1849."

Few men, we think, in any time, fewer still in those days, have found the strength within themselves to rise from the depths of sorrow to such heights of abnegation. Garibaldi had risked all, dared all, lost all for Italy, nothing was left for him to attempt or to brave; might not others be more successful? The tri-colour flag still floated from the Alps; the constitution, abolished in every other state, if often violated, was still appealed to as the fundamental law in Piedmont.

He and his friends, civil and military, had "failed;" might not others, if not hindered, help Italy in her bitter need? or, by resting on their oars, might they not succeed at a later day themselves? He at least would put no spoke in any wheel, nor allow his name to serve as a pretext for impotent revolt. "*Dare tempo al tempo*" ("Give time to time") was one of his many pithy proverbs.

Truly "a world's rejected guest" was Garibaldi for the next twelve months. Conveyed to Tunis by Persano, the Bey, even then obedient to the behest of the French Government, refused him permission to land, so he was put on shore at the island of the Maddalena, where the Government of Piedmont took umbrage, and he was dropped at Gibraltar, where—*unkindest cut of all*—the English governor gave him six days to "move on." At Tangiers he was more fortunate; but, as he could not earn his living there, he at last decided to try his fortune in the land of freedom beyond the Atlantic, and there he passed some of the saddest months of his now lonely existence. During the three years that elapsed between his arrival in New York and his return to Italy, he held himself entirely aloof from all political demonstrations, worked for his living, and sent his scanty earnings to his mother and children. Before returning to his native land, Garibaldi, in March, 1854, cast anchor in the Tyne, there to discharge the freight of the *Commonwealth*, a fine vessel belonging to Italian owners in Baltimore. The men of 'canny Newcastle, fast friends of Italy and of Mazzini, knew all about the

heroic defence of Rome, and, as friends of European freedom, resolved to present Rome's hero with an address of welcome and sympathy accompanied by a sword and telescope, purchased by the pennies of hundreds of working men. Garibaldi declined any public demonstration, so the presentation took place on board his ship at Shields, on April 11, when a deputation, headed by Joseph Cowen, presented the address, beautifully engrossed on parchment; an excellent telescope, of Newcastle make; and a gold-hilted sword, with the inscription, "To General Garibaldi, by the people of Tyneside, friends of European freedom."

Cowen's speech was pithy and hearty as himself; and Garibaldi, whose English was tolerably fluent in those days, made answer—

"Gentlemen,—I am very weak in the English language, and can but imperfectly express my acknowledgments for your over-great kindness. You honour me beyond my deserts. My services are not worthy of all the favour you have shown me. You more than reward me for any sacrifices I may have made in the cause of freedom. One of the people—a workman like yourselves—I value very highly these expressions of your esteem, the more so because you testify thereby your sympathy for my poor, oppressed, and down-trodden country. Speaking in a strange tongue, I feel most painfully my inability to thank you in terms sufficiently warm. The future will alone show how soon it will be before I am called on to unsheathe the noble gift I have just received, and again battle in behalf of that which lies nearest my heart—the freedom of my native land. But be sure of this: Italy will one day be a nation, and its free citizens will know how to acknowledge all

the kindness shown to her exiled sons in the days of their darkest troubles. Gentlemen, I would say more, but my bad English prevents me. You can appreciate my feelings and understand my hesitation. Again I thank you from my heart of hearts, and be confident of this—that whatever vicissitudes of fortune I may hereafter pass through, this handsome sword shall never be drawn by me except in the cause of liberty.”

Julian Harvey proposed the health of “Joseph Mazzini, the illustrious compatriot of Garibaldi,” which was drunk with great enthusiasm. As the vessel left the Tyne, the champion of every forlorn hope, the steadfast friend of every struggling nationality (until success crowns their efforts) received the following letter:—

“Ship *Commonwealth*, Tynemouth, April 12, 1854.

“MY DEAR COWEN,—The generous manifestation of sympathy with which I have been honoured by you and your fellow-citizens is of itself more than sufficient to recompense a life were it even of great merit. Born and educated, as I have been, in the cause of humanity, my heart is entirely devoted to liberty—universal liberty, national and world-wide—*ora e sempre*. England is a great and powerful nation, independent of auxiliary aid, foremost in human progress, enemy to despotism, the only safe refuge for the exile in Europe, friend of the oppressed; but if ever England, your native country, should be so circumstanced as to require the help of an ally, cursed be that Italian who would not step forward with me in her defence. Your Government has given the autocrat a check and the Austrian a lesson. The despots of Europe are against it in consequence. Should England at any time in a just cause need my arm, I am ready to unsheathe in her defence the noble and splendid sword received at your

hands. Be the interpreter of my gratitude to your good and generous countrymen. I regret, deeply regret, to leave without again grasping hands with you. Farewell, my dear friend, but not adieu! Keep room for me in your heart. Yours always and everywhere, G. GARIBALDI.

“Jos. Cowen, jun., Blaydon Burn.

“P.S.—At Rio de la Plata I fought in favour of the English against the tyrant Rosas.” *

Garibaldi not being an American citizen, and the *Commonwealth* sailing under the star-spangled banner, he had put an American captain in command; so, leaving him to return to Genoa with the ship, he spent several weeks in London, saw Mazzini, and made the acquaintance of an English lady, to whom for the next two years he was formally engaged, and though, owing to scruples on his part because of her large fortune and children by her former husband, the marriage did not take place, the friendship between her and the general and his family remained steadfast till her death.

Four years had passed between Garibaldi's departure and return, and the changes that had taken place in the interim were such as to explain the corresponding

* The “tyrant” Rosas was at that time a defeated exile, and the Government of Lord Derby was doing its utmost to induce France to join England in renewing negotiations to open the river Plate and its tributaries to the world's commerce, to persuade the South American provinces to open the Parana and Uruguay rivers. A special mission was to be sent to Buenos Ayres, and the United States were informed that England desired no commercial advantages for herself in particular, but that the whole world should profit by any liberal policy which the Argentine Confederation might be induced to adopt. So Garibaldi's allusion came quite pat.

modification in public opinion. During 1850 and 1851 the star of the Republic was in the ascendant; seeing that Rome and Venice had saved the honour of the flag. One single idea possessed the Lombards, Mantuans, and Venetians, the exiles abroad, the emigrants in Piedmont—to renew the miracles of the five days of Milan; to drive out the Austrians from all Italy.

Between 1849 and 1850, 4055 individuals were condemned for political offences; in the sole month of June, in 1851, 158 were sentenced to death. In the Romagna, the mixed Austro-papal commissions shot, imprisoned, banished at will; in Rome, with the approval of the French occupiers, the Holy Inquisition was re-established. The papal dungeons were crowded. Many of the prisoners disappeared. Some died, maddened by their tortures; some survived even eighteen years of such life in death, till the breach in Porta Pia opened the prison gates. But the national will was strong; its faith in its destinies was sure.

The conspiracy of Mantua, which included all ranks and classes of society, priests and Jews, students, merchants, and working men, came nearer to success than any previous conspiracy. A mere accident put the bloodhounds on the scent. The vengeance of Radetzky was fierce and swift; arrests were made by hundreds, just as the massacres of December 2 sealed for twenty years the fate of France.* In the following December, Don Tazzoli, Scarselli, De Canal, Zambelli, and Poma were shot at Belfiore, three others at different

* See Note A.

times, also in Mantua ; scores were sent to the Spielberg. Nothing daunted, the Milanese on February 6, 1853, arose against the Austrian garrison. Twenty-two were sentenced to death, sixteen publicly executed, hundreds sent to the galleys and fortresses for twenty, fifteen, twelve, ten, or five years. The leaders were denounced as madmen, abandoned by the worshippers of success. The star of the Republic set in gloom. But we may ask, had the Italians quietly accepted the failure of their efforts after independence and liberty in 1848-1849 as final, had they settled down to make the best of it, to conciliate Austria, would Europe have remembered even their existence? Would Cavour himself (crediting him with patriotism, ambition, genius to any extent) have had a pretext for denouncing the grievances of Italy at the Congress ; for warning Europe that the Italian governments must be reformed, or that revolution was inevitable ; finally, for picking a quarrel with Austria? Had the Romans fraternized with the French, had they again sought, as in 1848, to come to terms with the papacy, would the temporal power ever have been overthrown? Would not Italy, like poor Poland, still have her garments parted? would she ever have raised her head as a free, independent, united nation among the nations of Europe? Surely the settlers need not grudge the glory to the pioneers!

But if these heroic attempts kept alive the sacred fire, the constant failure disheartened all but the staunch believers, the indomitable combatants. And the failures of 1852 and 1853, the eclipse of the republican party

gave the chance he had long been waiting for to the greatest, most ambitious; and most unscrupulous statesman that modern Italy can boast. The work of Massimo d'Azeglio, patriot, soldier, artist, who had defied unpopularity in the proclamation of Moncalieri, saving the king, the state, and the constitution, who prevented his sovereign from bowing the knee to Rome,* from submitting to advice tendered by Austria or Prussia,† and still less by Louis Napoleon, was ended. When he advised the king to summon Cavour to form a ministry, he knew as well as his reluctant and outspoken sovereign that the "*empio rivale* would supplant them all."‡ But his artist's eye lit on the right man for the right place—the man who would delight in conflicts from which his own sensitive nature shrank; who would form useful alliances from which his soul revolted, accept positions which to him seemed humiliating, clasp hands, nay, sit in the same Cabinet, with democratic adversaries of yesterday; a man, in short,

* The Siccardi law abolishing the ecclesiastical forum, passed when D'Azeglio was still premier, was the first act of emancipation from the Piedmont Church. It was in consequence of this law that extreme unction was refused to Santarosa on his death-bed. Although Piedmont was the only state in Italy where this relic of the Middle Ages existed, Balbo, Revel, and Menabrea violently opposed it. Cavour's speech in support of it, in March, 1850, was the first rung in his ladder. In that speech he clearly defined his programme of a free church in a free state: hitherto he had only held the office of agriculture and commerce; on April 22, he was created minister of finance; and on November 4, 1852, after the *repudio* and *connubio*, i.e. his abandonment of the old right and his alliance with the left centre, Rattazzi and company, he became President of the Cabinet.

† See Note B.

‡ See Note C.

endowed with all the supple, dexterous, non-committal craft of a Talleyrand, with the comprehensive intellect, the rapid conception, the swifter action which formed the *sine quâ non* of an Italian statesman in those neck-or-nothing times.

Cavour assumed the reins of power when all the difficulties consequent on the defeat of Novara had been overcome by D'Azeglio. Austria, who had demanded a war-indemnity of two hundred millions and the fortress of Alexandria, had recrossed the Ticino, and contented herself with seventy-five millions. The electors of Piedmont, brought to their senses by the royal proclamation of Moncalieri, had sent up deputies to ratify the treaty of peace; not to make factious opposition to a government whose task was inevitable. A wonderful document that much-abused proclamation, read now that the glamour of other days has faded. It enraged the Austro-Jesuit faction, who had counted on the abolition of the constitution, convinced the Lombard and Venetian exiles and their generous partisans that a speedy renewal of the war against Austria was impossible, and brought the majority to the state of mind expressed by Garibaldi in the touching sentence, "I believe that these ought to be times of resignation, because they are times of misfortune." * Fortune had been against

* "We have but the choice of disasters," said Cavour. The "democratic" chamber, whose members had seconded Charles Albert, and precipitated the second war, was dissolved. In the new chambers, Rattazzi, Buffa, Cadorna, separating from the ultra-left, formed the right centre, and on November 13, refusing the "silent vote" proposed by Balbo as more dignified, virtually accepted the

them, but their liberties were intact. They were not the only people who had lost a battle; what more could they expect than an honourable peace? But Rome had fallen; Venice had succumbed to her triple foe—cholera, siege, and famine; Sicily, gloriously defiant, had been silenced by the bombs of the perjured Bourbon, who revelling in the blood-deluged streets of Naples, signed, there and then, an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria pledging himself to send up troops to defend her Italian possessions if attacked, and to sanction no constitution or charter in the two Sicilies that had not been previously granted to Venetian Lombardy; Florence alone deserved no pity for the return of her perjured duke, or for the double ignominy of receiving him from the blood-stained talons of the two-headed eagle.

Nor did Italy alone lie prostrate. Hungary too had

treaty, and Cavour added his vote to their order of the day, saying, "The treaty is a question between us and fatality." But the majority rejected the treaty. Again the House was dissolved, and the proclamation of Moncalieri, written by D'Azeglio and signed by the king, said clearly to the populations, "*The treaty must be executed. Send us men to sanction it if you don't want the constitution abolished, the permanence of the Austrians in Alexandria.*" And the electors being, as Italians always are, amenable to an appeal to their common sense, and to any who "speak with authority," on January 9 the treaty was sanctioned almost without discussion—112 yeas, 17 nays, 6 abstainers. The proclamation was much criticized by the constitutionalists, who accused D'Azeglio of "uncovering the crown," by the ultra-liberals, who prophesied the return to absolutism. D'Azeglio, hitherto known as the "wounded of Vicenza," now became "*costui*" of Moncalieri, and the facing of Austrian cannon was child's play in comparison with the courage needed to dictate and sign under the king's signature that proclamation.

succumbed ; in Germany, the brief fever-dream of liberty had faded ; the Cain-branded Republic of France was drifting on to suicide ; England, self-centred, while quietly taking measures to prevent a reproduction of "Napoleonic ideas," gave Austria clearly to understand that "no second holy alliance was possible." * Despotism was indeed holding high carnival in Europe, in 1850. But the young, stern king, who was never seen to smile, declined to take part in the masquerade. Once the peace signed, the clouds lifted. It was something to live under the only constitutional rule of the Peninsula, said the liberals. "It's a great thing to find an asylum under the Italian sky within sound of the *Si*," said Lombards and Venetians, Sicilians and Neapolitans and Romans ; "it is but fair that while we accept the benefits we should respect the laws of hospitality." The presence of these exiles, intelligent, cultured men who had sacrificed their all for liberty, served to keep ever present to the Piedmontese the story of the past, the hopes for the future ; so the Government had breathing-time to meditate reforms, to reorganize the army, to restore its finance, and to gird up its loins for a never-ending, still-beginning conflict with the Church, by no means terminated at the present moment.

When Garibaldi arrived in Italy, he went quietly to Nice without saying "by your leave." Refusing all public demonstrations, he returned to the coasting trade with the chief ports of the Mediterranean as quietly as though the twenty years of storm and of adventure

* See Note D.

had never intervened. When on shore, his life was singularly simple and methodic. He lived in a cottage by the Lazzaretto, belonging to the cousin who had taken charge of his two boys after their grandmother's death.* Menotti attended the royal military college; of Ricciotti he himself took entire charge, washing the squealing urchin every day under the pump, and teaching him to write by tracing copies in pencil on carefully ruled paper. Up with the lark, he walked for four hours with his gun over the mountains; dined at twelve; slept; played at bowls with any one who chanced; paid every day a visit to Teresita, his daughter, adopted by his old friends the Deideri; came in the evening up to the "Garibaldi house" rented by the English lady—whose guests we were—to whom he was engaged, to listen to her wondrous music and play at draughts. A quiet, thoughtful, unpretending gentleman was the first impression he made on you, fairly up in the politics of the day, with a very decided opinion on the burning questions of the hour—the suppression of monastic corporations,† the participation of Sardinia in the Crimean

* The house where Garibaldi was born has been destroyed to build the new pier; the so-called Garibaldi house, with its orange groves and olive terrace on the "Lazzaretto," has been swept away for a house and park of a German baron; but this cottage still exists, and, with the rocks where we used to go "oystering," is all I could find in 1888 that reminded me of Garibaldi at Nice.

† This question was far more serious than that of the Siccardi law. The king, while staunch in defending his kingdom from ecclesiastical encroachments, was a true prince of the House of Savoy, and, though by no means a mystic like his father, was a devoted son of holy mother Church. He persisted in carrying on

war against Russia. He was of Cattaneo's opinion, that Italy should lose no opportunity to unfurl the Italian negotiations with the holy see. His ministers had warned him that the attempt was hopeless, still the king sent three prelates (the Archbishop of Genoa and the Bishops of Moriana and Annecy) to Rome to make a last attempt. The result was worthy of Rome. On the very day that the law, a copy of which had been sent to Rome, was presented to the House, the king received a letter from his prelates containing a total refusal on the part of the pope. The king was so disturbed that Rattazzi could scarcely succeed in calming him. A few days later, receiving a letter of severe reproof from Monsignor Charvaz, he wrote the following characteristic letter:—

"MY DEAR LAMARMORA,—Since I saw you this morning, I have received another letter from Mons. Charvaz with severe reproaches. I see that the affair is becoming serious, and that I shall be the only sufferer, because I know well what all of you do when you find yourselves in a fix—you leave me in the lurch (*et moi je reste dans la sauce*). My mother and my wife continue to repeat that they are dying of grief through my fault. You can understand how pleasant this must be to me; and now they will have to learn the rest. After Rattazzi's words I thought that all serious difficulty would be over, and that there was a half-agreement with the prelates and with Rome. But how different is the case! In one word: I do what I can; we shall see how it all ends! Answer your very affectionate VICTOR EMMANUEL."

This letter was written in December. On January 12, the king's mother, Maria Teresa, died; on the 21st, his queen, Maria Adelaide; on February 12, the well-beloved Duke of Genoa, the king's only brother. One can easily understand the king's state, the advantage taken by the pope, the bishops, and all the higher clergy, to work upon his feelings to convince him, that this was Heaven's judgment for his sacrilege. The clergy even offered to pay the sum which would result from the suppression of the monasteries. Cavour resigned. It was expected that the king would summon the reactionary Revel; he summoned instead General Giacomo Durando, who could not succeed in forming a ministry. D'Azeglio, who had not supported the suppression, deeming it inopportune, for the first and only time sought an interview with the king in vain. He then

flag on any battle-field that should recall to the remembrance of European nations the fact of her political and military existence. And while Piedmont was preparing for or engaged in the Crimean war,* he not only discountenanced revolutionary attempts which might hamper or harass the Government, but wrote several curt denials of revolutionary proclamations purporting to bear his name. Despite however his refusal to lend his name to insurrections or attempts at insurrections, Garibaldi was ever ready to take part in any enterprise that offered a fair prospect of benefiting Italy, or even any single patriotic Italian.

In the month of August, 1855, Sir James Hudson com-

wrote him one of the most magnificent letters on record, entreating him not to take a step further on the fatal path. "Piedmont will suffer anything, except to be replaced under the priestly yoke. No, per Dio! look what the intrigues of friars with the Queen of Spain to induce her to sign a shameful concordat have reduced her to. The same intrigues ruined James Stuart, Charles X., and many others. Maestà! you know that many things I foretold have happened; believe me now. It is not a question of religion, but of interests. Amadeus II. disputed thirty years with Rome, and conquered; let your majesty be firm, and victory will be yours also. Don't be angry with me. This my act is the act of a loyal man, a faithful subject, a true friend."

The king recalled Cavour. On May 22, the Senate approved the law with 53 yeas against 42 nays; in the house, by 95 against 23; and on May 29 the king set his signature to the law with good grace. Cavour on that same day, mindful of Santarosa's death-bed, sent for Padre Giacomo, making him promise to administer the Sacraments when the time should come. The news that the law on monasteries was passed was received throughout Piedmont with exulting joy. "This is a victory indeed," said Garibaldi, and from that day dated his Cavourian predilections.

* See Note E.

municated to Dr. Bertani a plan set on foot by Antonio Panizzi (a Modenese patriot, known and highly esteemed in England afterwards as Sir Anthony Panizzi, librarian of the British Museum) and Sir William Temple, English ambassador at Naples, for the liberation of Settembrini and other victims of Bourbon perjury, requesting him to suggest a fitting person to undertake the enterprise.* Without making any promise either to Hudson or Panizzi, who came to Genoa on purpose, Bertani invited Garibaldi and Medici to dinner, and just as he would have agreed to take a walk afterwards, the general promised his leadership, and laid down certain very simple plans to ensure success.

The *Isle of Thanet*, a steamer purchased in England by English subscription, was wrecked off Yarmouth; three of the sailors perished, and a considerable time elapsed before the money from the insurance office could be obtained. In February of 1856, Garibaldi came to England to see Panizzi, to purchase a cutter for the transport of material from Genoa to Caprera, and to see Ricciotti entrusted to my care. The honoured, I may say worshipped, guest of my father in Portsmouth, there was not a man, woman, or child about the house or shipyard who was not in love with him: "Simple, so kind to the children and the servants," said the home people; "Knows all about a ship, how to

* All the correspondence between the "galley slaves" in the fortress and their would-be liberators, the letters of Sir James Hudson, Garibaldi, Medici, and Panizzi to Bertani, with exact account of the money, Panizzi's receipts for the sums returned, etc., are carefully preserved in the Bertani archives.

build her and how to sail her," said the shipwrights. Having finished his business he returned to Genoa, to the great surprise of Panizzi, who expected another visit from him in London. To a letter of his complaining of the "captain's" singular conduct, Bertani, who knew him thoroughly, writes—

"Garibaldi was here yesterday, and is now at Nice. You lost nothing in missing his second visit. He is a man of action, and not at all adapted for negotiations and projects. We have only to say to him, 'We are ready;' he will be at his post to the minute."

And for one entire year Garibaldi kept free from any other engagement, writing from time to time to Bertani, "I hope that I shall be in Genoa in ten or fifteen days. If convenient, wait for me; if not, write and I will come instantly." At that date it had been decided that Bertani in person, Rosalino Pilo, and Carlo Pisacane should accompany Garibaldi. The English subscribers, among whom were Mrs. Gladstone, Lord and Lady Holland, Lord Overden, and others, had willingly consented to a second trial. The poor prisoners in the galleys expected their deliverance night after night, and with cool and dignified resignation prepared to risk all save their honour,* to recover their liberty. Suddenly Sir James Hudson enjoins on Bertani to suspend everything, and on July 29 Panizzi writes, "The commercial

* What they persistently refused to do, even at the suggestions of Sir William Temple and Panizzi, was to demand an amnesty from the perjured King of Naples. Some of Settembrini's letters justifying the motives for this refusal do credit to Italy and to humanity.

speculations on which we have entered must be for the time suspended." These were the orders of Sir William Temple, who seems to have counted upon a general amnesty; he was at that time dangerously ill, and shortly afterwards died. The money given by the English subscribers was never withdrawn by them, but distributed by Panizzi among the prisoners when they were liberated in 1859. It is a fact worthy of notice that Sir James Hudson, the fervent admirer of Cavour and the whole of the moderate party, should have put the affair into the hands of Bertani, a staunch member of the republican party, instead of applying to the Neapolitan compatriots of Settembrini in Turin, men with health, wealth, and leisure at their disposal, fervent monarchists even as the prisoners were. Hudson's clear, practical English eye saw most things in their right light. . He knew that if ease, liberty, and life were to be risked and dangers to be confronted, it was to the republicans, and not to the moderates, that he must apply.* Only once did Garibaldi refer to the year spent in devising plans for the liberation of the Neapolitan prisoners. . It was when, in 1860, he saw Poerio and other "ex-galley slaves" remain seated in the House to refuse the eight days' grace proposed for Nice, before the fatal vote should be forced on her. Then, turning to Bertani with a quiet irony that was all his own, "Friend," quoth he, "when you asked me to liberate those galley-slaves, did I hesitate? Look at that deputy, pallid and grey—that's Poerio; he does not

* See note F.

rise to give us the eight days' grace demanded. But who reckons on gratitude? We are ready to do just the same thing over again if the chance is offered to us, are we not?" And three weeks afterwards, at the head of his Thousand, despoiled of his birthplace and of his mother's grave, he steamed out of Genoa to liberate ten millions of Poerio's and Settembrini's countrymen.

A letter from General Cosenz to Giorgio Palavicini in that same year of 1856 announces—

"That the south is ready for rising, but arms are wanting; that Garibaldi is among the warmest promoters—has visited the steamers and approved of them; but arms and money are indispensable. All accept the programme of unification and independence of the country."

From his letters to ourselves in that year we could quote passages showing that his desire to do something for his country was only kept within bounds by his fear of doing more harm than good.

"Thanks for what you tell me of Ripari," he writes, referring to another plan made for liberating the prisoners from the papal dungeons. "If I can do the very least thing for those prisoners, you have only to indicate it, and I will go in for any enterprise to free those unfortunate brothers of ours."

But failure after failure followed every attempt. A revolution organized in Sicily by Crispi and Nicola Fabrizi and Rosalino Pilo very nearly succeeded; but Baron Francesco Bentivegna, surprised and disarmed,

was shot on December 23, even as his companion Spinuzza at Cefalú; while Agesilao Milano, who, during a review, had sprung upon King Bomba with his bayonet, which broke against the shirt of mail which the tyrant wore, was also shot in Naples on January 25.

The *Carlo III.* steam-frigate, laden with arms and soldiers for the suppression of the Sicilian revolution, was blown up; fifty soldiers perished, a greater number still were wounded; the gas was extinguished in the entire city of Naples, the royal family paralyzed with terror, still the population did not stir. The hope of those who had hoped against hope began to flag; Medici refused to listen to any further projects; Bertani himself was disheartened.

And when Carlo Pisacane and Rosalino Pilo, having secured Mazzini's adhesion to a fresh project for revolutionizing the south, appealed to Garibaldi, he for the first time gave a point-blank refusal. I could not believe this when it was told to me, and my letter to the general probably expressed my surprise. He answers on February 3, 1857—

“SISTER BELOVED,

“Whatever happens, I never meant to vex you, and should be grieved at heart if I have done so. You certainly have no need of tenderness, and I am far from wasting it on you. But what you can't hinder me from saying is the truth. Well, I love you, which matters very little to you—I love you for myself and for my boy and for Italy, which I idolize and venerate above all earthly things. As to principles, Jessie, I know that your

opinion of your brother is even too high. Well, I can assure you, that if Garibaldi was sure to be followed by a goodly number on presenting himself with a flag on the field of action to his country, with even a slight probability of success, oh, Jessie mine, can you doubt that I should rush forward, with feverish joy, to realize the idea of my whole life, even knowing that the reward awaiting me should be the most atrocious martyrdom? If you doubt me, you must know me but ill after all. Sister, I say with pride, that I dare take rank with the staunchest of Italian patriots, and in writing this, my conscience tells me that I am not making a vain boast. My life all spent for Italy is witness; to unsheathe a sword for her is the Paradise of my belief; my wife, my children, the desire for rest, nothing has ever been able to restrain me from fighting for the holy cause. I will say one thing more—that all and any of the movements directed by ‘your friend,’* although disapproved of by me, would have had one follower more if I had found myself on the spot. If I do not offer myself as chief of an attempt, it is because I see no probability of success, and you know enough of my past life to admit that I too understand something of daring enterprises.

“One word about Piedmont. In Piedmont there is an army of 40,000 men and an ambitious king; these are elements for an initiative and for success in which the majority of Italians believe to-day. Let your friend furnish similar elements, and show a little more practicability than he has done hitherto, and we will bless him also and follow him with fervour. On the other hand, if Piedmont hesitate and prove herself unequal to the mission which we believe her called upon to fulfil, we shall repudiate her. Let any one, in short, commence the holy war with

* Mazzini, whose acquaintance I had been privileged to make in 1856.

temerity even, and you will see your brother first upon the battle-field. Fight, I say, and I am with the fighter; but, sister mine, I will not say to the Italians, 'Arise,' just to give the curs (*canaglia*) food for laughter. This is frank speaking, is it not? I shall remain at Genoa for a few days, then return to Nice, and go to Sardinia towards the end of the month. There and everywhere command your brother,

"G. GARIBALDI."

I have translated the letter literally, to show his way of writing to "his sisters in the faith," who must have been "softies" indeed to mistake his patriotic outpourings for personal tenderness to themselves; * they were but epistles to believers who, from his point of view, needed enlightenment and encouragement or admonition.

In the following May, Pisacane and his noble pioneers went forth, with a very fair chance and unwavering faith, to arouse the population of Naples. Mazzini, who spent the greater part of that year in Genoa, all but succeeded in seizing ships, arms, and ammunition, and sending them to the insurgents. A mere accident,

* A number of letters more or less "tender" from Garibaldi to a German lady have lately been translated into English from the lady's own German version, and it is most amusing to see the perfect good faith with which she considers them "love-letters." The aggrieved wonderment that he should "once have entrusted her with a delicate mission to Messina," and, on her returning safe and sound after a tragic-comic failure, greeted her with only a "you are finely out of it," is very funny. Once man or woman, countryman or foreigner, had professed their devotion to Italy, Garibaldi took them at their word, using them when and where they might be useful to the "cause." He had a special method of his own for pressing the juice from the grapes and casting away the skins!

such as befel Garibaldi in 1860, prevented the boats laden with arms and ammunition from reaching the steamer of which Pisacane intended taking the loan. Pisacane pressed on alone to Naples, saw the conspirators there, approved their plans, returned to Genoa, and with Nicotera, Falcone and fourteen chosen men embarked on board the *Cagliari*,* seizing the command; and again the boats laden with arms failed to meet the steamer, though commanded by Rosalino Pilo, whose name is a guarantee that neither courage nor good-will was wanting. Still Pisacane steamed on to the island of Ponza, liberated the prisoners there, and sped on to Sapri, where the Neapolitans were to join him with bands of insurgents. A telegram penned in commercial language was also fatally delayed. The upshot was that Pisacane, on reaching Sapri, was cut to pieces, with Falcone and a number of his men. Nicotera, left for dead upon the scene of carnage and flung into a filthy dungeon, by his audacity and presence of mind in making an impromptu translation of the instructions in cypher found on Pisacane's corpse, put his judges off the scent as far as the majority of the survivors was concerned. Condemned to death, and the sentence commuted to the galleys for life, he continued from his subterranean prison to keep alive the spirit of revolt among his countrymen, who thence from time to time received satirical injunctions "to avenge the death of Pisacane," "to fish him out of the ditch where they were leaving him to rot." †

* See note G.

† The vaults of Favignana are below the level of the sea.

Whether Garibaldi, by aiding that expedition with his unrivalled skill and unique fortune, might have ensured its success, is still a moot question; certain it is that the grief and remorse engendered by Pisacane's fate, the indignation excited by the trials at Naples where numbers were condemned to death and the galleys for life, paved the way for the success of the Thousand. Garibaldi, after the failure, kept scrupulous silence; Cavour, taking time by the forelock, flinging legal and moral scruples to the winds, managed to get a sentence of death passed on Mazzini. This was to ingratiate himself with the French emperor, who, in common with other European despots, trembled at the very name of the apostle of Italian unity. The French emperor and his minister had persistently demanded the suppression of Mazzini's organ, the *Italia del Popolo*, published in Genoa. Day after day it was sequestered; at one time there were five *gerenti* (the responsible figure-heads) in the prisons of San Andrea. Brought to trial, they were unanimously acquitted; but, as the royal procurator boasted, "Let the jury acquit at leisure; God Himself cannot annul the months of preventive imprisonment that I have inflicted." Rattazzi having resigned, Cavour succeeded him as minister of the interior, just at the moment when Orsini's attempt had worked up the emperor's fears to a state of frenzy.* The demands he made, and the terms in which they were presented, were so offensive that Victor Emmanuel wrote to his envoy at the court of the Tuileries.

* See Note H.

“Tell the emperor, in whatever terms you think fit, that this is not the way to treat a faithful ally. Tell him that I have never suffered violence from any one; that the path of honour which I follow is stainless; that in questions of honour I answer only to God and my people; that for 850 years we have held our heads high, and that no human being shall make us bow them.” *

A few months later, towards the end of July, Cavour and Napoleon had their famous interview at Plombières, where they set their heads together to find a pretext for waging war against Austria; for dividing Italy into four separate states—the kingdom of Northern Italy under the House of Savoy, the pope in Rome with the surrounding territory, the rest of the Papal States with Tuscany to form the kingdom of Central Italy, Naples and its territory to remain untouched; the four Italian states to form a confederation of which the presidency was to be offered to the pope. It was not fixed who should be the future sovereigns of Naples and Tuscany, though the emperor manifested his wish that Murat should occupy the throne of his father, and was infinitely pleased at Cavour's suggestion that the Duchess of Parma should for a time at least reign over Florence. In return for his proffered assistance, the emperor demanded Savoy and the province of Nice and the hand of Victor Emmanuel's daughter Clotilde, sixteen years old, for Prince Napoleon. This was a tender point with Louis Napoleon, to whom all Europe had refused a royal bride. Under the terror of the Orsini attempt, he promised more than he meant to perform; but Cavour secured

* See Note I.

himself against the chances of imperial backsliding. Of course, Cavour could not pledge himself to any of these concessions, but in his letter to the king from Baden he strongly advocated them all, and returned to Turin in the seventh heaven of delight, anxious to conciliate Napoleon to the uttermost. He had already given instructions to the Intendente at Genoa, to reduce Mazzini's monitor, the *Italia del Popolo*, to silence, promising to use all the means in his power, even illegal ones. *

* "To suppress the *Italia del Popolo*," he writes, "would be a regular *coup d'état*; but I have written to the intendent-general at Genoa to wage mortal warfare, without troubling himself as to the perfect legality of the means employed to attain the end. The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne insists upon this measure as a manifestation against Mazzini, but this does not seem necessary to me, as, in the trial which will commence within a few days at Genoa, the public minister will simply demand that a death-sentence be passed on Mazzini. It cannot be denied that this is a far more energetic manifestation than the mere arbitrary suppression of a newspaper. Will you make this clear to Walewski. It is of the highest importance, not only for us, but for France. As the court of Genoa is to pronounce the death-sentence on Mazzini, any measure which would set public opinion against us might render doubtful a result to which both our governments must attach an immense value. Mazzini once condemned, we shall have a better chance against the *Italia del Popolo*. . . . Among the accused who will be brought up before the court will be Advocate Savi, the chief editor of the newspaper. Although we have the moral conviction that he is one of the chief authors of the events, unfortunately there are scarcely any legal proofs, and the public prosecutor does not dissimulate that his task will be difficult and success doubtful. Now, if the judges are ever so little put about, it is to be feared that, taking more account of material than moral facts, they will absolve Savi, which would be I confess, extremely vexing," ("Chiala," vol. ii. p. 527, *et seq.*).

A series of letters to the Intendente of Genoa and to the Marquis Villamarina, Sardinian minister in Paris, may be read with advantage by those who might demur about the application of the word "unscrupulous" to Cavour and his acts. To conspire with public ministers and judges to secure a death-sentence before a trial had commenced, and to boast of so doing to a foreign potentate, surely surpasses the limits allotted to the minister of a despot, still more to the minister of a constitutional sovereign. He succeeded in his efforts to his heart's content, although from the trial it resulted clearly that the intention of the conspirators had been solely and simply to seize ships, arms, and ammunition for the insurgent Neapolitans—that but one man at the Diamond Fort had fallen a casual victim—and this after Mazzini, himself in Genoa, had issued orders for the suspension of the attempt. The court of Genoa passed sentence of death on Mazzini and three other Genoese, while numbers were condemned to the galleys for life, for ten years, or less. "The emperor seems content with us," writes Cavour, "but still that *Italia del Popolo* is a thorn in our side." Fifty times it was sequestered, yet, with all its editors and writers in prison or in exile, it still lived on. Fresh writers like Civinini consented to live in garrets, while "figure-heads" were always forthcoming ready to go to prison as often as the fisco ordered their arrest. Naturally, the court of the King of Naples could not lag behind constitutional Piedmont. Nicotera and six survivors of Pisacane's expedition were condemned to death at Salerno, numbers to the.

galleys, a still larger number to imprisonment in irons. At length Cavour's heart was rejoiced by the cessation of the *Italia del Popolo* in Genoa; but his joy was of short duration, as the newspaper *Pensiero ed Azione*, printed in London, obtained an immense clandestine circulation in Italy. Saffi, Karl Blind, Herzen, all the celebrated European, and of course Italian revolutionists contributed; and on November 15, in an article entitled "The Piedmontese Monarchy and Ourselves," Mazzini gave to the incredulous multitude the outlines of the treaty of Plombières. "Yet you believe," he added, "that you can obtain unity, liberty, and independence from an alliance between imperial France and Piedmont. The very utmost that is contemplated is an enlarged Piedmont and a French government in other parts of Italy." In the following numbers of 1858 he went into further details, actually predicting the peace of Villafranca as a second Campoformio which would abandon the betrayed Venetian provinces and a portion of Lombardy to Austria.

For the first time the party of action was openly broken into two distinct factions. Garibaldi, who had been summoned to Turin in the early part of December, informed his most intimate friends, that it was his intention to place his sword at the service of the King of Piedmont, to promote by every means in his power the king's dictatorship. Cuneo, who had returned to Montevideo, had urged him to rejoin his friends there.

"No," writes Garibaldi; "you know how dear to me is the cause of that Government. I should not make any conditions if I found myself able to return to you, but I

cannot; nor can I in writing tell you the reason. I am devoting myself entirely to agriculture, I dig from morning till night. I find—and a good discovery it is, too—that a spade-bath is the best remedy for those pains from which you know I suffer so. In the two lines I enclose for Angelo, you will see that our hopes of redemption are well founded. Very soon I hope to tell you more. If fate should guide thee home, remember that here is the brother of thy heart.”

“One winter day,” writes Dr. Bertani, “Garibaldi entered my consulting-room; his face was radiant, his voice was broken with emotion, as, extending his arms, he exclaimed, ‘This time we shall do it! I have been satisfied in high places. I am authorized to tell my friends to hold themselves ready. We must be all united, if we mean to make Italy; hence I count on you and on your help.’ ‘What of the French?’ I asked, still holding his hand affectionately. ‘The more there are of us, the less of them will be wanted.’ Then he told me of the conversations held in ‘high places,’ of his unlimited faith in the national armament, and other splendid things. For that generous and simple soul, the mere announcement that a great undertaking was aimed at seemed a guarantee that the means provided would be sufficient and efficacious. He was wearied out by the failures of late years, yet still full of trust in the enthusiasm of the people, once in arms. In fancy’s vision, he already saw battalions of citizens rushing onwards with irresistible impetus; Italy redeemed by the prowess of her sons. Ever and anon he repeated, ‘We must be all united and all armed, if we mean to act for ourselves. When we are all soldiers, some day or other we shall be able to fight for liberty, but meanwhile let us become soldiers.’”

Neither had Garibaldi mistaken his own wishes for

realities, nor had Cavour intentionally deceived him. From the meeting of Plombières until October, he had, through La Farina,* carried on his "underground

* Cavour's conduct at the congress, the reception given to the king in England, the continuous failures of the revolutionists, had so disanimated the party that when Manin, the ex-dictator of Venice, and Giorgio Pallavicini, martyr of the Spielberg, raised the cry of Italy and Victor Emmanuel, Cavour saw that the hour was come for him to profit by the vast conspiratorial organization of Mazzini, which survived all failure; and in this he was aided principally by the Sicilian ex-republican, ex-Mazzinian, La Farina, a native of Messina, exiled in 1837, minister of public instruction in 1848, of war in 1849 at Palermo. He had been one of the most ardent supporters of the Republic and unity up to 1853. In 1855, he returned to Piedmont, signing the protest with the other exiles against the pretensions of Murat. After an interview with Cavour, he, availing himself of the aforesaid conspiracy, transformed it into a Cavourian party. Of course, Cavour did not figure; nay, told La Farina that if he failed and was discovered, he should deny him like Peter. After Pisacane's expedition in June, 1857, La Farina had it all his own way. When Garibaldi consented to become vice-president of the association, the new army had found its general. Garibaldi was induced to give in his adhesion by Felice Foresti, *i.e.* to follow Piedmont on to the field, if she unsheathed her sword without pledging himself not to unsheathe his own in the interim. Medici and Pasi (the former was, the latter is, first aide-de-camp to the king), with Bertani and Bixio, refused adhesion, because they believed Cavour's programme to be restricted to an enlarged Piedmont, a confederation of Italian states, the unitarian programme not being clearly accepted by Pallavicini and Manin. Manin, who had raised the war-cry in 1848, "Venice and St. Mark!" could never utterly renounce his federal predilections. In a letter quoted in the *North British Review*, he says distinctly, "I ask for independence and *unification*. I say unification, and not union or unity, because the word *unity* would seem to exclude the federative form, the word *union* the unitarian form. Unification may be federative or unitarian, the unitarian may be either monarchical or republican, the federative can only be republican. A confederative monarchy

organization" with success. War against Austria was to be made during the spring of 1859, with or without Napoleon, with the connivance, the consent, or the displeasure of England. On this head the king and Cavour were agreed,* as the latter doubted exceedingly whether Napoleon would really intervene until the first blow was struck. Struck it must be, but how force Austria to be first to strike? That too had been arranged at Plombières;† and from the secret instruc-

is but a confederation of princes against their subjects. See Germany." "No," said Mazzini; "*Unità*; one republican Italy or one monarchical Italy. A federation would lead us back to the republics of the Middle Ages." He set his face as unflinchingly against this compromise as he had done against the proposed confederation of princes in 1859. "Who endures wins," came true in his case.

* Any one familiar with the "reminiscences," "biographies," of the principal French and English statesmen of 1855 to 1859 will admit that to one and all Cavour had declared that Piedmont must, could, and would make war against Austria. "Within three years we shall have the war, the good war," he said, after the congress; and in December, 1858, to Mr. Odo Russell, who, taken aback by his vehemence, reminded him how Austria could take her time, ruin Piedmont financially, and that, in case she attacked, all Europe would be against her, he answered, "But I shall force Austria to declare war against us." "When?" Mr. Russell asked. "About the first week in May." And he did force her even earlier, *i.e.* the third week in April.

† "The emperor," writes Cavour to the king, "was at a loss for a pretext, seeing that, as long as French troops were at Rome, he could not pretend that Austria should withdraw hers from Ancona and Bologna!" Cavour found this "just," and they took a "walk" through the map of Italy without success, halting *by chance* at Massa and Carrara (*sans nous en douter*), "and there we discovered what we needed. In those unhappy provinces, an address of the inhabitants, offering themselves to and reclaiming the protection of Victor Emmanuel, must be provoked; he will decline, of course, but may

tions sanctioned by Cavour on October 19, 1859, we take the leading points.

“ Given a day to be fixed (say May 1, 1859), two battalions of the line, two companies of bersaglieri, four pieces of cannon, will happen to be at Spezia. On the last night of April, Massa and Carrara will revolt, seize the authorities of the Duke of Modena, disarm the garrison. An armed band of three hundred men, led by Garibaldi, moving from Sarzana and Lerici, will join the insurgents, cross the Apennines, where another band from Pontremoli will join them, and all enter Parma at 3 p.m. If the garrison of the duke come out to give them battle, the conspirators within will seize the arsenal. In case of defeat, all to retreat on the Apennines; if victorious, to march rapidly on Reggio and Modena. The Piedmontese Government (which is to ignore everything) will occupy Massa and Carrara on the pretext of protecting its frontiers, leave two companies of the line and a few carbineers there; with the rest occupy the passes of the Apennines, ostensibly to defend them from the Austrians, in reality to give a hand to Parma if successful. If the Austrians have cut off the insurgents from Reggio and Modena, Garibaldi, recrossing the Apennines, will descend on Pistoja, and possibly push on to Bologna. On May 2, the ‘ friends ’ in Venetian Lombardy will cut the telegraph—improve the occasion by addressing a haughty note to the Duke of Modena who, sure of Austria’s support, would answer impertinently. On which the king would occupy Massa, and the war would begin. The emperor was enchanted, as the duke had not recognized any sovereign who had reigned in France since 1830, believed that England would not object,” etc. Cavour’s ingenious “ *chancing on Massa* ” will not have taken in Victor Emmanuel, who knew that two unsuccessful attempts had been made there by Mazzini to arouse revolution, and thus force the Piedmontese troops to enter the states of the Duke of Modena.

wires, break up the railroads, set fire to the provision stores, forage, and war-material of the Austrians. On the 4th, a portion of the Sardinian fleet will land a number of soldiers in Livorno, on the pretext that the insurrectionary movements in Luinìgiana and Pontremoli may lead to Austrian occupation. Should all succeed, part of the forces under Ulloa to cross the Po into Venetia; Garibaldi to fling himself into the Marches. No mixture of insurrectionary bands with the regulars.

The material and money needed for the several months—December, January, February, March, April—proposed, is accepted with the whole plan by Cavour. This plan met with Garibaldi's full approbation. Early in December he came by direct summons from Cavour to Turin; afterwards, at Genoa, saw Bertani and other friends. On December 21, he named Medici his representative for the organization of bersaglieri to be chosen from the national guard, and addressed the following letters to La Farina:—

“As I must start to-morrow for Caprera, I have charged Medici with the organization of the companies of bersaglieri to be chosen from the national guard, which was agreed upon by the minister. Assuredly things will pass all our hopes, and I count thus on forming a powerful auxiliary to our army. Let funds be sent at once to Genoa, and the organization will begin immediately. The minister's idea of enrolling the Lombards in the present levy will produce a marvellous effect. With regard to our armament, while maintaining the utmost secrecy of which the circumstances admit, I think that it ought to be made on the largest possible scale, and be this time not inferior to the infallibly gigantic impetus of the populations.

"The tidings that I receive from the different provinces are stupendous; all desire a military dictatorship [*sic*], rivalries and parties disappear, and you can assure our friend (Cavour) that he is omnipotent. I think it necessary that the king should assume the command of the army; let those who think he is incapable chatter on. His leadership would silence the jealousies and bickerings which are unfortunately too common amongst us. He knows by this time what individuals to summon round him. All are convinced of the necessity of military dictatorship; for God's sake, then, let it be unlimited. I enjoin upon the Tuscans and the Lombards to abstain, at whatever cost, from inopportune movements."

And in another letter to the same:

"Italy is rich in money and in men. Cavour can do all, let him do something more than all; our enemies and his will reproach him more for what he does not do than for what he does badly. Let the organization of the bersaglieri corps be made on a gigantic scale; we can never do enough."

Nothing occurred to damp the exultation which filled Garibaldi's heart, and which he communicated to the few friends whom he could fully trust—Bertani, Medici, Bixio, Sacchi—yet, had he known that after their interview Cavour's hopes had received a check, he and they would have spent a less merry Christmas than that of 1858, probably the merriest of all their lives.

In June, during his stay in Baden, Cavour had seen the crown prince of Prussia, Manteuffel, and a number of Prussian and Russian diplomats. He came away with fair hopes that Prussia, thirsting to regain her influence

in Germany, lost in 1850, would willingly see Austria abased. Russia had even promised to Prince Napoleon a benevolent neutrality as long as the emperor should not provoke dynastic changes for his own family, and assurances were given by the grand duke Constantine that diplomatic influence should be used to tranquilize Germany. True, the Tories were in power in England, and not the angelic Clarendon; but Hudson believed that they were just as friendly to Sardinia, seeing how thoroughly they had taken up the *Cagliari* case, and snubbed Austria on every occasion for interfering in Italy beyond the frontiers of Venetian Lombardy. But meanwhile, the King of Prussia's mind completely broken, the prince, promoted from lieutenant to regent, was brought to look with alarm on the chances of European war; the Prince of Hohenzollern became premier; the anti-Russian Bonin was substituted for the anti-Austrian Manteuffel—"une modification facheuse," writes Cavour. "What an excellent turn all political matters have taken in Berlin!" writes the Prince Consort; and as far as Prussia was concerned, the latter was right. Sir James, too, returns from England with a rueful countenance. All the ministry, Malmesbury especially, take the warmest interest in Italy, but their hands are full of the Eastern question; Austria must be kept in good humour, as "the sword destined to keep Russia in check." The French emperor is discouraged, advises prudence; so that the king, a most prosaic believer in deeds, not words, twitted his minister with his mountain-removing faith, and, in his interviews

with foreign ministers, was most guarded in his speech.* Cavour limited his diplomacy to the assurance to Sir James that Piedmont would not strike the first blow, and sent instructions to Medici not to precipitate the summons to the Lombard conscripts.†

While on the continent, Garibaldi approved of a new war-hymn; the fiery strains of the soldier-poet, Goffredo Mameli, who died for the Republic in Rome, were shelved. How speak of the Sicilian Vespers or dare Goffredo Mameli's lyric flight to Rome when the heir of Charlemagne and of the great Napoleon, of Napoleon II., King of Rome, was expected to descend from the

* Sir James Hudson writes a long despatch about the frenzied hate of the Lombards to Austria, especially of the popular classes, so that Milanese nobles are alarmed, and say that if a revolution broke out they would have no control (hence the necessity of Piedmontese intervention). "His Majesty," he continues, "said that the political horizon was threatening, but, as far as he was concerned, the House of Savoy would pursue its old course of loyalty to its engagements; and whilst he regretted certain matters in a neighbouring state, he had no hesitation in saying that neither intrigue nor revolution would ever be countenanced by his country. . . . Count Cavour said that if people expected that Sardinia was going to declare war, they were likely to be disappointed."

† Garibaldi, in his letter to La Farina, approving "the stupendous idea of including in the Sardinian levy the Lombards," alludes to another idea of Cavour's carried out with success—*i.e.* to induce desertions of Italian soldiers and conscripts of the next year's levy from the Austrian, Modenese, and Parmesan territories, all to be enrolled in the regular Piedmontese army—just the thing to provoke Austria into "striking out." Later Garibaldi seems to have imagined that these conscripts were promised to himself, but this was not the case. It was necessary to augment the Piedmontese levies to the utmost, and prove to Europe that the Italian youth subject to the foreigner was heart and soul with Piedmont.

Alps saviour and liberator? Mameli's was poetry in the truest, highest sense; Mercantini's rhymes * are sad doggerel, and the music is on a par. Yet even now, when a street-organ grinds it in one's ears, eyes fill and lips are wordless, as the vision of the bright, brave lads shouting it as they made their last bayonet-charge, and a bullet stilled the beating of their dauntless hearts, revives a thousand memories of the days that are no more.

After his return from Turin and Genoa to Caprera in December, Garibaldi writes to "brother Cuneo"—

"This time we are going in for it seriously. I am truly sorry you are so far off. I believe a movement in Italy to be *infallible*, and such as has not been seen for three centuries. I say no more; just watch the news. I don't even say come, or urge those who love Italy to return home, because in human affairs one sees things fail which seemed certain, and you are, oh! so far off. Ah, brother mine, I thank Providence indeed for offering me yet one more occasion to serve my country. Once again I shall march at the head of our youth. My soul is as young as ever. Although I don't say to you come, I do say prepare, and tell all who have an Italian heart to prepare also. I am full of confidence in coming events. Italy will be worthy of her past glories, and, even as in the past, her uprising will be as that of a giant in the days that are at hand."

Amid these boundless hopes and intoxicating dreams the year of 1858 drew to a close.

* We give a facsimile of the "Inno" as Mercantini left it with Bertani for corrections. Many were made, and the popular version as it finally stands is too well known in England to need repetition here.

NOTES.

NOTE A (p. 126).—The infinite contempt felt for Louis Napoleon in Italy by all save the clearest-eyed patriots can now be scarcely realized, but it is the explanation of much that seems incomprehensible in subsequent Italian events. The expedition to Rome had, it was believed by most people, been planned by the partisans of Louis Philippe, who hated a republic—by the army which loved it not. Garibaldi rarely spoke of *Bonaparte*, save to allude to his “straw tail which any one might set fire to.” His experience of the French legion in Montevideo, and of the invaders of Rome, had not lessened his confidence that his Italians could any day hold their own against an equal number of Frenchman, to say the least. In narrating the episode of his encounter with the “thorough-going *chauvin*,” whom he met at Malagrida’s house at Sierra (see vol. ii. p. 61), he leaves out the pith of the story, which he and Basso used to relate with gusto. The *chauvin* insisted on his acknowledging that the French “had fought like heroes.” “Je n’en sais rien, monsieur, je n’ai jamais vu que vos derrières!” was Garibaldi’s laconic answer. Unfortunately for practical purposes, the Italian faith in the grandeur and nobility of the French people suffered no diminution. “Could such a people long submit to such a cur? Any villain could trap unsuspicious generals such as Changarnier, Lamoricière, Charras, or with a venal drunken soldiery deluge Paris streets with blood; but the people, how long would they tarry?” Mazzini, who knew the man of Strasburg and Boulogne, “warned Ledru Rollin and the men of the Mountain to be on their guard against the treachery of the unprincipled adventurer.” They answered that their only fear was of the Whites (the citizen-king’s partisans); that if the *miserable* should attempt a *coup d’état*, he would be sent off quietly to Charenton. Even after it had taken place, Gioberti wrote from Paris, “French affairs are flourishing; see the result of the ridiculous president’s pilgrimage through the provinces,” forgetting how he had told the French people at Poitiers, “that if they, in the exercise of their sovereignty, chose to keep him in power, the assembly and the constitution would be no obstacle!”

This contempt for the “adventurer,” this confidence in the French people and in the permanence of their Republic, served as an incitement to the revolutionists in the rest of Europe. The Hungarian leaders joined with the Italian chiefs in organizing the revolution of

Milan ; Klapka was at Lugano ; Kossuth's proclamation to the Hungarian soldiers among the Austrian troops (which, however, after the failure he disowned) bore his own signature ; the republican loan notes, passed as current coin in Mantua, were taken up by hundreds in Milan, quoted above par on the Genoese exchange. But facts are facts, even if wrought by "adventurers," good, bad, or indifferent. One man, perhaps, in all Europe saw the case as it stood, and that was Carlo Cattaneo, the *Duce* of the Five Days of Milan, 1848, the Sage of Castagnola, who on December 29, 1851, wrote a letter to Carlo Pisacane, from the original of which we give the following extracts :—

"The kingdom of the *Burgraves* [men of routine] of every colour has fallen—*Laqueum quem posuerunt inciderunt in ipsum*. They are caught in the traps of their own police, of their own *gens d'armes*, of their own prefects. Their own priests sing the *Te Deum*. Bravo, Signor Falloux ! Bravo, Signor Oudinot ! The pope treats you in papal fashion.

"The second of December is somewhat Borgian in its style, minus dissimulation. What the man of Strasburg, of Boulogne, of Satory, aims at is clear as day. 'Forewarned, forearmed,' says the proverb, but who heeds not warning can be saved by none.

"Can France, which was not satisfied with the first Napoleon, which dismissed Charles X. and Louis Philippe, be satisfied for long without a free press, free speech, free air, with the daily and nightly prospect of Cayenne and Nouka-hiva ? Universal suffrage did not create the republic ; it created the assembly, the president—will create the emperor ; the *Burgraves* proscribed it because it could not recall Louis Philippe. Louis Napoleon saw this later, and remedied the mistake by violence. And the sovereigns rub their hands. For what ? For having restored the empire ? But if this was a good thing for them, why did they take so much trouble to destroy it ? why glorify themselves for so doing ? why did the treaty of Vienna condemn to all eternity the entire family of Napoleon ? Finding themselves impotent to extinguish universal revolution, they have evoked the enemy from the tomb. But an enemy is not a friend. The empire is not the *status quo* ; it is incompatible with the *status quo*. It is the antithesis of equilibrium ; it is the displacement of the centre of gravity. Napoleonism is a system ; it is the preponderance of France in Europe. It has its own essentials, even as the circle and the triangle, and with geometry there is no compromise.

"Should the empire renew the alliance of Tilsit, the other sovereigns of Europe will become vassals—satraps of the Empire of the East, or the Empire of the West.

"And the King of Naples? He can't shoot the spectre of Murat.

"And England? England will pay for the broken plates, and she will pay dearly.

"The beehive of the socialists was better than the nest of the vulture. The French have wearied of good, they may weary of evil.

"Well, I am past fifty; I wrap myself up in my toga and look on. You are young and a soldier. If there are eggs to be broken, you should have a hand in frying them. In any case of war, you should seek experience, a grade, a name; time and opportunity will not be wanting to use such gains for Italy and liberty."

When Cattaneo wrote the above, he was under the impression that the English Government had *approved* of the *coup d'état*. Lord Palmerston only gave up the seals on December 30. He had ordered Lord Normanby "to continue his relations with the French Government, as the queen wished her ambassador to abstain from any interference in the internal affairs of France." In this he but signified what had been the decision of the whole Cabinet, but Lord John succeeded in tripping him. That England did not pay a more costly price for her recognition, objecting only to "the third numeral," is due to those sad Tories, especially to Lord Derby, who took office with a "team of colts," only Lord Lonsdale having been "in" before.

Lord Cowley was sent to Paris, who "held his own," and the new government pushed on armaments by sea and land, strengthening national defences by forts, if not to the extent advised by the Iron Duke, at least, as far as Parliament would allow. Even Palmerston and Malmesbury, "putting faith" in Napoleon's professions of amity for England, "kept their powder dry;" so that, barring the moral contamination, England came off cheaply. It was never a popular alliance in England, save during the first period of the Crimean war, and later with the "Bright Perish-Savoy" and the "Manchester party."

NOTE B (p. 128).—In December, 1851, the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia advised the King of Piedmont to harmonize his system of government with that of the other states of Italy, hinting in almost menacing terms that he might have to repent if he persisted in his actual political system; in other words, as the other states of Italy

had committed perjury, would Victor Emmanuel kindly do the same, abolish the constitution, gag the press, etc.? The king answered the individual from whom he received this communication in person, and D'Azeglio, in a long note to the envoys in Paris and London, narrates the incident, and concludes, "His Majesty could not refrain from observing that the state of the populations ruled over by the sovereigns of Prussia and Austria shows that they stand much in need of the advice of which they are so lavish; that he was master in his own house; that he did not meddle with other sovereigns, but reserved to himself complete liberty of action; that he was perfectly content with the wise and moderate conduct of his own government." Clearly his Majesty Victor Emmanuel II. was not to be cajoled into a new holy alliance.

NOTE C (p. 128).—Chiala says that the words which the king used in Piedmontese dialect are "unprintable;" the mildest rendering is, "He will send you all sprawling with your heels in the air." King Victor felt himself every inch a king—a fact that delighted D'Azeglio, who, like all his family and those of the Alfieri, was devoted to the House of Savoy. That the constitution was to be respected went without saying, but the king was to profit to the full by the enormous power placed in his hands by the *statuto*. Cavour had quite other ideas; among them, that the king should reign and not govern—the government in all times and cases to be reserved to himself. This was the rock on which he and the king always came to grief. Lamarmora, after the great statesman's death, boasted rejoicingly that he had three times induced the king to recall Cavour, despite his *manifest repugnance*. He always assured D'Azeglio that Cavour was a *buon diavolo*, to which the premier replied, "The fact is that I am reduced to a nonentity; I reign, and your '*good devil*' governs." The real popularity which Cavour enjoyed among the Italians, who adore a strong government, was that he *did* govern strongly. Still, the king, save for a few brief months, never allowed him to take the bit between his teeth.

NOTE D (p. 131).—In March, 1852, Lord Derby wrote, "There is rather too great a desire to exhibit us as following exactly the same line as Austria, and I have no idea of committing the Government to another holy alliance. The despatch about France is as singular as it is satisfactory. Austria would seem to say, 'How happy

could I be with either!' but just at this moment she thinks us the *safest ally*." The safest, perhaps, but not a yielding one, let who be in power, as "bully Buol" had to learn. Buol always indignantly affirmed that when he presented the "notes" of Rome and Modena, demanding the extradition of their refugees, Lord Granville *threw them after him as he left the room*. Lord Malmesbury, to whom he behaved in a "coarse and insolent manner," *refused to receive the said notes*, telling him that English ministers were not accustomed to his "style," and that he should inform his court of his violence. In the Mather question, also, the Derby Government insisted on the case being tried by the Tuscan courts of justice, as the Austrian army (one of whose officers had struck Mather for not standing out of his way) was to be considered an auxiliary army, not an army of occupation, and hence the offence was to be atoned for in Tuscany, and not by the Emperor of Austria. That Austria had a right to Venetian Lombardy by the treaty of Vienna was not contested, but that she was not to rule and misrule Italy through her satellites was an axiom of England. As early as 1833, Lord Palmerston instructed his brother, Sir W. Temple, minister at Naples, to point out to the King of Naples that "it was his interest to remain perfectly independent and unshackled, rather than to become a subordinate member of a confederation under the protectorship of Austria, always meddling in other people's affairs and wanting to govern other states in her own way, instead of leaving them to theirs."

The same line of policy was carried on in 1858 and 1859.

NOTE E (p. 134).—The violent opposition of the Piedmontese, and of all the liberal party, to the participation in the Crimean war, arose from Austria's adhesion to the Anglo-French convention of April, 1854. When Lords Russell and Clarendon bade Sir James Hudson sound the king and Cavour on the subject, the answer of both was unhesitating, on the condition that Piedmont should not be left out in the treaties for peace; that the state of Italy should be taken into consideration; that France and England should induce their ally, Austria, to restore the sequestered property to the Lombard and Venetian exiles who had become citizens of Piedmont. These terms refused, General Dabormida resigned; Cavour, the king consenting, risked all against nothing with splendid audacity, trusting to England to *remember Italy after the war*. For once in their

lives, Cavour, Cattaneo, and Garibaldi were agreed; all three desired to see the Italian tricolour float once more on a battle-field; all three were anxious to exclude the prevalence of Russia on the Mediterranean. From that moment the "Italian" became a European question.

NOTE F (p. 137).—It is certain, also, that Sir James Hudson, if not the English Government, aided and abetted the Sicilian and Neapolitan exiles and their partisans in their revolutionary propaganda in the states of the King of Naples during the Crimean war. The mere fact of the enrolments in the Anglo-Swiss and Anglo-Italian legions augmented the hopes of the revolutionists. General Ribotti, the organizer of the Anglo-Italian legion, addressed, by Sir James Hudson's advice, a very important document to Lord Palmerston, showing how Russian influence was extending in Naples; how, if at the head of the Neapolitan Government there was a ruler friendly to England, she could count on 30,000 good soldiers, a fleet superior to all those of any secondary power, besides any number of volunteers. Then arose the question, supposing the Bourbon were to fall, who was to have the crown? Here the doctors disagreed. France intrigued, of course, for Murat; others would have been satisfied with Bomba's abdication, and his young successor's pledge to restore the constitution, and to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with Piedmont. To this view Lord Palmerston leaned. Others would have preferred the second son of Victor Emmanuel. Montanelli, who was won over by this time to Muratism, said no; either the crown prince or no prince of the House of Savoy. Mazzini insisted that no one should stir except in the name of one Italy from the Alps to Taranto. Meanwhile Napoleon, influenced, among other reasons, assuredly by the cordial relations existing between England and Piedmont, brought the Crimean war to an end, and from that moment was lavish in compliments to Cavour and in encomiums on the king.

NOTE G (p. 142).—The capture of the *Cagliari* (the Sardinian steamer belonging to the Rubattino company) by the Neapolitan Government, not in the waters of Policastro, but on the high seas, after all the insurgents had landed, gave origin to a nice little quarrel between the English, Italian, and Neapolitan governments. The legitimate captain, crews, and passengers were considered prisoners;

the engineers Park and Watt happened to be English. It seems that Lord Clarendon had, through Sir James Hudson, advised Piedmont to proceed for the recapture of the vessel, and by one of the *usual blunders* was supposed to have promised English protection. When the Derby Government succeeded to Palmerston's, the opposition raised a great outcry. In the end, the Tories compelled the King of Naples to pay an indemnity of £3000 to Park and Watt, who had suffered cruelly during their imprisonment, although, according to the Neapolitan authorities, "treated with the most exquisite care." Finally, the Neapolitan Government handed over the *Cagliari* to the English Government, who restored it to Sardinia. Mr. Barbar, our vice-consul, behaved very pluckily, and was charged to accompany the steamer, commanded by her old captain and former crew—minus the engineers, who had been sent to England—to Genoa.

NOTE H (p. 143).—This attempt on the emperor's life was the individual act of Felice Orsini, a native of Medola, in the Roman States, whose father, an old soldier of Napoleon, took an active part in the revolution of Central Italy, 1830. "Felice" distinguished himself during the Roman Republic in suppressing brigandage and assassination in Ancona, and from 1849 till 1852 was one of the most daring conspirators against Austria. Arrested with Calvi, who was shot by Radetzky, he escaped in a most miraculous manner from the fortress of Mantua, came to England, and published the "Austrian Dungeons." He imagined that he was the predestined leader of a successful Italian revolution. But his ideas did not coincide with those of other patriots, and after the publication of his Memoirs, which called forth a severe review from the bitterly sarcastic pen of Federico Campanella, he became so exasperated that he broke with the whole party—wrote to a friend who published his Memoirs that "his firm intention was to *demolish Mazzini and crush the Mazzinian party.*" To those who laughed at his vain declamations, reminding him that more than one failure was owing to himself, he answered, "You will have to own me your leader yet." On March 31, 1857, he wrote a letter to Cavour, about which Cavour on March 1, 1858, writes to D'Azeglio—

"You will be curious to know about the letter [which is published in a book entitled 'La politique du comte de Cavour,' p. 273] to which Orsini alludes in his interrogation. It is noble and energetic. I did not reply, because it would have been necessary to

pay compliments to Orsini, which I did not judge *convenable*. If Lord Clarendon were still minister, you might have observed to him that this letter is evident proof that it has never been my intention to use revolutionary means against the Austrians, otherwise I should not have neglected the offer of such an instrument as Orsini . . .” (“Chiala,” vol. ii. p. 535).

Having broken with Mazzini, and receiving no encouragement from Cavour, Orsini decided on killing Napoleon. His three instruments—they can hardly be called accomplices—were men utterly unknown; nor can the fact that he made his bombs in England, and travelled with an English passport, prove anything about the complicity of Englishmen, any more than does the fact. that Louis Napoleon fitted out his expedition for Boulogne on the Thames. A mystery still hangs over Orsini’s supposed will and letter to the emperor. When the letter was read in public during his trial, Cavour wrote to Villamarina, the Sardinian minister in Paris, “This letter has produced here an immense effect; it will produce a still greater effect throughout Italy. This letter places Orsini on a pedestal whence it will henceforward be impossible to make him descend. It transforms the assassin into a martyr, who excites the sympathy of all Italians, and the admiration of a mass of people who are far from belonging to the Mazzinian sect. At Paris this prodigious effect cannot be fairly judged, but those who live on this burning soil of Italy, in the midst of the anger and passion excited in all generous hearts by Austria and the pope, know it is impossible that it should be otherwise. Moderate, almbst *codino* Romagnoli said to me yesterday, that this letter will have an enormous echo in their provinces, and that it will have the certain effect of popularizing the idea of regicide. The king is much afflicted by this unfortunate (*malencontreuse*) publication and the embarrassment which it will create for his government” (March 4, 1858; “Chiala,” vol. vi. pp. 96, 97).

How is it, then, that the letter and the testament were published in the *Official Gazette* of Piedmont by Cavour’s especial orders, with a few lines destined to augment their effect? On March 31, 1858, he writes to Villamarina, “This publication will irritate Austria to the last degree. It is a provocation sent direct to her address, not only on our part, but on that of the emperor!”

This is but another exemplification of the theory of the moderates that there *are useful and useless crimes*. Orsini’s was a useful

crime. So the letters and will which, it is said, Pietri, the head of the police, induced him to write, assuring him that they would save his life, were published in order to present the murderer of Rome as the father of Italian unity. Orsini was condemned and executed as a *parricide*; his repentance, therefore, was for having attempted the life of a father! Another curious fact relating to him is, that Cavour, who, when head of the first Italian parliament, allowed the small pension allotted by Garibaldi to the mother of Agesilao Milano to be cancelled, sent instructions to Nice for the utmost care to be taken of Orsini's wife and children, recommending them to (Octavio) Lamarmora. Another proof this that the count kept two sets of weights and measures.

NOTE I (p. 144.).—The "white feather," which seems the distinguishing badge of the family of the great emperor, was never worn more publicly than on that occasion; indeed, Louis Napoleon's abject terror at the attempt nearly cost him the English and Piedmontese alliance. Fresh in the minds of Englishmen will be the story of Lord Palmerston's bill "to make conspiracy to murder, felony," its rejection, Palmerston's downfall, the refusal of the Derby Government to present another, the bombast of French colonels, the cock-a-doodle-doo reply, Mr. Punch's caricatures. Hence, despite the royal visit to Cherbourg, such a rift was made in the lute that the alliance music grew mute for aye. At the same time, the emperor's conduct to Victor Emmanuel so aroused the ire "of this scion of the oldest sovereign house in Europe," that it was with the utmost difficulty that his ministers could restrain him. To M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who brought Napoleon's reproaches about the "harbouring of assassins" in no measured terms, Victor Emmanuel, furious with rage, answered, "Qu'est donc après tout ce b . . . ? le dernier venu des souverains, un intrus parmi nous. Qu'il se souvienne donc de ce qu'il est, et de ce que je suis, moi, le chef de la première et de la plus ancienne race qui régné en Europe."

When, later, General Della Rocca wrote to the king an account of the interview he had just had with the emperor, on the receipt of the king's letter of condolence for the attempt and congratulations on his escape, Cavour writes to Villamarina, "La Rocca's letter has excited in the king profound indignation, immense irritation; the blood of the Counts Verdi, of the Emmanuel Philiberts, of the Amadeos, which boils in his veins, is revolted by such un-

becoming language in the emperor, who had no right to address to him reproofs and menaces." Such was the indignation throughout Piedmont at the imperial threats and menaces, that to succeed in passing any sort of conspiracy bill Cavour was compelled to invent a Mazzinian conspiracy for the assassination of Victor Emmanuel—a system this much favoured by Cavour, his successors, and by the emperor. Whenever the "exigencies" of the hour required it, a Mazzinian plot to murder the emperor or some one was hatched up. In 1864, for instance, when the French emperor and the Italian ministers discovered that Victor Emmanuel was actually conspiring with Mazzini for the liberation of Venice, the "Greco plot" was invented, and an attempt made to implicate an English minister. Francesco Crispi demanded a parliamentary inquiry, which of course was not granted, seeing that he promised to produce proofs that "Greco" was, at the time of the supposed attempt, a spy in the pay of the Italian Government. Mazzini rarely condescended to take notice of these accusations *in Italy*, but on this occasion Cavour, having on April 16, after raking up all the disproved accusations against the *Giovine Italia*, dared to affirm "that those who wished to revolutionize Italy had made a plot for the assassination of the king, during whose lifetime they could not hope to succeed," Mazzini's indignation knew no bounds. In one of his noblest letters on assassination and the theory of the "moral dagger," he reminded Cavour that he was not only a base and indecorous, but also a senseless and stupid calumniator (*stolto e stolido*); that Victor Emmanuel's life was protected by the statuto, mutilated and violated though it was by his ministers; that liberty in Piedmont sufficed to guarantee the king's life; that he at least was better than his ministers, and not a tyrant; that whoso should attempt his life would be regarded with the loathing one feels for an assassin." But Cavour succeeded in his object of casting "more mud" on the party of action, and in passing the bill that his now humble, now haughty, always craven emperor demanded. These episodes were the preliminaries of the meeting of Cavour and the French emperor at Plombières.

V.

1859.

“All’ arme!”—Garibaldi and Cavour—First to cross the Ticino, last to lay down arms—Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour at the peace of Villafranca—“Hands to the centre, eyes to the south!”—Diamond cuts diamond—Vogliamo l’Italia una—Garibaldi recalled from the Rubicon—Mazzini, Rosalino Pilo, Crispi organize insurrection in Sicily—Notes.

WAR against Austria was “in the air” at the beginning of 1859. On January 7, the following paper was drawn up by Bertani, and signed in his house by all the members of the party of action gathered in that patriotic and till then republican city:—

“The youth of Genoa, gathered together this evening, January 7, 1859, impatient to drive out the Austrians from Italy, pledge their frank and loyal support to the Government of Piedmont if it attempt the enterprise, and meanwhile organize and prepare themselves to go wheresoever they may be summoned to fight for their brethren under the Austrian yoke.”

Every one interpreted Napoleon’s New Year’s greeting to the Austrian ambassador according to his fears or his hopes. The Garibaldians hoped that there would be no French intervention; Cavour took it as a sign that the French emperor did “mean to go ahead,” and sent to him the king’s discourse for revision, the ministers finding his own version too bold. Napoleon, meaning to soften down the allusion to the mission of

Piedmont, suggested his merely saying that "he was not insensible to the cry of pain which reached him from so many parts of Italy." Those words found an echo in every heart. Out of a thousand who looked to the king as their deliverer, not ten believed in a war with France against Austria. Mazzini was not deceived; rejoicing as he did in the growing intensity of the unitarian idea, in the certainty that the centre was ready, and the south preparing—that Piedmont was really arming, and meaning to use the volunteers, not a thought did he give to forms of government. He knew a republic was out of the question, but that one Italy under Victor Emmanuel was attainable without any foreign aid, if Cavour would only believe it and not contaminate Italy with the contact of the man who had murdered her sons in Rome, and who still kept the pope on his throne solely by French bayonets. When he read Napoleon's words in the *Times*, he said to Aurelio Saffi, "*Il dado è tratto. Siamo spicciati.*" His anguish was intense. Even one Italy was nothing to him unless conceived *sine labe*.

He was right. The die was cast, and the gamester had the first throw, and won his double aces. Nothing had aggrieved him so much as the refusal to himself of a royal bride; to win the "royalest" for his cousin, to secure himself from the spectre that haunted him, the Italian dagger—these were his personal interests in the war. In the question of the marriage, he knew that Cavour was his staunch ally;* that the king, after

* See Note A.

obtaining his daughter's consent, had yielded on the condition that the formal offensive alliance should be signed and sealed before the marriage. This was the "clinch." Prince Napoleon was sent to Turin with General Niel, arriving on January 16. On the 18th, the prince, as the emperor's delegate, signed a treaty of offensive alliance between Piedmont and France, the latter engaging to aid Piedmont in case of aggression (*acte agressif*) on the part of Austria; and, should the war be propitious to the allies, a new kingdom of Italy, extending from the Alps to Ancona, with a population of from ten to twelve millions, was to be formed. The king in this case engaged to cede Savoy to France; the fate of the county of Nice to be decided by the treaty of peace.*

At the same time, General Niel signed a military convention with the minister of war, Lamarmora—the hostilities not to commence before April nor later than July; the Emperor Napoleon, at the head of 200,000 French soldiers, to have the supreme command of the Franco-Sardinian army. In a separate article the formation of irregular corps was expressly excluded. On this last article hinges all the conduct of Cavour with regard to the volunteers which to Garibaldi, his officers, and friends seemed so ambiguous. Cavour, as we saw by the plans of October 19 (*vide* p. 151), while augmenting the regular army with the fugitive conscripts of Austria, did intend to organize volunteers on a large scale—this because he desired Piedmont to cut the best possible

* See Note B.

figure, also because he wished as few as possible "idle hands left to do mischief." He was now compelled to cast about for a means to "save goats and greens;" to respect the article signed with unction by his colleague, who detested irregular corps; and to keep his pledge to Garibaldi. He succeeded in the main, but incurred reproaches from both sides—Walewski, who hated Italy and the proposed war, protesting against the enrolment of volunteers; Garibaldi complaining of their scarcity.

The treaty once signed, there was no valid excuse for delaying the marriage. Cavour urged it on the king, who consented. On the 23rd, the official demand was made and assented to, and on the same day the king himself communicated the approaching marriage to the deputations of the Senate and the Chambers, who came to present him with the answer to the address. The contract was signed on the 29th; the marriage took place on the 30th. The bride and bridegroom, accompanied by the king, Cavour, and Lamarmora, went to Genoa, where all were welcomed with such frantic enthusiasm as to defy description; the mere idea that the Italian sword was to be once more unsheathed against Austria had transformed hate into love. Victor Emmanuel, formerly looked upon by the Genoese as Austrian-hearted; Cavour, regarded as their personal enemy for his decision to transfer the arsenal to Spezia; Lamarmora, who had bombarded the city,—all were welcomed, lauded, worshipped. Were they not going to fight against Austria, and allow Italians to fight under their banner? Nor did the enthusiasm find vent merely in words. When

a loan was proposed, and every foreign banker refused to take it up,* it was covered twice over by the Italians; not by speculators, but by small capitalists and people who clubbed together their hard-earned savings. The incorporation by the Government of the Lombard youth, who swarmed into Piedmont to avoid the Austrian levy, increased the enthusiasm. On February 23, expressly invited by the king, Garibaldi returned to Turin, where he was offered the command of a corps of volunteers to be selected from the national guard. The insurrection to be promoted in Massa and Carrara as an excuse for the war, the assistance to be given to the principal cities of Lombardy and Central Italy, were discussed: Garibaldi, in the presence of Cavour, signed the secret instructions of the National Society, enjoining on citizens to rise in arms as soon as the hostilities between Austria and Piedmont should commence. So far so good; but now Prussia and England made their last efforts to prevent the outbreak of a war which they feared would become European. The emperor, naturally vacillating, implored by the empress—who hated Italy with an upstart bigot's hate—not to engage in a war

* "Sardinia is trying to raise money in the London market, and cannot get a penny," writes the Prince Consort to the King of the Belgians on January 18, 1859. And Lord Malmesbury about the same date writes to Lord Cowley, "Laffitte was with me on Thursday. He is here to borrow £2,000,000 for Cavour, and cannot get £2,000; ditto Austria. Laffitte speaks of Cavour as a desperate adventurer, who has ruined his country by his expenses. He says he is ready to go anywhere for a sum to cover his financial bungling, and that if he does not have a war he will be turned out on his budget."

which would not profit his own dynasty, summoned Cavour to Paris, to enjoin upon him the absolute necessity of disarmament. Before leaving Turin he wrote the following letter to Advocate Cabella at Genoa :—

“We work in harmony with Garibaldi, who possesses political tact above praise. The volunteers will be organized without precipitation, but without delay. Cosenz will be very soon given the command of those at Cuneo. If a battalion of volunteers selected from the national guard can be formed in Genoa, the command will probably be given to Medici. The Government does not inquire into the political antecedents of any, if they be free from dishonesty, but, letting by-gones be by-gones, it admits of no discussion in the present. The gravity of the enterprise, the innumerable difficulties to be overcome, compel it to assume a species of dictatorship. The Government has confidence in success, but, in order to succeed, it must inspire and obtain unlimited confidence; it has the consciousness of deserving this from all who regard the independence of their country as the summit of their hopes.”

The men on furlough were called to arms; the Austrian conscripts, the emigrants who scaled the mountains, and swam the rivers, so as to reach Piedmont, were sent to Turin as “political emigrants drafted into the interior.” Before leaving, Cavour invited Mr. Gladstone and Sir James Hudson to dinner with General Lamarmora, when both ministers proved that the calling out of the contingents was an absolute necessity, seeing that Austria could now place 150,000

men in battle array in Italy. An article that appeared in the *Moniteur*, dictated by the emperor, denied that he had promised anything to Piedmont, except to defend her in case of a direct attack from Austria. On this, Victor Emmanuel wrote himself, telling the emperor that to abandon the cause of Italy now would be more fatal to Piedmont than the defeat of Novara had been, and he assured his own ministry that rather than disarm he would resign as his father had done. "Lord Malmesbury wrote worrying and at times insolent despatches," says Cavour; * and later came the news that Napoleon was carrying on secret negotiations with Russia for the convocation of a congress of the great powers, to the exclusion of Sardinia. During Cavour's absence Lord Malmesbury suggested to Sir James Hudson that he might improve the occasion by trying to induce the king himself to dismiss the levies and the volunteers, and order the troops gathered on the Austrian frontier to return to their ordinary position.

Cavour held his own with the emperor, with Walewski † and all the opponents of war, giving all clearly to understand that the emperor's engagements with the king were formal and explicit, and that if he failed to keep them, he should resign, go to America, and there publish the whole story. Meanwhile, on March 17, a decree for the formation of a corps entitled the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, and placed under the command of Garibaldi, was signed by the king and countersigned

* See Note C.

† See Note D.

by Cavour, who on the same day wrote the following confidential letter to Garibaldi:—

“The Government trusts that the experience and the ability of the chief destined to command this corps, the energetic discipline that he has always known how to maintain, will counterbalance the incomplete military instruction and the want of cohesion inherent in corps of recent formation, so that this one may render useful service to the army of which it will be an aggregate.”

The count also assured Garibaldi that the war, once begun, would never cease while a single Austrian remained in Italy. Even on his return from Paris he gave no sign of relenting or repenting, and, when forced to “accede to disarmament,” continued arming to the teeth, advising Garibaldi to carry on his preparations as silently as possible, but to “keep on the wing,” to content himself with small beginnings, and to let Medici inform him of all that was strictly necessary for the formation of a brigade. Garibaldi writes to Bertani at this juncture—

“The Hunters of the Alps are not to be considered a division, but merely a small brigade, hence your project for the sanitary corps is quite too magnificent. We are to have but one regimental surgeon and six battalion surgeons.”

Medici, always steadfastly patient, consoles his friend—

“It is my belief that your ambulance and our military plans, though unacceptable in Piedmont to-day, will be possible in Lombardy to-morrow. If I were Bertani, Prandina, and Marozzi, I should not hesitate a moment to

follow Garibaldi, be he little, be he great, in adverse as in prosperous fortune. But my wish to have you with us may tempt me to give selfish advice."

Bertani reduces his plan and submits it to Cialdini and Garibaldi, who both approve, but up to April 24 the chances of war grow less and less. Fortunately, Austria, declining any longer to be bled slowly and silently to death, to waste her treasure and weary her soldiers just to give Piedmont time to complete her armaments, and for her ally to come to her aid, cut the Gordian knot by ordering Count Buol to send in her ultimatum. She refused to take part in any congress where Piedmont should be admitted; summoned Piedmont to disarm, while declaring her intention to keep her own troops upon a war footing. This intimation was brought to Turin by an aide-de-camp of General Guilay, who had orders to await an answer for three days, and not a second longer. At midday on the 23rd, Cavour summoned the Chambers, and in one of his ablest speeches demanded plenary powers for the King of Piedmont.

"Who," he asked, "could be a stauncher guardian of our liberties? In whom can the nation repose greater faith? Has not the name of Victor Emmanuel for the last ten years been the synonym of loyalty and honour? Has he not held ever aloft firmly in his hand the Italian tricolour? And now that he is preparing to fight for liberty and independence, be sure, gentlemen, that Piedmont and Italy will unanimously applaud your resolution to confide supreme power to his hands."

The proposal was received with frantic applause by the house and the galleries, although 24 out of 134 voted against the limitation of the press and individual liberty. Issuing from the chamber, Cavour received the Austrian envoys, Baron Kellesperg and Count Cecchi. On reading the letter, which ended—

“If within three days the emperor, my august master, does not receive a satisfactory answer, after exhausting all conciliatory measures for securing to his people that guarantee of peace on which the emperor has a right to insist, his majesty will, to his great regret, be compelled to have recourse to arms in order to secure it,”

Cavour, taking out his watch, gave the baron an appointment for the third day (April 26), at the same hour, half-past five.

But on the 25th, the decree conferring the brevet rank of major-general on Garibaldi was signed. “Your presence is indispensable here,” telegraphed Garibaldi to Bertani, whose brevet as physician and surgeon-general-in-chief to the brigade of the Hunters of the Alps was also signed on April 25, on which day Garibaldi was ordered to march with his brigade to Brusasco,—Medici and Cosenz * receiving orders to

* Enrico Cosenz was one of the few Neapolitan officers who refused obedience to the King of Naples when, in 1848, he recalled his troops from the national war. He fought superbly for the Venetian Republic, aided every forlorn hope during his ten years' exile in Genoa, was one of Garibaldi's most trusty officers during the campaigns of 1859 and 1860, is still one of the most esteemed generals in the national army, and at the present moment is engaged on a plan for national defences.

join him there with their battalions. Vainly he asked that all his officers should have regular commissions from the king. Lamarmora would not consent, so they were fain to content themselves with provisional brevets signed by the home minister Cavour.

Precisely at half-past five, the answer to Count Buol's ultimatum was handed by Cavour to Count Kellesperg; then, having given orders to Colonel Govone to accompany the Austrian envoys to the frontier, turning to his friends and rubbing his hands gleefully as was his wont, he exclaimed, "*Alca jacta est! Nous avons fait de l'histoire, . . . et maintenant allons dîner!*"

On the 29th, the Austrians crossed the Ticino in two columns at Pavia and Beriguardo. By May 1, their right held Novara; their centre, Montara; their left, San Nazaro. Garibaldi for some time was left alone to cope with them.

The military campaign of 1859 is so amply described by Garibaldi himself (vol. ii. pp. 74-123), that we need only assist the reader to follow his victorious career on the map of Lombardy.

*Itinerary of the Cacciatori delle Alpi between April 26
and July 19, 1859.*

Starting from Cuneo, Cosenz with 1185 men, and Medici with 1064, styled by courtesy the first and second regiments, arrived at Brusasco on April 26th; on May 1st, at Ponte Stura; on the 4th, at Casale; on the 8th, at Ponte Stura; on the 9th, at Brozolo; on the 10th, at Chivasso; on the 12th, at San Germano; went to Salasco and returned to San Germano on the 16th; on the 17th, marched to Biella; on the 20th, to Gattinara; on the 21st, to Bor-

gomanero; on the 22nd, to Castelletto. At dawn, on May 23rd, the Cacciatori crossed the Ticino from Castelletto on the Piedmontese to Sesto Calende on the Austrian shore, and in the evening of the same day occupied Varese. On the 27th, they reached Cavallasca and Como; on the 28th, Camerlata; on the 29th, Varese; on the 30th, Cittiglio; on the 31st, Laveno and Cuvio; on June 1st, San Ambrogio; on the 2nd, to Como; on the 3rd, Camerlata; on the 5th, returned again to Como; on the 6th, the brigade went by steamer to Lecco; on the 7th, to Brembate and San Salvatore Almenno; on the 8th, to Bergamo and Seriate; on the 11th, to Palazzolo; on the 13th, to Brescia; on the 14th, to San Eufemia; on the 15th, to Tre Ponti and Mazzano; on the 16th, to Nervolera. On the 17th, they bivouacked between Villanuova and Salò; on the 18th, at Salò; on the 20th, at San Agostino, near San Eusebio; on the 21st, went to Caimo; on the 22nd, near to San Bartolomeo and to Ospitaletto; on the 23rd, to Palazzolo; on the 24th, to Bergamo; on the 26th, again to Lecco; on the 27th, to Morbegno da Colico; on the 28th, with orders to occupy the Valtellina, they entered Sondrio; on the 30th, Tirano; on July 3rd, Ceppina; on the 10th, Tirano; on the 11th, Aprica, on the 12th, Edolo; on the 13th, Breno; on the 14th, Lovero; on the 17th, Iseo; on the 18th, Gardone; on the 19th, Vestone.

Starting, as we have seen, with but 2249 men, Garibaldi, as long as the actual warfare lasted, never had more than 5000 armed volunteers under his command. With these he crossed the Sesia and the Ticino (held by the Austrians with all their fighting forces), clearing the way for the passage of the allies. Urban, whose special mission was to surround, crush, and disperse the volunteers, never had less than 11,000

under his immediate orders; while, according to the history of the Italian campaign drawn up by the historical division of the Prussian staff, detachments from the main army were twice sent to Urban's assistance. It must also be remembered that, while volunteers crowded to Garibaldi's standard, with the exception of 2000 muskets which Cavour managed to send safely into his hands on the left of the Ticino, no war-material or arms of any kind reached him until after the battle of Solferino; even those sent round by Switzerland were detained on the frontier.* The enthusiastic welcome given to him in the cities of Varese, Comò, Bergamo, Brescia, etc., while productive of moral encouragement and solace, not only offered no material assistance—as the Austrians carried off all their own material, and ever since 1848 had kept the populations entirely disarmed—but the mere fact of having to protect the citizens against ferocious reprisals, in case of the enemy's return, hampered his movements and delayed his speed. With the exception of the failure in surprising the fort of Laveno, he did not receive a single check throughout the campaign. "With the entire division of Urban on his flank" (as he himself wrote to the king), he extricated his men from the peril incurred at Tre-Ponti without any assistance from the regular army, and with only ten companies put to flight seven battalions, with artillery, of Urban's division. Very stern and terrible he was throughout that campaign, say his officers and soldiers. The con-

* See Note E.

tempt expressed for the "cowardly conscripts" who wasted their ammunition instead of attacking with the bayonet, was more efficacious than any corporal punishment. Nor did the cities escape his scathing satire, if, after he had left them with what he deemed sufficient protection, they harassed him with entreaties to return. Signor Emilio Visconti Venosta, of later diplomatic notoriety, when Benedetto Cairoli went to Milan to see who of the old Mazzinian party would join the volunteers, had objected to fighting with "the Man of December 2." He had not, however, found any difficulty in accepting the position of royal commissary at Como. Between Garibaldi's first and second entrance, a panic had seized the inhabitants. The wounded had been sent to Menaggio, with 250 prisoners. "Signor Visconti," wrote Garibaldi from Robarello, on June 1, "I am fronting the enemy in Varese; I mean to attack him this evening. Send those who are afraid and any families who tremble out of the city, but let the sturdy population sound their tocsin, and, sustained by our Camozzi and his two companies, resist to the uttermost." The reception which the messenger who dared to tell him of the failure at Laveno met with, nearly cost the poor fellow his life. This unfortunate was Captain Landi, a brave soldier of '48 in Venice, one of Cosenz's best officers. He was to have attacked the fort on one side, Bronzetti on the other. He succeeded; Bronzetti, misled by his guides, failed to enter, so Landi had to retreat under a tremendous fire, and, wounded as he was, dragged himself to report to the general, who was on

horseback. "Your tale is not true!" exclaimed Garibaldi. "Bronzetti must be in the fort; I bet my head Bronzetti is master of the castle: accursed fear!" "General," answered poor Landi, "I am wounded; Gastaldi, Sprovieri, and many soldiers are also wounded." "Go!" said the general; and, wheeling his horse, went to see for himself. Bronzetti was in retreat, Bixio had failed to seize the steamers, the enemy was thundering from these and from the fort. Heading his troops retreating in good order to Cuvio, passing by the cars laden with wounded, Garibaldi saw Sprovieri with his arm broken, and Landi in convulsions, and said, "I was mistaken this morning." But when some one suggested that it might be necessary to retreat into Switzerland, he answered, "There are a hundred and one things to be done before we think of quitting Lombard soil," which he never did. The words "defeat" and "retreat" had no place in his dictionary. A failure against any odds being treated by him as ignominious, his soldiers preferred facing certain death rather than his glance of scorn. When he arrived at Como for the second time, on June 2, Medici urged the march of the entire brigade on Milan, whence numbers of the first families came out to entreat him to do so, as the corps of Clam-Gallas and Lichtenstein were preparing to retreat, the citizens ready to erect barricades, etc. Rüstow writes that the French emperor had forbidden this triumph, but that is absurd, as the victory of Palestro had only been won on the 28th, and the emperor was yet with all his staff on the safe side of the Ticino. The fact was that

Garibaldi was not covetous of the honours of the campaign; his mission of path-preparer sufficed him, so he occupied himself with fortifying Como, thence transporting his troops by steamer to Lecco. Three days after the battle of Magenta, the emperor and the king entered Milan, while Garibaldi took possession of Brescia. His surmise that Cialdini was sent to Valcamonica, and himself into the Valtellina, for the sake of diminishing the Piedmontese force, and causing it to play a less conspicuous part in the decisive battle on the Mincio,* is probably right. Cavour's last speech revealed how utterly he disapproved the whole scheme. It was a terrible verification of Mazzini's warning when the volunteers agreed to fight under the orders of Napoleon. "You say you are willing to fight under Satan; you will have Satan and the Austrians on you together. You will be shut up in some corner of the Tyrol or the Valtellina, while the French emperor will dispose despotically without any possible intervention of yours or of the people. Venice is already sacrificed as a pledge of peace to Austria" (January 23).

Certainly the king had no part in such a design. The volunteers, reduced after Tre-Ponti to about 1800 men, increased as if by magic to about 12,000. Lamarmora himself, who visited Garibaldi after that affair, complimented him on his successes, and promised him all the needful material. When he caused all the boats and barks on the Chiesi to be carried on cars to Salò, and with those found there formed quite a little

* "Autobiography," vol. ii. p. 119.

fleet, he calculated, as he had told Tecchio, on descending into the Venetian lagoon from the north, to realize the plan which so sadly failed when, ten years before, he had attempted to penetrate from the south-east by Brondolo and Chioggia. "His grief," writes Carrano, chief of his staff, "when he received orders to occupy the Valtellina, was deep;" however, he gave no sign, but simply "obeyed."

It may be convenient also to follow the movements of the allies between May and July. The Piedmontese army was divided into five divisions of infantry, one of cavalry: First division, Durando; second, Fanti; third, Castalbasso; fourth, Cialdini; fifth, Cucchiari; General Sonnaz commanding the cavalry; the king commander-in-chief, with Lamarmora as his *adlatus*. The active army amounted to about 75,000 men, with large depôts for the twenty regiments, including 10,000 conscripts, many belonging to the best families of Lombardy and Central Italy who were enrolled in the regular army. Austria had 200,000 men, divided into eight corps, already in Italy; 50,000 more were on their way. Only six corps were available for entering Piedmont, there being garrisons in the fortresses of Bologna, Ancona, and all the other cities. Clearly Austria's chance was to crush the Piedmontese before the others could arrive. The French army, though not fully prepared, began pouring down to Marseilles, where war-steamers were ready to transport them to Genoa. The Piedmontese had to protect the roads by which their allies must arrive—that over Mont Cenis, and the one leading

from Genoa across the Apennines. The fortresses of Alexandria and Casale had been made as strong as possible, and the Dora Balta line on the road to Turin fortified, Novi on the Scrivier occupied. The Piedmontese were in position between the Po and the Tanaro. The French army destined for Italy consisted of five corps and the imperial guard. First, Baraguay d'Hilliers; second, McMahon; third, Canrobert; fourth, Neil; fifth, Prince Napoleon;—160,000, of which two-thirds came by sea, one-third over the Alps. The Austrians, though their hosts were assembled on the left of the Ticino from the beginning of the month, only crossed the river on the 29th, at Pavia and Bereguardo. Why did they not march on Turin? They seemed, as usual, to have no plan of their own, but to be waiting to find out that of the enemy. Austria the uncertain, the unready, maintained her character. The first French troops arrived at Turin on April 30; the emperor landed at Genoa on May 12. On the 20th, 15,000 Austrians attacked the Sardinian cavalry at Casteggio and Montebello. Forey's division came up, and the enemy was routed with heavy loss, the victory of Montebello being due in part to the brilliant cavalry-charge of General Sonnaz. On the 30th, the Sardinian army crosses the Sesia, Cialdini takes Palestro, makes 150 prisoners, takes two guns; Canrobert's corps has not succeeded in crossing the Sesia. On the morrow, Zobel attacks with his corps. The king leads the fight, the bersaglieri to the rescue; but the day looked dark indeed, when the third regiment of zouaves, seeing the deadly peril,

exclaim, "Ils vont être abimés les malheureux!" and on they rush, across the canal (water three feet deep), into the midst of the Tyrolese sharpshooters, seizing two guns. Up come the Sardinians; five other guns are taken (eight in all), 800 prisoners. Austrian loss severe—44 officers and 2165 men, hundreds being drowned at Cavo, attempting to reach a bridge where the canal was ten feet deep; the zouaves lost 350; the Sardinians, 1000. In the evening the zouaves sent two guns taken by themselves to Victor Emmanuel, naming him their corporal. He must have thought of the day when his father was named sergeant by the French grenadiers at Trocadero! Thanking the colonel of the regiment and the zouaves for the honour done, he sent all the guns taken as trophies to the emperor. Now came the tug of war—the passage of the Ticino. The Austrians hoped to rally their army on the right bank, but failing to blow up the bridges, the French crossed, their train waggons following; thus the passage of the Sardinians was retarded, as also that of the third French army corps. So the battle of Magenta was fought and won entirely by the French, Fanti's corps only coming up at 7 p.m., when the battle was ended. During the entire day the emperor remained with the reserves at San Martino.* The day was due to McMahon, the grenadiers and the zouaves; four guns, two stands of colours, 8000 prisoners the

* San Martino on the Piedmontese side of the Ticino; not the position of the same name on the Mincio, won by the Sardinians led by the king in person.

trophies; the result, the opening of the road to Milan. French loss, 7000; Austrian, 15,000, including the prisoners. This, the 4th of June, was the first time that the emperor commanded. All asked why the Austrians were not pursued. The Sardinian army was moved forward on the left wing in the direction of Monza and the Lake of Como. On the 7th, the king and the emperor entered Milan, with the corps of McMahon, now "Duke of Magenta," a few Piedmontese bersaglieri and infantry. The Austrians had decamped during the night. On the 8th was fought the battle of Melegnano, chiefly by the zouaves, who lost their colonel, 33 officers, and 600 men—the French in all 1000; one cannon, 8000 prisoners were taken. On June 29 was fought the battle of Solferino, the key of the Austrian position, on the Mincian hills. On the possession of this depended the fate of the two armies. If the French took it, they had broken through the Austrian centre, defeated their flank movements; if they failed, they would have been entirely surrounded. The king, with 25,000 men, was engaged at San Martino with the enemy in full strength. The fight kept up by the Sardinians was desperate. They lost 49 officers killed, 167 wounded, 642 men killed, 3405 wounded, taking five guns: and the French, who were 65,000 in number on the field, lost double that number—607 officers, 10,509 soldiers. The Austrians lost 18,000; they still had in Italy 200,000 men (ten corps). Prince Napoleon did not come up with his 20,000 men. The Austrians had thrown nine corps over

the Mincio in one day. Their actual positions were the strongest imaginable.

Meanwhile the events occurring in Central Italy revealed to the incredulous world, and to Cavour himself, that the Italians were unanimous in desiring unity—nay, resolved to accept nothing less, nothing else. A chronological view may be acceptable.

On April 27th, the Tuscans hoisted the tricolour on the citadel and Palazzo Vecchio, demanding alliance with Piedmont, and the abdication of the grand duke, who fled with his family to join the Austrians at Bologna. The Sardinian minister Boncompagni withdrawing, a provisional government was formed of Peruzzi, Malenchini, and Tanzini; Victor Emmanuel proclaimed dictator during the war. On the same day, the provinces of Massa and Carrara expelled the authorities of the House of Este, and proclaimed Victor Emmanuel dictator. The Austrians augmented the garrison and war-material at Ancona. May 2nd: The citizens of Parma proclaimed Victor Emmanuel dictator; the duchess quits the city. 3rd: Austrian troops enter Modena and Reggio, and make an attempt to restore the ducal government in Parma; Francis V. of Este accuses Piedmont as the author of the revolution. 10th: The Austrians evacuate Leghorn. The emperor objecting to the king's acceptance of the dictatorship in Tuscany, the latter sends Boncompagni as extraordinary commissary during the war; the provisional government place their authority in his hands. 22nd: Ferdinand II., King Bomba, dies; his son, Francesco II., in his manifesto, "hopes to imitate the heroic virtues and sublime qualities of his father;" Prince Napoleon arrives at Leghorn, heralded by a proclamation of Victor Emmanuel to the Tuscan army, placing it *under the*

orders of his beloved son-in-law; the prince in his proclamation (May 23rd) does not mention his father-in-law, but says he is sent by the emperor. 27th: Lunigiana acclaims Victor Emmanuel; Tuscany proclaims her intention of sending her army to the national war. June 8th: It is announced in the *Moniteur* that France and England intend to renew diplomatic relations with the young King of Naples (broken off after the *Cagliari* affair); the Duchess of Parma absolves her troops from their allegiance, and goes to Verona. 10th: (Gortchakoff, the Russian minister, warns the German Government that if they abandon their neutrality, the Emperor of Russia will act as becomes the ruler of a great state and as the interests of Europe necessitate.) 11th: The Austrians abandon Piacenza, destroying the citadel and other forts; the municipality summon the Piedmontese troops, who occupy the city; the Duke of Modena abandons his state with a battalion of troops, leaving a regency and a battalion of Croats; the Austrians abandon Bologna; the populace acclaim King Victor. 13th: The cardinal legate abandons Bologna; the municipality names a giunta—Pepoli, Malvezzi, Carrarini—who proclaim the dictatorship of Victor Emmanuel. 14th: Reggio, with the Austrians still in Modena, proclaims Victor Emmanuel; even so Ferrara, as soon as the Austrians evacuate; Cavour sends a note to the Sardinian representatives abroad, narrating all these events, and concludes, "The struggle provoked by Austria ought to result in her total exclusion from the Peninsula." 15th: Modena, Buscello, Forli, Faenza, and other cities of the Romagna acclaim Victor Emmanuel (Prussia mobilizes six army corps). 16th: Deputations from Modena and Reggio, bringing the acts of their adhesion to Piedmont, are received by Cavour. 17th: Ravenna, Cesena, and Rimini offer the dictatorship to Victor Emmanuel. 18th: The communes on the left of the

Tiber and the Città di Castello declare their adherence to the national cause (Russia threatens to send troops on the frontiers of Prussia and Galicia, and a squadron to the Baltic, should Prussia actively interfere). 20th: A body of papal troops and Swiss mercenaries attack Perugia; are received defiantly by the citizens, whose finest youth are enrolled in the Lombard war; after five hours' combat, the Swiss sack the city, murdering old men, women, and children in cold blood. On the 21st, the massacres are renewed, numbers are shot, the city placed in a state of siege. On the same day an impromptu popular demonstration in Rome, the people, carrying tricolour banners, acclaiming Victor Emmanuel dictator; General Goyon represses the demonstration. 23rd: When the Sardinian fleet passes Messina, it is greeted by the populace, convened by their leaders, with cries of "Viva Victor Emmanuel! Viva Italian Independence!" 24th: A note in the *Moniteur* informs the public that "the idea of uniting Italy into one state is not entertained; that the dictatorship offered to Victor Emmanuel by the liberated or abandoned populations merely means that they intend to make common cause against Austria. The dictatorship is a merely temporary power, to unite the forces in a single hand, and in no way fetters future combinations." ("Parlez pour vous, monsieur," was the virtual answer of the Italians to this false and impertinent assertion.) 28th: The pope publishes an allocution to the cardinals of the legations, expressing his confidence in the Emperor Napoleon. 30th: Lord Palmerston, in announcing the formation of the new Cabinet, pledges the Government to continue the strict neutrality hitherto observed during the Italian war. Addresses of the inhabitants of the Romagna to the Emperor Napoleon, offering their sons for the war; at the same time they implore the king to accept the dictatorship.

Cavour thanks them, but says that, to avoid diplomatic complications, they must wait; that the king accepts their aid, and sends Massimo d'Azeglio as his commissary. July 2nd: (The diet of Frankfort accepts the proposal made by Prussia for the concentration of an army on the Rhine.) 4th: A clamorous demonstration at Palermo after the battle of Solferino, followed by numerous arrests of citizens of all classes and conditions. 7th: Massimo d'Azeglio arrives at Bologna; attempted revolt in Naples; on the same day the emperor telegraphs to the empress, "A suspension of arms has been decided on between the emperor and myself."

This truce was demanded by the victorious French emperor, not by the defeated Austrian. The two emperors met at Villafranca on the morning of the 9th. The *Moniteur* denied that the truce signified the close of the war. Napoleon informs his soldiers that he goes to Paris, leaving Marshal Vaillant in charge of the army; "but when the hour of battle strikes, you will see me in your midst to share your dangers." The *Piedmontese Gazette* announces the armistice signed by Della Rocca, Mensdorf, and Vaillant. The emperor telegraphs to the empress from Valeggio, July 12—

"The peace is concluded between the Emperor of Austria and myself. The basis—an Italian confederation under the honorary presidency of the pope. The Emperor of Austria cedes his rights in Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who will transmit them to the King of Sardinia. The Emperor of Austria preserves Venetia, which will form an integral part of the Italian confederation."

The king in his proclamation assured his troops that "if in the future the honour of our country shall recall us to the battle-field, you will see me at your head, sure that we shall march anew to victory."

The Emperor of Austria announced that he had concluded the peace because abandoned by his natural allies, on whom he had counted.

On the 14th, all the members of the Sardinian ministry resigned; on the 15th, the king returned to Turin with the emperor. Cries of "Long live the king!"

Who killed cock robin? and what were the causes that led the emperor to stop the war? are still moot questions. Kossuth's Memoirs, and many a diplomatic secret that leaks out, support Mazzini's solemn affirmation made before the war, that Napoleon III. never meant to exclude the Austrians from Italy. In the excitement of his reception at Milan, he may have dreamed of prosecuting the war: but the resolute attitude of Tuscany, who would not listen to the charming cousin, charm he never so sweetly; the spontaneous, unanimous acclamation by the populations of Victor Emmanuel even on the banks of the Tiber, even in Rome herself;—must have convinced him that neither Plon-Plon nor Murat, still less poor "Lulu," stood a chance of an Italian crown. He was irritated beyond measure with Cavour, who he believed had aided and abetted the Tuscans. He knew through his spies that Mazzini was working in the same direction, though quite without collusion. Moreover, he was intensely jealous of Victor Emmanuel's popularity, acquired by his reckless bravery

on the field, to which his own generals and officers, to say nothing of "war correspondents," Mr. Russell of the *Times* and a Prussian staff-officer, bore witness. He was offended by the persistent refusal of supplies, or aught else made by his orders, to Garibaldi and his officers.* He felt, and his cousin told him plainly, that he had not the qualities of a general, and he must have added in his heart of hearts, nor the courage of his own Turcos and Zouaves—in confronting grape and shot. The entreaties of the empress may have influenced him, the dust, the heat; surely not the sight of carnage, as some would have it? The man who had deluged the streets of Paris, had revelled in the blood-fumes reeking in his nostrils, was above all such sentimentality. One thing he clearly saw—that Italian unity was on the cards, and against this his whole policy was set.† What now avail such idle questions? Enough that the peace was signed, Italy ordered—with the exception of Lombardy—to return to the *status quo ante bellum*. But the days were past when two emperors or the diplomacy of Europe could decide the destinies of peoples without their sanction.

The news of the peace fell as a stunning blow on the Venetians, who had trusted fully in the grandiloquent programme, "from the Alps to the Adriatic;" on the volunteers, who, after three months of such hardship, fatigue, and peril as only falls to irregulars, now counted

* Bertani asserts that the emperor to him also sent tempting offers, "declined with thanks."

† See Note F.

exultingly on being the first in Venice; and on many who, though patriots, had little faith in the idea of unity—who hence, saw dukes and archdukes restored, and a confederation of sovereigns, enemies of sullenly vanquished populations. Garibaldi, on receiving at Salò and Sondrio the order to suspend his military operations, was naturally incensed, as Medici by the 9th had succeeded in cutting off the enemy's communications. But there was nothing for it but to submit, and he who had not had time to be ill throughout the campaign went to Lovere, where one of his worst attacks of rheumatism assailed him.

"I found him reading 'Cæsar's Commentaries,'" writes Bertani, "and it was all I could do to persuade him to take proper medicines, and abandon his own favourite remedies of purging and sweating."

Garibaldi in his heart of hearts was delighted when the emperor and his *cent gardes*, unscathed all, recrossed the Alps; if their battalions would but follow them, things would go better than well. He had watched with keenest anxiety the king's conduct throughout the campaign, and was fully satisfied. Italy had a soldier-king for dictator; what more was needed save the arming of every soldier capable of shouldering a musket? Hence his laconic proclamation: "So far from laying down their arms at the news of this peace, the Italians must hasten in numbers to the standard; show Europe that they are ready for war at any moment in any part of their country." On the 19th, Malenchini, in the name of the Tuscan Government, came to his head-quarters at

Lovere to offer him the command of the Tuscan army, never led to battle—calumniated by Prince Napoleon, who assuredly counted neither a Curtatone nor a Montanara in his legends, and now abandoned. The idea enchanted him. Tuscany had “gone unity;” the Tuscan army, with his Cacciatori of the Alps; the fresh brigade of the Cacciatori of the Apennines, *which Cavour had ordered to join him from the first moment, and which were actually sent to join him in the Valtellina*; * the soldiers in the dépôts, the troops in Modena, Bologna, Parma, were all ready to continue the national war. There at Lovere Garibaldi saw himself on the Volturno, and we are much mistaken if he did not give the king a Pisgah glance of the promised land. Certain it is that his Majesty took the peace of Villafranca very philosophically. He had obtained the heart’s desire of his race—the possession of Lombardy; everywhere he had heard himself proclaimed King of Italy; and here was this hero of the two worlds, this indomitable republican, laying his sword at his feet, asking for his discharge from the regular army, so as to be free to take all the responsibility of the execution of certain deep and subtle plans which they had concocted together,

* The organization of this brigade had been entrusted to General Mezzacapo—truly a *half-head*, and to Rosselli, of Roman notoriety, “regulars,” who hated the idea of serving under Garibaldi. Lamarmora was in no hurry to increase Garibaldi’s numbers, so the Cacciatori of the Apennines were detained in the dépôts throughout the Lombard campaign, to their unutterable disgust; and when they were finally placed under Garibaldi’s orders, they were still commanded by these enemies of his, who became as insubordinate as they dared to be.

and of which Mazzini was fully cognisant.* Ordering Lamarmora by telegraph to prepare his discharge, the king gave Garibaldi full permission to summon such of his officers as he chose from the Cacciatori. With regard to his ally, the king's conduct was chivalry itself. A prince of the House of Savoy, he knew that allies seek their own interests, and that alliances are made to be broken. From first to last he treated the wavering, often impertinent emperor with knightly courtesy, showing gratitude for the great service rendered in helping him to drive the Austrians out of Lombardy, neither assisting him to shuffle out of his bargain, nor irritating him with just but useless reproaches for his failure to redeem his pledge. The emperor's words, "You will pay me the expenses of the war, and we will not ask for Savoy," may have rendered him tolerant even of the ill-mannered telegram to the empress published in the *Moniteur*—"A truce is concluded between the emperor and myself;" for the still more flagrant breach of etiquette in treating alone at Villafranca with the Austrian emperor, who had commenced the war by invading his states, and in concluding a treaty of peace entirely different from the terms which he had assured the king on the 8th would be the only ones proposed. Requested to sign this treaty, Victor Emmanuel added the words, "J'approuve pour ce que me concerne."

But there was one man in Italy who could not so easily adjust himself to circumstances, who had not,

* See Note G.

like the king, doubled his estate, or who did not, like Garibaldi and Mazzini, see one Italy to be made with Italian hands, on the eve of accomplishment. Cavour's horizon was bounded by Venice on the Adriatic; he did not believe that the central provinces would or could hold their own and refuse to ratify the settlement made by the two emperors at Villafranca. Cavour from the interview at Plombières had kept the emperor "up to the mark;" had ruled supreme over the ministry and the parliament, kept the revolutionists in leash by a word or a nod, and found the king—intent only on fleshing his sword in the doubled-headed eagle—pliable as wax in his hands. During the king's dictatorship he held four departments of the government, home, foreign, war, and finance. He believed that Napoleon would do nothing without consulting him—wrote this to General Lamarmora when, *before* the battle of Solferino, that general sent a messenger to warn him that the French emperor was meditating a truce. When he learned suddenly that Venice was to be sacrificed—he who to Mazzini's printed affirmation that *the abandonment of Venice was a foregone conclusion* had given such scornful denials, excluding the "prophet" from the general amnesty granted to all other political offenders at the marriage of Princess Clotilde—his passion got the better of his reason; and he completely lost his head, and consequently his influence over his fellow-sufferers. His indignation was increased by the fact that when he reached the camp the "treason was consummated," without his opinion having been asked; that the

Emperor of the French had given up all the points disputed by the Emperor of Austria, *i.e.* the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, the paragraphs which excluded the "use of force for the restoration of the dukes of Tuscany and Modena, and the right of the Lombard populations to accept or reject annexation to the kingdom of Piedmont."

In his first interview with the king, which lasted two hours, Cavour exhausted every argument that passion, wounded ambition, patriotism, could suggest. He denounced Napoleon as a traitor; implored his sovereign to refuse the proffered terms of peace, to withdraw his troops from Lombardy, and leave his ally to get himself out of the scrape as best he could. A sorry plight would the emperor have found himself in assuredly, and a pitiful spectacle he would have offered to Europe; but the advice was too strong for a kingly mind to follow. Lombardy after all was "half the artichoke," and when did a prince of his race ever refuse a half-loaf because he had hoped for a whole one? For a time he did all that lay in his power to soothe his minister, to bring him to reason, until Cavour exclaimed that the interests of Italy had been betrayed, the royal dignity brutally outraged—that, in short, there was nothing left but for Victor Emmanuel to follow his father's example and abdicate.*

* Luigi Chiala quotes the account already published by Canini: "To Victor Emmanuel's entreaties to the count that he would calm himself and remember that he was the king," Cavour, beside himself with rage, made answer, "Yes, but it is I whom the Italians know best; I am the true king." To which Victor Emmanuel,

Cavour was not received by the emperor, who said, "The count wishes to reproach me. I have much cause for complaint against him; I am willing to meet him at Milan if he consent to abstain from any reference to the past." Cavour had instead a stormy interview at Valeggio with Prince Napoleon, and for a time he seems to have nursed the illusion that he could prevent the terms of peace from being carried out.

The king, grievously offended, and feeling that that was not the moment for his minister "to leave him in the lurch," summoned Lamarmora, complained of Cavour's "insolence," charged him with the formation of a new ministry with Rattazzi and Dabormida; accompanied the emperor to Milan, where cries of "Viva the king! Viva Venezia!" was the only greeting; then to Turin, where he again was the solitary object of enthusiasm.

Cavour's conduct was intensely human, consequently undiplomatic. For a few days the excitement and indignation kept him up to the mark. He encouraged Farini in Emilia, Ricasoli in Tuscany, to hold their own; begged Lamarmora to enter the ministry with Rattazzi; and for a time actually believed that he was himself resigned to be eclipsed from the political firmament, to become the political scapegoat. But soon he bitterly repented the "scene of Monzambano," which deprived him of his sovereign's confidence and compelled him,

"What is it you say? that you are the king? You are a *berechino*" ("Che mai dice? chiel a l'è 'l re? Chiel a l'è un birichin").

when, after six months of "eclipse," he returned to power, to accept it on the king's terms, and to acquiesce in all the facts accomplished and royal pledges given during the interim. Thus the cordial understanding which had existed between the king, Cavour, and Garibaldi was destroyed, and the veriest Pangloss will hardly say that this was "all for the best."

The fate of Italy now hung on the conduct of the populations and their leaders. One concession, one sign of yielding, the paid, interested hirelings of the fugitive rulers once able to get up a demonstration in their favour, and the sovereigns of Europe would have stood up for their rights. On the other hand, had the republicans conspired for a republic, the sympathies of Piedmont and Lombardy, and of England herself, would have been alienated. Happily, the populations and their chosen rulers, Ricasoli and Farini, Mazzini, Beppe Dolfi, the baker tribune, were all agreed. The Piedmontese troops and royal commissaries withdrawn, as insisted on by Napoleon—never before and never again for four and twenty years was such order kept, such unanimous harmony preserved.*

On the question of annexation to Piedmont of the

* As the exception proves the rule, so the murder of an infamous instrument of the Duchess of Parma, Colonel Anviti, started a cry of reprobation throughout the country and France, with an echo in England. These populations just emancipated were to be immaculate. The wholesale massacres ordered by the Holy Father in Perugia had scarcely excited a protest; now "Italy had stained her brow," etc. Better so; it put the daring, quick-handed populations of the Romagna on their mettle. Central Italy was free from crime.

provinces which had proclaimed her dictatorship during the Lombard war, there was no difference of opinion among the Italians ; * England supporting their decision, and giving Napoleon clearly to understand that restoration by force of arms would not be permitted. The question on which there was a difference was whether the "free brothers" of Central Italy were to help the brothers still enslaved, avenge Perugia, second the revolution ready to break out "when you please." As the King of Naples had offered his services to the pope, who was already summoning the riff-raff of Europe to protect his throne, it seemed only reasonable that they should do so. Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Farini said they were in duty bound to do so, and Garibaldi writes, "The king did not give his consent to the invasion of the pontifical territory—the usual reserve, very natural in his position, in presence of a revolutionary ; just as, a year later, he successively refused his consent to the Sicilian expedition, the passage of the strait." † But it is one thing for a king not to give an order, and quite another for him to be satisfied if his wishes are interpreted without his being compromised. On the other hand, the ministers were harassed on every side and at every point. The populations who, in their orderly assemblies elected by universal suffrage, had expressed their unanimous will to form part of a strong kingdom of Italy under Victor Emmanuel, sent deputations to Turin to beg his Majesty to accept them. There was Napoleon with 50,000 troops in Lombardy saying, "No ;

* See Note H.

† See Note I. .

wait for the conference of Zurich ;" so they had to recur to the subterfuge of receiving, not accepting. There was Massimo d'Azeglio likening them to Joseph resisting the seductions of five Madame Potiphars. There was Cavour, "furious" at being left out in the cold—by their ambition, he believed ; whereas it was the king who thrice refused Lamarmora's entreaties that he would recall the resolute minister, Sir James Hudson also pleading in vain. When the question of crossing the Rubicon came in addition to these perplexities, it proved the traditional straw on the overburdened camel. Napoleon had put his veto on that expedition, and his factotum, Cipriani, harassed the other governors, Ricasoli and Farini, to prevent it. Had Garibaldi been really commander-in-chief of the forces of Central Italy, the Rubicon would have been crossed. It had been the intention of Farini and Ricasoli to give him this command. But Cavour, Minghetti, and Massimo d'Azeglio had set their hearts on giving it to Fanti. This general declined to resign the position he had, since 1849, sacrificed everything to obtain. As a general of the Piedmontese army, he could not accept the command, so a compromise was made. He resigned, but by a secret pact his rights to promotion and to return to the army whenever he should think fit were reserved. So he arrived in Modena as commander of all the forces of Central Italy, Garibaldi accepting the subordinate position of commander-in-second. When it came to the question of crossing the Rubicon, Fanti at first agreed. When Cipriani put

forward Napoleon's veto, Fanti refused to yield unless Farini and Ricasoli endorsed the order. Ricasoli did so; Farini hesitated. Garibaldi went to Turin,* and it was agreed between himself and the king that Cipriani must resign, Farini assume the dictatorship of the Romagna with Parma and Modena, and that Fanti also should resign, and Garibaldi be left to his own devices. Cavour, hearing of this, moved heaven and earth to prevent Fanti's resignation, sending agents of his own to dissuade Farini from allowing the Rubicon to be crossed; and meanwhile Napoleon sent a confidant of the king, then on a mission to Paris, to inform his Majesty that if a single soldier crossed the frontier, *i.e.* the Rubicon, his troops would occupy Piacenza. Cavour had unfortunately sent La Farina—who was in bad odour with the men of action, owing to his strenuous efforts to prevent revolution in Sicily, and the ridiculous airs he assumed as Cavour's *alter ego*—to Bologna, where he set every one at loggerheads. The king, impressed by Napoleon's menaces, sent his aide-de-camp to advise desistance. Fanti and Farini summoned Garibaldi to Modena on the 12th, entreating him to desist; he, really believing that he was carrying out the wishes of the king, and having pledged his word to the would-be insurgents, returned to Rimini, and, hearing that an insurrection in the Marches had really broken out, sent back word that he felt it his duty to keep his promise and march at once to their aid. But Fanti had already despatched officers from his head-quarters to the superior officers of divisions, regiments, battalions,

* See Note J.

and even detachments—this without giving any of them a hint of the rupture between himself and the second in command of the forces of the league.

On that frontier were Mezzacapa and Rosselli, who were only too delighted to obey Fanti and retire into safe winter quarters.

Garibaldi's indignation was shared by all his officers and the greater portion of the troops, and the cry of "Viva Garibaldi, dictator!" resounded in Bologna. A summons from the king on the 13th recalled Garibaldi to Turin. He went, sent in his resignation, as did Bertani, Bixio, Medici, and twenty other superior officers; and a thousand volunteers quitted the army, despite Garibaldi's advice that they should remain. Fanti's proclamation to the troops was not calculated to allay their irritation. Garibaldi repaid it with another, alluding to his "underhand means," "his miserable foxlike policy," but at the same time enjoining on all Italians to have faith in Victor Emmanuel, and to provide themselves each with a weapon, to obtain by force that which they had not secured by justice.

The king offered him the rank of general in the Sardinian army; this he refused, observing to his Majesty that by accepting he would forfeit his liberty of action in Central Italy and elsewhere. He accepted—and this is the only present he did accept from a sovereign—the gun always used by the king in hunting, sent in his resignation as general to the Tuscan forces and commander-in-second of the League of Central Italy, and quitted Genoa for Nice.

We have entered into what may seem too minute details of this Garibaldian episode in Central Italy, because on the one hand La Farina, full of vanity and envy, dared to accuse him of falsehood, nay, of treachery, towards Fanti and Farini in Central Italy, while on the other hand Mazzinian partisans have represented the proposed insurrection of Central Italy as a purely Mazzinian conspiracy, affirming that Garibaldi had accepted the leadership, then betrayed its secrets to the king, and at the king's bidding thrown every one else overboard. Mazzini himself never realized the material impossibility in which Garibaldi was placed at the very moment that he was hastening to the assistance of the would-be insurgents—was actually on the point of crossing the frontier, when Fanti, the commander-in-chief, forcibly prevented him from doing so. Was Garibaldi to allow himself to be proclaimed dictator at Bologna; set himself against Farini, Fanti, and Ricasoli; raise the flag of civil war in Central Italy; disturb its marvellous unanimity for unity? We think, had he done so, he would have won, not the place he now occupies in history, but rank with the most anti-patriotic communist who fired Paris under the eyes of the victorious Prussian invaders.

With regard to the conduct of the governors of Central Italy towards Garibaldi, one is bound to remember that their position was the most intricate and delicate imaginable, literally a "walking on eggs," with the devout desire not to break a single one—to appear at the same time orderly, strong, and united,

yet without having the immediate strength of unity, which one man's far-seeing obstinacy prevented. Every Italian statesman, Cavour included, advised Ricasoli to form into one state Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Legations; putting forward the plausible argument: "Your assemblies, your plebiscites, have voted identically—non-restoration, union with Piedmont: why not, meanwhile, form one state of the four? This would be a commencement of unification." Ricasoli steadfastly refused and was unjustly accused of being half-hearted with regard to Italian unity, whereas he was, of all new converts to the idea, the most fervent. He accepted for Tuscany the sacrifice of her time-honoured autonomy, in order to create one Italy; but refused to form one state out of four in Central Italy, convinced that for a new kingdom the new king was provided. His distrust of the emperor was profound, mingled with a *non-so-che* of contempt. Anyhow, pave the way for Prince Napoleon he would not. On the other hand, the slightest disorder might precipitate everything. He knew of Mazzini's three months' residence in Florence itself; he knew the person who knew where Mazzini lived; he had sequestered all his letters to the commanders of the troops of Central Italy; had held correspondence with him himself; knew that Mazzini believed that the only hope for Italy lay in the policy of expansion—that is, of giving a hand to Umbria and the Marches, avenging Perugia, crossing into the Abruzzi, assisting Sicily, on the point of revolution. Ricasoli could not bring himself to this

point of view, and said, indeed, that if Tuscany overpassed her frontiers at the south it would ensure the entrance of invaders from the north. Hence the same patriotic motives which had induced him to summon Garibaldi in July now weighed with him in sanctioning his recall; he at the same time meaning the recall also of Fanti.

What results from a careful perusal of the third volume of Ricasoli's letters up to November, 1859, is that Fanti played a double part. With all his instructions to Garibaldi and the troops before them, Ricasoli and his ministers considered Fanti as culpably rash as Garibaldi himself, and more so, because he was the commander-in-chief. To find himself thrown over and Fanti reinstated, to read Fanti's order of the day to the troops, would have stung a less pure patriot to meditate reprisals. In his own proclamation anent the "subtle arts and foxlike policy," Garibaldi gave a Roland for an Oliver; and Fanti, to the last hour of his life, repaid him with the most vindictive hate.

The mortification of the volunteers was intense, for they had been egged on at official banquets, at the inauguration of a fort on the Rubicon, with "Evivas" to the King of Italy, flauntings of the "White Cross banner" in sight and hearing of the *papalini*, to assume a boastful demeanour which was not in the Garibaldian line.

"Cock up your beaver!" was the order of the day.

"Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush;
We'll over the border,
And gie them a brush.

There's somebody there
We'll teach better behaviour.
Hey, brave Johnnie lad !
Cock up your beaver !”

And now “brave Johnnie lad” had to turn tail and put on his old bonnet “that wanted the crown.” And “Johnnie lad” was sore wroth. But it was a time when any incautious act would have spoiled everything. Even those who clamoured for the return of Cavour, and for a “vigorous policy” on the part of the Piedmontese Government, were one-sided and short-sighted. If Piedmont had intervened morally with her representatives, or materially with her troops, there would have been raised a hue and cry that pressure had been used ; that the votes had not been free ; that probably the populations of Central Italy desired nothing better than the return of their old masters, at least that of the house of Lorraine, where the government, since 1848, had been mildly insipid. Clearly all the governments had sufficient irons in their fires without allowing intruders to add extras.

It might have been supposed that the momentous incidents with which the year 1859 was fraught would have sufficed to show the most hopeful and ardent revolutionist that Piedmont must be left in peace and be “allowed” to accept Tuscany and the other central provinces before being called upon to contemplate fresh annexations. And assuredly those who looked at everything from an exclusively Piedmontese point of view, those who wished to convert Italians into

properly behaved Piedmontese subjects, would naturally desire not to have too many pupils on their hands at once; would hesitate to admit the impetuous, and as their reputation ran, indocile southern populations into the training-school, until a goodly number of their central brethren had gone through their first drill. But all this logic weighed not one iota with the rigid champions of a united Italy pure and simple. If, as it seemed, the powers of earth and hell had combined to impede the unity of Italy by the natural descent from north to south, they must begin in the south itself, and get up an explosion there.

The liberation of the Papal States formed merely a portion of the vast scheme which the revolutionists were engaged in. From the failure of Pisacane's expedition (1857), the conspirators in Naples and Sicily redoubled their activity. When (May 22, 1859) King Bomba died, and his son pledged himself to a continuance of his policy, the apostles of one Italy gained ground daily, while the constitutional party lost proportionally. Just before his death the old king had liberated seventy-two of the prisoners arrested for demanding the constitution, sending them to the Argentine provinces; but Panizzi and his English sympathizers had outmanœuvred Bomba at Cadiz, the steamer bearing them to their destination changed track, and they landed in Ireland, and went thence to London. The prestige won by their sufferings and noble conduct gave them immense influence with the Neapolitans, which they used to try and induce the young king to break with Austria and

the pope, to ally himself with Piedmont, to unite his efforts with hers to persuade the pope to grant reforms. Had he done this, they would have preferred two Italies to one, a king and court and capital of their own to the subordinate position of an annexed province; and into this view entered the King of Piedmont, Cavour, France, Russia, and England. But Francesco II., a chip of the old Bourbon block, resisted all entreaties, pressure, or menace, thus strengthening the hands of the revolutionists, and weakening those of his real champions. Mazzini and the unitarians were enchanted; two Italies would have contented them no more than twelve. Their avowed resolve to take no part in the Lombard war as long the "murderer of the Roman Republic was on the field," left them free to devote all their energies to revolutionizing Naples and Sicily, especially as all other parties were so occupied elsewhere that they were not hunted quite so much as heretofore. When Mazzini took up his abode in Florence, the *Pensiero ed Azione* gave as the order of the day, "Hands to the centre, eyes to the south." All the signers of the protest obeyed, unless frustrated by Cipriani, who caught and caged as many as possible, whether bound for Garibaldi's head-quarters or for Sicily. One of Cipriani's victims was Rosalino Pilo, a Sicilian, who from fourteen years of age had lived, moved, and breathed only for the redemption of his native land. When, in 1857, the boats failed to join Pisacane with the arms and ammunition, he was seized with such violent convulsions that his life was despaired of.

Smuggled out of Genoa, a warrant for his arrest being issued, he, with Francesco Crispi, Nicola Fabrizi, and other believers in the "Sicilian initiative," worked and lived for that and that only, Mazzini giving all the help in his power, but warning them, "If Sicily goes in for autonomy, for state sovereignty in a confederate Italy, as she did in 1848, she will prove a hindrance and not a help to the national cause." Once the peace of Villafranca was signed, it was agreed on by all that the hour for the Sicilian initiative had sounded. The Sicilians declared themselves "ready," demanded more arms, leaders, and Garibaldi.* In the previous year, Maurizio Quadrio and the aforesaid Sicilians had traversed the island in disguise, finding the spirit of the populations excellent but perplexed by the warnings and menaces of La Farina and other agents of Cavour, that any

* To the last appeal of the Sicilians Garibaldi had answered, "Brothers mine! the cause espoused by myself and my brothers-in-arms is not that of a belfry-tower, but of all our Italy, from Trapani to Isonzo, from Taranto to Nice; hence the redemption of Sicily is a part of our work, and we shall fight for her with the same ardour as we fought for Lombardy. Rally to our programme! Italy and Victor Emmanuel irrevocably! If you can rise with a possibility of success, do so; if not, work, unite, and gather strength. As to coming to Sicily, I will do so with devotion; but there must be brought about a closer contact between you and me. Find out the method, and let it be efficacious, because we must not risk what is already assured."

The Sicilians answered, "A handful of men equipped, several hundreds of muskets, a few cannon, and a flag consecrated by your breath, would be sufficient to arouse Sicily from the apparent apathy in which she feels herself accursed. Come, and the 'Vespers' will again re-echo through the island!"

movement in Sicily would ruin Italy. When Rosalino Pilo was arrested, Francesco Crispi decided on putting his head into the halter alone. With the passport of a merchant of the Argentine Republic, "with grey hair, without beard or moustache, mutton-chop whiskers and blue spectacles, a French guide to Italy and Sicily in his pocket," Manuel Pareda, *alias* Francesco Crispi, whose own mother would not have recognized him, crossing Paris (to him forbidden soil), touches at Marseilles and Genoa. He there concerts with the brothers Orlandi, Sicilian patriots of the purest water, embarks on the imperial mail-steamer *Vatican*, gets his passport endorsed by the papal authorities at Civita Vecchia, has a confabulation with friends at Naples, then (July 26) lands at Messina, and passes the day in visiting the city, as in tourist's duty bound. In the evening, he meets his friends in the house of an Englishman named Peirce, who receives letters and papers, ammunition and war material from Malta and Italy for the conspirators. The night is passed in instructing the "friends" how to make bombs. It is decided that Messina shall second an insurrection in Palermo. At Catania and Syracuse, the same story. In his excursions he meets four English officers arrived from Malta on the cutter yacht *Lucknow*, from whom he learns that he can hire a yacht for £20 a month. (?) By Niseo and Sconforto reaching the *Fondaco della Misericordia*, the omphelic of Sicily, crossing Misilmeri, passing between Gibilrosso and Catalfano, at dawn on August 19 he enters Palermo, goes to the "Trinacria," and asks

for a guide to show him the wonders of his native city! The courier who accompanies the carriage is "one of ours," and in a black bottle he brings the screws and capsules for the bombs.

Numerous friends are now seen, who narrate the extraordinary activity of the police, directed by Maniscalco; 27,000 troops are in the island, and of these 2000 are Swiss. In the province of Palermo alone there are 15,000. The instruction in bomb-making being duly imparted, the plan for the insurrection is fixed for October 4, the king's saint's day. On their return from the review, the troops at Foro Borbonico are to be assailed by bombs, attacked by the insurgents armed with muskets, and barricades erected. Others are to seize the twelve guns in the royal palace, carry the insurrectionary flag into the provinces, and advise Messina and the other cities to hasten and "do likewise."

The return journey to Messina is varied by some hairbreadth escapes; but on August 30 Manuel Pareda embarks on the *Quirinal*, touches at Malta, finds Nicola Fabrizi has left for Modena, goes to Marseilles and Lyons, returns thence to Genoa, joins Mazzini in Florence,* urges on him the necessity of securing

* Mazzini's presence in Florence was known throughout to Ricasoli. He lodged, as always, in the houses of the people, this time with a very poor but very noble patriot, Fabbrini, on the third floor of a small house near Santa Croce. Beppe Dolfi was the intermediary between him and Ricasoli. "Beppe," the baker, was the true head of the Florentine people; his word was his bond. A man much respected and courted by the powers that be, he refused titles, "stars," or "crosses," saying that he preferred the flour of his

assistance on all sides should the insurrection be successful, and returns to London to "change passport, dress, and physiognomy" so as to be able to re-enter Sicily by October 4, and head the insurrection.

This time a friend had secured a Foreign Office passport for Tobias Glivaie, British subject, native of Malta, and "We, Lord John Russell, request and require, in the name of her Majesty, all those whom it may concern to allow him, travelling on the Continent, to pass freely without let or hindrance, and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need."

If only Austria could have brought John Bull to reason, and induced him to insert the "personal description of the bearers" of our Foreign Office passports, what infringements of divine right, what misuses of God's grace, might not have been avoided? * As it was, Tobias Glivaie, with Crispi's ebon mane, elegant moustache and tuft, and coal-black eyes, gets his passport endorsed for a year by the French consul, and, though

mill to the dust of ducal or royal antechambers. "One Italy united in Rome" was his ideal. He grieved at the transfer of the capital to Florence, and died still young, in reduced circumstances, in 1869.

* During Lord Clarendon's administration, Mr. Harris wrote to Lord Malmesbury—

"Vienna, March 14, 1853.

"It appears that Mantéuffel made a most insolent demand (insolent *au fond*, not *quant à la forme*), viz. that our Foreign Office passports should give the personal description of the bearers. Lord Clarendon, in reply, refuses most peremptorily—amongst many obvious reasons for this one, that we are not to be dictated to by Foreign Powers as to the form of our passports or anything else. The reply in question is evidently Mellish's, and is a stinger."

Ricasoli governs Tuscany in the name of Victor Emmanuel, the Tuscan consul puts, "*Buono per lo stato del Gran Ducato*," and the Neapolitan consul makes no difficulty in authorizing the bearer to visit the Two Sicilies.

But a telegram that Crispi received just as he was leaving London, advising him that the rising was postponed till October 12, filled him with apprehension. Why for eight days' delay forego the opportunity of the festival review in Palermo? But whoever might be missing at the tryst, he would not. The second bad omen was that, on arriving at Messina, neither of the brothers Agresti came on board, though aware of his presence. On landing and going to their houses, the women-folk bade him return to the ship, as they had orders to tell him not to land, and in no case to go on to Palermo; that a counter-order had arrived; that meanwhile numerous arrests had been made by the police; and that troops were pouring into Messina. In the evening, Agresti came on board, and confirmed the news, saying that the Lafarinians had sent the counter-order from the continent. La Farina, contrary to Cavour's strong advice, and despite Ricasoli's veto, had re-established the so-called National Society. Pallavicino had withdrawn his name; but Garibaldi had not taken this precaution, so that the Sicilians, ready, willing, and able to act, believing the orders to come from him, had postponed the movement. In many places the counter-order had arrived too late; for instance, at Bagheria the conspirators were already in arms, and could no longer disguise their intentions.

Hence they marched to Aspra, rounding Mount Zaffarano; arrived at Porticello; thence at St. Flavia and Ficcarazzelli. Here they disarmed the custom-house and urban guards, and then, dispersing in the surrounding country, engrossed their numbers and prepared for combat. And combat they did with the royal troops on the morrow, so successfully that the Government had to send against them a larger body of troops, who, of course, surrounded and defeated them. Hence numerous arrests, and the necessity for all the leaders of that district to go into hiding. Now, if we multiply this case by the number of existing committees, it may be taken for granted that, but for the fatal counter-order, the revolution would have become general before the Government, scenting the danger, had time to fill the island with troops.

Letters of reproach, of contempt, of sarcasm, were hurled at the Sicilians by their deluded fellow-countrymen, and as usual the blow fell hardest on those who had been most willing to act. Add to this, that in the attempt, supposed to be final as an initiative, every farthing that Mazzini, Crispi, Fabrizi, and Rosalino Pilo had been able to scrape together of their own or of their friends, had been expended.

Beside themselves with rage and vexation were a large number of Sicilian exiles, who had returned, in English and American steamers, to Palermo, to be in time for the outbreak, and who had to watch from the bay the review festival go off as usual. Crispi, with his Foreign Office passport, had to return with the steamer

to the Port of Pireo, and visit Athens, the dream of his youth, with the reflection that "our very wishes give us not our wish." Again having his passport endorsed for Malta, he found that island abandoned by nearly all the emigrants save good Giorgio Tamajo, who still remained to send in arms and ammunition.

His presence in the island at once gave rise to suspicion. The Neapolitan and Austrian consuls caused his every movement to be watched. Nothing mortified him so much as the behaviour of the head of the police, who asked him what business he had there, after his expulsion in 1854?

"He replied by asking, in his turn, whether—for what, after all, was a simple press offence—the British government was in the habit of passing sentences of banishment for life? and why an asylum should be denied to a political exile in Malta, which accords shelter to common criminals?"

The head of police, Signor Ettore Zimelli, was "hard and discourteous," yet he had never discovered that, by means of Nicola Fabrizi, the Sicilian revolution was literally fed and nourished from that British possession in the Mediterranean!

Crispi's letters written precisely in those days from Malta, are singularly interesting to those who care to sound the deepest and innermost depths of the genesis of the Italian revolution. It is a Sicilian speaking to a Sicilian—a southerner to a southerner; not of a "Sicily" or a "Naples," but of the lamentable fact that neither Sicilians nor Neapolitans had done their part towards the freedom of their mother Italy.

“Instead of further recriminations touching the past, the future stands thus.” [Here follows the picture of the state of Central Italy, of the proposed Congress, and its possible results.] “In case of war, it is the bounden duty of *i nostri*, i.e. Sicilians and Neapolitans, to join their forces to those of North and Central Italy, to liberate the peninsula from foreign occupation. A war waged without the concurrence of the Two Sicilies, who count nine millions and a half of inhabitants, may have disastrous results for national arms, and the entire responsibility would fall on that portion of the country which shall have remained inactive. The same responsibility would be theirs should our slavery be sanctioned anew by fresh treaties, made by those who presume to decide on the destinies of Europe. The Two Sicilies, in case of insurrection, have nothing to fear from foreign intervention. Austria cannot intervene, because England and France will not allow her to do so; Piedmont and 60,000 men organized in the centre would repulse her if a single soldier crossed the frontier, which now, alas! divides Venetia from the rest of Italy. France cannot interfere, on her own account in favour of the Bourbons, because England would prohibit all interference. England has no intention of allowing the Mediterranean to become a French lake. Lord John Russell has already declared that the British Government is opposed to any sort of armed intervention in the duchies or in the Romagna. Sicily, therefore, has everything in her favour. Face, then, the political situation; see whether you intend to do your duty, and make up for lost time. I and the usual friends await your orders, ready to obey them punctually; but let us know your intentions. If you have given up all intention of doing your duty, of course all our relations cease. Is this to be so? Write a plain ‘yes’ or a plain ‘no.’ The arms which I promised you were and are ready for embarkation.

But if you mean to do nothing, don't defraud us of these, as we shall at once send them to the other spot, where, you failing, we can alone look for an initiative" (meaning that arms were ready for embarkation at Malta, which, if not needed at once in Sicily, would be sent into Naples).

Mazzini and Rosalino Pilo are all duly informed of the situation. The latter, just liberated, literally quivering with rage, indignation, and despair, had discovered the secret of the counter-orders. Two of the writers had been induced to beg the Sicilians to wait until the king should have given his answer to the Tuscan deputation. La Farina, although finally thrown overboard by Garibaldi, believed himself omnipotent, knowing that sooner or later Cavour must return to power. But so clearly did Rosalino define the position to his countrymen, "who is with La Farina is against Italy and us," that by the time the year ended, the ambitious mischief-maker complains, in a letter to his friend, that he has not a single trustworthy correspondent in the island.

Compelled to leave Malta, Crispi embarks on board the *Pera*, P. and O. steamer, feeling all the pains of Tantalus when passing his native island—"which I could swim over to, if my landing there were any use," he writes sadly. Spain passed, landing in Gibraltar permitted, he takes steamer for Malaga, thence again for Marseilles, and finally, on December 4, arrives at Genoa, after two months forcibly wasted since his second arrival in Sicily. Hearing that Fabrizi was at Modena, and knowing him to be the intimate friend of Farini, then dictator of Parma, Modena, and Bologna, he speeds

thither, and finds Farini still a true Romagnolo, "a revolutionary soul, the one man among the moderates who really comprehended the true situation of Italy." Farini listens with interest and attention to all his narration, approves of a movement in the south of Italy, which shall prove to Europe that all the populations are of one mind, and promises a million of francs in aid of the revolution. Crispi, emboldened, asks to be allowed to reunite the volunteers who quitted the army with Garibaldi, in the island of Elba, to detain them there until the opportune moment, then embark them on board a couple of steamers, and send them to Sicily under Garibaldi. This project also had Farini's approval, but he could do nothing without the consent of Rattazzi and Ricasoli, whom he advised Crispi to seek out at once. Crispi, without allowing the grass to grow under his feet, sped to Turin, and saw Rattazzi, who at that moment was encouraging Garibaldi in his tour through Northern Italy. He promised 1000 muskets, but said that Crispi must see La Farina, Cavour's *alter ego* in conspiratorial matters. This was a death-blow to all immediate hopes; still, Crispi allowed no personal feeling to intervene.

On December 17, Rattazzi saw La Farina. Crispi and he met on the 25th. They had once been close friends; La Farina now assumed the attitude of a great diplomatist and profound tactician, and diplomatic difficulties and technical obstacles were all that the little great man had to put forth in defence of his native island. Crispi found also that he had imbued Rattazzi with such distrust,

that in their second interview he did not even renew the promise of the 1000 muskets. Prudence incarnate, he did not give a hint of any immediate plans or projects, and so they parted.

During all this time Garibaldi had remained on the continent, encouraged by Ricasoli to visit the various cities of Lombardy and establish national targets—a project after his own heart, into which he threw himself with the single-mindedness which distinguished him. The partisans of Rattazzi, well knowing the king's desire that he should remain in power, availed themselves of Garibaldi's popularity to induce him to head the association first entitled the *Liberi Comizi*, transformed later into the *Nazione Armata*. On this the Cavourian party, by far the larger in Italy, took up the cudgels, strenuously supported by Sir James Hudson, who was straining every nerve to get Cavour back into power. An official note dictated by Cavour to the British ambassador, "by mere chance," they both said afterwards, and sent in Hudson's handwriting to the Rattazzi ministry, decided the entire Cabinet to resign, and the king was compelled most reluctantly to accept their resignation, and to summon Cavour.*

When, a few days later, Cavour returned to power, Crispi received immediate orders from the police to quit Turin. Who but the "envious Messinese" could have given warning of his presence there, and put the police in possession of his address? At the same time, Cavour obtained a promise from the Swiss Government for the

* See Note K.

expulsion of Rosalino Pilo and Alberto Mario from Lugano, in which city Mazzini also was at the time. Pilo went in disguise to Genoa, where Crispi joined him, and with Bertani, the brothers Orlandi, Mosto, and "others of the profession," Sicilian affairs were got into working order. Mario, hidden in the house of Maria Gnerri, of Como, one of those noble Italian women who for thirty years had lived and spent and suffered for the cause, continued to direct the *Pensiero ed Azione* with the date of London, to save the Swiss Federal Government from fresh remonstrances. The Sicilians, chafing, remorseful, stung with the reproaches of their exiled brethren, renewed the oath of the Vespers this time "to do or die."

At the close of the year Garibaldi had withdrawn publicly from the National Society; thus La Farina's injunctions had no further weight with the islanders. It must be kept in mind that, while the affairs of Sicily assume from their success such prominence as to cast all others into the shade, the preparatory work was carried on in Naples and the provinces with equal activity and exactness. Literally the capital and provinces were covered with the finest filigree of conspiracy. And Mazzini, who to the last instant trembled lest Sicily should "go separate," never relaxed his efforts to keep the patriots on the mainland on the alert with ordered arms, though on no account were they to attempt a partial insurrection. In all this preparatory work, Bertani and Mazzini went hand-in-hand, keeping Garibaldi "duly

informed." The year 1859 had not been without its effect on the observant mind of the general. He had worn the king's livery (a very irksome one to him), had found himself hampered at every moment by the thing he had so scorned—by diplomacy, and had found it all-powerful for evil. This fact seemed to haunt him, to disturb the placid tenor of his reason. What was this hidden monster now plotting? Might not a movement in the south be purposely crushed? or, if successful, might it not serve as a pretext for imperilling the already won? He was like a fearless swimmer caught with cramp far out at sea, who manages to reach land, but no longer feels the same careless trust in his own powers. Garibaldi, who had seen himself and a splendid army compelled to "halt" at the Cattolica, could not find it in his heart to encourage the messengers who brought him news that implied a demand for his leadership. Still, he did not disapprove, but promised, on the contrary, all the material assistance in his power. Early in February, Bertani sent to Caprera Nicola Mignogna, a unitarian republican, who, after the catastrophe of Sapri, escaped to Genoa, and became the link between the conspirators in Naples and their accomplices in Piedmont. Mignogna having pledged himself to forego the republic if the idea of the absolute unity of Italy was accepted, Garibaldi writes to Bertani on February 15—

"I have seen Mignogna, and will do what I can for him, sending you 3000 francs, and placing at your disposal all the muskets that remain in deposit at Genoa."

Meanwhile Rosalino Pilo, who had joined Crispi in

his hiding at Genoa, having ascertained that everything was ready for insurrection in the island, wrote to Garibaldi that such was the case, that all the means had been supplied by Mazzini, "who makes no question of a republic," * and asks for arms and money to hire a vessel, suggesting Medici, Bixio, and Bertani as guarantees.

"Give us this, I pray you in the name of good Sicilians, and be sure that we will set the south of Italy in flames to the cry of 'Unity and liberty !' You, general, must be the military chief of the enterprise, and thus you will have a guarantee that the programme agreed upon will not be deviated from, since that programme alone can unite all the elements of action, and thus alone can Italy be."

Garibaldi's answer to Rosalino Pilo is very important:—

"Caprera, March 15.

"DEAREST ROSALINO,—When you receive this, come to an understanding with Bertani and the Million-of-Muskets

* Mazzini, in January, wrote to Garibaldi, precisely in the same sense as he had written to Ricasoli four months previously. "Italy free; Rome our capital; the French compelled to withdraw. I understand the times; I respect the will of the country; I shall not act against the king; I shall not conspire for a republic. I speak but of unity. I urge on the annexations' (of Tuscany and Central Italy, not finally accepted by Piedmont until the following March), and, should we succeed in Sicily or elsewhere, the only compact that *I insist upon is that of immediate annexation*. If the country elect a king, so be it. It lies with him to prove himself worthy by throwing off his vassalage to France, and frankly accepting the nation. What now is all-important is the insurrection in Sicily, and, contemporaneously or immediately afterwards, a movement as far as the Abruzzi. I believe that, frankly and loyally united, we could succeed."

Committee at Milan, so as to secure all the arms and means possible. *In case of action, remember that the programme is, 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel.'* I do not hesitate to undertake any enterprise, however hazardous it may appear, so as to fight against the enemies of our country. Nevertheless, at the present moment, I do not deem a revolutionary movement opportune in any part of Italy, unless it present no slight probability of success. To-day the cause of the country is in the hands of political traffickers, who pretend to resolve everything by diplomatic treaties. The Italian people must have time to convince themselves of the uselessness of the tricks of the doctrinaires. Then will come the moment for action; to-day, if we fail, we should be censured by the great majority. Make my opinion known to your fellow-countrymen, and recommend them to prepare themselves for the supreme attempt. I hope the favourable moment will not tarry long. I salute you from my heart."

Thus though Garibaldi reproaches himself severely with throwing cold water on the strong and ardent resolutions of youthful will (vol. ii. p. 148), once he found that cold-water dogmatism availed nothing with Rosalino, he ordered to be placed in his hands the arms deposited in Milan. But while he proposed, Cavour and D'Azeglio disposed. When Cavour visited Lombardy in company with the king, in February, he wrote from Milan, on February 19—

"I have succeeded in making reasonable, and not subversive use of Garibaldi's famous subscription for muskets, by distributing them among the national guard of Lombardy."

Massimo d'Azeglio, Governor of Lombardy, carried on

Cavour's plan, by seizing 12,000 Enfield and Minié rifles deposited in the palace of S. Teresa, placed by the municipality of Milan at the disposition of the Musket Committee. Bertani, Medici, Crispi, and finally Garibaldi himself, strained every nerve to get even a portion of the weapons, but never a single one was available for Pilo, or for the first expedition of the Thousand. This was unfair; it was not to arm national guards that the people subscribed, but for volunteers to liberate the enslaved provinces of Italy. Impatient of delay, as the outbreak of the revolution was fixed for April 3, Rosalino started with one companion in a fishing-boat, with the few arms and slender means furnished by Mazzini, leaving for Garibaldi a letter worthy of record—

“MOST ESTEEMED GENERAL,—I have yours of the 15th. Sicily would have risen in arms last June if the same mischief-makers who ruined the revolution of 1848 had not interfered. The country is in the same condition as it was in December, 1847. A friend of mine, Francesco Crispi, who was the Secretary of the Committee of Insurrection of Palermo, in 1848, during the days of January, and later a member of the Sicilian Parliament, has visited the island, and convinced himself with his own eyes. I have decided to go at once to give the last touches to the preparations, and to baffle the evil arts of the *temporizers*. Hence, counting upon the assistance which you have promised me, I leave Crispi, who is also the friend of your Bertani, in Piedmont, for all that concerns the Milanese Committee, and the despatch of the promised arms. Reflect well, general; an insurrection in Sicily implies that of all the south. It is more than ever necessary at this

moment, if the creation of one Italy be the goal aimed at. To defer it would be to favour the designs of diplomacy, give time to Austria to prepare reinforcements and secure the alliances which to-day are wanting to her. Delay is what Napoleon desires in order to place a member of his family on the throne of Naples. By putting an end to all delay we shall find ourselves in a position to hinder the shameful sale of Nice, and to free poor Venice. Remember, general, that in the south we have an army and a navy which are necessary to our independence, and which we cannot make our own without a popular rising. Nothing remains, general, but to salute you from my heart, and to wish you new glories in Sicily, and the completion of our country's redemption."

Garibaldi came at once to the continent, held consultations with Bixio, Bertani, Crispi, and other patriots, all passionately anxious to go to the aid of Sicily, even without waiting for news. The elections had just taken place, and Cavour, who not only made no secret, but laid down as a dogma the necessity, of governmental interference to secure a favourable majority, informed the House that Savoy and Nice were ceded to the emperor, subject to a vote of Parliament. Cavour's eulogists and apologists vainly strive to make out that he did his utmost to save Nice. He knew that resistance was useless—that the king would redeem that pledge at any cost and with any ministry.* Hence, to avoid official remonstrances from England, he denied over and over again to Sir James Hudson that any such project was entertained. He frustrated all Rattazzi's

efforts; compelled Farini, whom he had just created Minister of the Interior, to come to Turin to his support, ill as he was; induced Fanti, Minister of the Army and Navy, who was strongly opposed to the cession, to remain away from the House; and one by one secured the votes of the majority, which was entirely his own. Every line in his letters and Chiala's statements in the preface to the fourth volume, prove this. This sacrifice, viewed in the "after-light," seems inexplicable unless we call to mind the simple fact that several months had yet to pass before *he* became a convert to the necessity of Italian unity, deeming that a strong kingdom in the north, if composed of a given population, would be one and the same thing *without* this province and *with that*. Finally, he being determined to remain at the head of the Government, it behoved him to obey the king's behest, yet at the same time to act without "uncovering the crown," which his own pride, his apparent deference to constitutional observances, would have prevented him from doing in any case.

His new attitude towards the French emperor is explained by his desire to see the programme from the Alps to the Adriatic completed, and he believed that the best way of securing his assistance in driving the Austrians out of Venice would be by giving him the provinces he desired without any more ado.*

One word to his absolutely subservient majority, and Nice at least might have been saved. Had he even

* See Note L.

accepted the proposal for delay, or the other proposition that six members of Parliament should be deputed to watch over the voting at Nice, Garibaldi's birthplace would still belong to Italy; but Cavour overruled all and any such propositions. Nice was handed over to the French police, a governor hostile to the cession was exchanged for a servile agent of Napoleon. Garibaldi was refused the right of interpellation on April 6, and the most eloquent and sensible speech he made in his life was barely listened to. Then, horrible to relate, when he was actually fighting for Italian unity, on Sicilian soil, Sicilian, Neapolitan, Venetian, Roman, Tuscan, and Lombard deputies coolly voted for the sale of his birthplace! The fact that he had treated the rumours of the cession of Nice to France as an idle fable or a Mazzinian scare, rendered the blow, when it fell, doubly hard to bear. He was like one beside himself with grief and indignation; was on the point of setting off for Nice, to arouse his fellow-citizens, when the news of the outbreak of insurrection in Sicily reached Turin, and Garibaldi was assailed on every side by entreaties to lead an army of volunteers to the assistance of their southern brethren. The moment Cavour received the news, he took minute and vast precautions to prevent Garibaldi's departure. Quite other were his political views at that moment. He was straining every nerve to induce the young King of Naples to enter into an alliance with Piedmont, to grant a constitution, to join his forces to those of Piedmont for the total expulsion of Austria from the

peninsula; and here came in that eternal party of action to upset all his plans!

Garibaldi, who never hesitated for a moment in his decision to go to the assistance of the Sicilians if the insurrection held out, cast about in his mind for the best means of ensuring success, and there was a moment when he had almost induced the king to allow him to take off, "under the rose," the brigade commanded by that same Gaetano Sacchi whom he had carried up and down the deck of the *Speranza* on the home voyage from Montevideo in 1848. Sacchi summoned, naturally exulted, as did his officers—all picked men, the majority of whom died later on their country's battle-field—who regarded the news as too good to be true, as, alas! it was. Cavour, Fanti, minister of war, and Farini, whose revolutionary ardour had cooled after his entrance into the Cavourian cabinet, induced the king to put a veto on the project to which he had almost consented; but in the fact of that half-promise we find the why and wherefore of many a future event.

Probably to the king the Sicilian revolution seemed an intervention of Providence for placing the whole continent between Garibaldi and Nice, whose loathing for French rule he better than most men knew. But Cavour was so determined that Garibaldi should not take the bit between his teeth, that, on the mere chance that the insurrection might succeed, he had bidden Fanti secure the co-operation of a general in the Piedmontese service, and laid his plans with La Farina for

a certain subsidy of arms to be placed in the hands of a Sicilian, a true patriot, but utterly incompetent to guide such a forlorn hope to success.

The news from the island varied, though the feverish activity of the islanders never ceased, was never even *intermittent*. For three months of days and hours the preparation for the struggle was carried on. Mazzini had exhausted his last farthing; the manœuvres of the separatists continued; even throughout the Garibaldian ranks it was whispered that the "republican party" had the upper hand in Sicily, that there they would proclaim a separate republic, and create a dualism between Northern and Southern Italy. Heroic chiefs, such as Sirtori, Bixio, Medici, hesitated to counsel, some even dissuaded Garibaldi from risking himself—their only hope and anchor. A letter of Mazzini's on March 2 stung the islanders into immediate action.*

The letter was addressed to the Secret Committee of Messina and Palermo. The former left to the latter the fixing of the day, promising to second it. April 4 was chosen. Twenty-four hours before the time fixed, by a mischance the insurrection broke out in the Convent of the Gancia. The insurgents were overcome, and, besides those killed in the street fights, the king's representatives executed thirteen in cold blood; all men belonging to the working classes, which proves how the unitarian idea had at last permeated the masses. The surviving insurgents took to the mountains, where the mountaineers fed and kept watch for them, so that when

* See Note M.

Rosalino and Corrao landed, on the 9th, they were passed on from province to province by the revolutionary committees, and soon found themselves at the head of bands of *picciotti*, and were joined by the notabilities of the island. But to Genoa came the news that the insurrection was suppressed, and the news was credited by the king, who, with Cavour and Farini, was making a tour through Central Italy, then in all the enthusiasm of the honeymoon. But later came a telegram: "The insurrection, crushed in the city, is spreading through the provinces." Then came back the owner and captain of Rosalino Pilo's fishing-boat, with letters full of the certainty of success.

"We count," wrote Pilo to Bertani, on April 12, "on the promised aid. The fate of Italy is about to be decided in the south of the peninsula. We are in arms. The Neapolitans are pouring in volleys of shot and shell into the city of Palermo; Milazzo is in arms. These are facts. I am now on the march for Catania. Tell Medici and Bixio that these are deeds, and not words, and that I had a right to be believed by them when I told them the true state of the island. Barcellona is in arms, and all the towns near to Barcellona and Patti have hoisted the *pure tricolour banner*. For Sicily more than any other province the question of union with Italy is the question of being or not being. I feel that victory will be ours; but you must hasten to our assistance. The time has come to be audacious; not like that coward La Farina, who remains at Turin to play the buffoon. Corrao embraces you."

These letters and the pilot's vivid descriptions of the ferment in the island rearoused all Garibaldi's revolu-

tionary instincts. By dint of journeys, reproofs, and threats, Garibaldi secured a certain sum of money from the Million-of-Muskets Committee, but between Pilate and Herod never a musket could he get hold of. Bixio secured the promise of the patriot shipbuilder and shipowner Rubattino, of the loan of two steamers; he, of course, "playing the corsair" to get hold of them. The idea of the majority had been to go with a mere handful of chosen men as leaders of the revolution, carrying with them as many arms and as much ammunition as they could possibly secure. But Garibaldi, after long and silent communion with himself, decided otherwise; instructed his officers to select from the volunteers who crowded to Genoa not more nor less than a thousand, and gave directions to Bixio for the seizure of the vessels, so that the departure should be accomplished within forty-eight hours. Cavour, now in Turin, informed that the affair was looking up again, sped to Bologna, where he had left the king, in order to secure the exercise of his authority to hinder the expedition. There he found Fanti, who agreed with him that an expedition starting from the states of the King of Piedmont to the assistance of Sicilian rebels would seriously compromise the Government and the king with France, especially as but three days previously he had assured Baron Talleyrand that the project was abandoned. But they found that the king was not at all inclined to oppose Garibaldi in this matter. The ministry insisted, on the contrary, on his immediate arrest. "*Who would undertake that mission?*" quoth the king. "If no one

else dares," answered Cavour, "I will go myself, and perform the office." *

This the king utterly declined to permit, so Cavour was fain to content himself with allowing the expedition to depart without a single decent musket, and with telegraphing to Admiral Persano to arrest the two steamers if for any reason whatsoever they touched at any port of Sardinia or the continent.

Shall we add to these incontrovertible facts the threadworn phrase, "King Victor was more patriotic than his ministers"? Once one wrote such things in good faith, but the aftermath of facts shows that what an irresponsible king could venture not to prevent, a responsible minister could not dare to allow. Not even the relief of having Garibaldi off his hands during the final debate on Nice could make it seem "opportune" in Cavour's eyes to let loose such a firebrand on Southern Europe. But with the "scene of Monzambano" ever in his memory, he took care not to incur again the king's displeasure.

It remains proven in any case that Garibaldi, unaided by the Government, nay, defrauded of his own war material, trusting only to his chosen "hearts of oak," effected the miracle in which the first Napoleon had failed, even as Murat, the Bandiera brothers, and Carlo Pisacane had also failed—he crossed the seas and effected a successful landing in an enemy's country, passing through the enemy's fleet, and marching to the mouth of his guns. This miracle was performed by the

* Chiala quotes this version, given by many narrators.

cabin-boy of Nice, between May 5, when he left Quarto, and May 11, when he landed at Marsala.

NOTES.

NOTE A (p. 168).—In his letter to the king from Baden, July 24, giving the details of his interview with Napoleon at Plombières, Cavour devotes exactly six of the fourteen pages to the project of Clotilde's marriage with Prince Napoleon, showing that he knew how repugnant was the idea to the heart of the father and the pride of the king. He exhausts every argument; exalts the good qualities of the prince; recalls the unhappy lives of the four daughters of Victor Emmanuel I., all married to reigning sovereigns or to crown princes—the fact that in all Europe there was not a Catholic prince royal in the market, that if the alliance were not broken off it would be lukewarm, that the prince would become an implacable enemy, etc. The king never made a greater sacrifice, for he loved his women children, and boasted that a *mésalliance* had never been made by his House (morganatic marriages not counting). Cavour preferred writing to speaking to his Majesty on this subject, and no wonder. It was left for Clotilde to decide, and she made “the sacrifice” as became a daughter of the House of Savoy. When it was a question of the cession of Savoy itself, it is rumoured that she said, “As the child is given, the cradle may follow!” but we fancy that those who attribute the bitter sarcasm to the king himself are nearer the truth.

NOTE B (p. 169).—The kingdom of Italy would thus consist of Piedmont, 4,332,272 inhabitants; Venetian Lombardy, 5,503,473; states of the Duke of Este, 598,996; Duchy of Parma, 495,840; states of the Church to the west of the Apennines, 1,937,184. As these latter involved political and religious questions, they might or might not be annexed. It would seem that the question of Nice depended on the solution of this question (“Chiala,” vol. iii. p. 32).

NOTE C (p. 173).—These and similar phrases still pass current with regard to the conduct of the English Conservative party towards the Italians in the days of their struggle. It is but an application of “Give a dog a bad name.” Certainly, the Derby Government

neither encouraged Cavour to make war against Austria, nor promised assistance in case war broke out, as in two separate instances Lord Clarendon did. But any one who takes the trouble to peruse the Blue Book of January to May, 1859, will see that the English Government only did what it was in duty bound to do, to endeavour to prevent a war in which the whole of Europe might easily have been involved. This by giving notice "to whom it might concern," that the first peace-breakers would be left in the lurch. The French emperor, whose ambitious designs Lord Derby always, and now Lord Malmesbury suspected, was informed that, having no ground for quarrel with Austria, seeing that he could take no exception to her occupation of Central Italy as long as the French troops remained in Rome, he would lay himself open, should he encourage Sardinia in waging war, to the suspicion that he aimed at the abolition of existing treaties and the redistribution of the map of Europe. His Majesty answered, "I regret that Lombardy should be in the possession of Austria, but I do not dispute the right of the latter. I respect existing treaties, because they are the only landmarks we have; so long as Austria remains within her own frontiers, she is, of course, mistress to do as she pleases. With regard to Sardinia, if she provoke hostilities unjustly and place herself in the wrong, she must expect no support from me." The British Government remonstrated with Austria for pouring such large reinforcements into Italy—suggested that it was her interference in Central Italy, her encouragement to the minor independent states to continue their tyrannical measures, which occasioned their perennial insurrections there. On which Austria answered that she had a right, by the treaty of Vienna, which ensured to Austria the reversion of those provinces, to intervene in any state where her aid was asked for, and that the proposal to change this arrangement was a most dangerous doctrine subversive of the treaty of 1815.

In March, Cardinal Antonelli informed the French and Austrian Governments that his Holiness the pope, feeling that he no longer required foreign support in his dominions, would request the simultaneous withdrawal of the Austrian and French troops from his dominions. A formal demand was made, a few days later, for the early and complete evacuation of the Papal States by the French and Austrian troops. The two imperial governments declared their readiness to comply with the wishes of the pope. When the

question of a congress was mooted, Austria pretended that the minor states of Central Italy should be admitted. Lord Malmesbury, on March 19, writes to Lord Loftus, "I explained to your lordship, in my telegram of to-day, that if other Italian states are admitted to take part in the proposed congress, it would not be possible to exclude Sardinia; and the only ground on which that exclusion can be justified is that the congress is strictly confined to the five great powers, and your lordship will at once perceive that if Sardinia is admitted, all the other Italian states must also be received, which would give an undue preponderance to Austria." A little later he repeats "that it will be unjust, therefore impossible, to exclude Sardinia from taking part in the conference if the other Italian states are to be represented in it. Her Majesty's Government could not consent to such a course." They accept the idea of a congress in a neutral town, but prefer a conference. The discussions to be confined to four points: evacuation; reform; security of Sardinia against Austrian attack; substitution of a plan for the internal security of the small states in place of the treaties with Austria of 1847.

Again in a despatch of March 21, Lord Malmesbury explains to Sir James Hudson, "that it would be unwise for Sardinia to be represented at the conference, since in this case Austria would insist on the five other Italian states being equally represented in it, and would thereby secure for herself five more votes, whereas if Sardinia were not admitted, Austria could not insist that the rest should be so. Her Majesty would be glad to see both Austria and Sardinia disarmed; Austria engaging not to attack Sardinia, England and France guaranteeing Sardinia from invasion on the part of Austria." When Austria refused to admit Sardinia at all at the conference while the other Italian states were to be invited, our Government answered point-blank that they would not attend such a congress or conference on such terms. Clearly in this conduct there is nothing hostile to Sardinia. These negotiations only served as a pastime during the spring armaments, as Sardinia was resolved to make war against Austria, having first provoked her to attack, in which case France was bound by the formal treaty of January to come to the rescue. Had the British Government really been hostile to Italy, they would have recalled Sir James Hudson, whom they considered "more Italian than the Italians themselves," from Turin; indeed, when he was summoned to

England, on April 3, he left Italy "in a most dejected state"—took leave of Cavour, saying it was doubtful whether he would ever see him again. But the object of his recall was merely to ascertain what was the real position of affairs. Sir James told the Government frankly that, should a congress be called without the admission of Sardinia, or should Sardinia disarm, send back the soldiers on furlough to their homes, and dismiss the volunteers, general revolution in Lombardy and the central states would be the inevitable result. He pointed out that if the intelligent and really benevolent attempts made by Maximilian in Lombardy had failed to soften the hatred of the Lombards to Austrian rule, nothing could effect that, as 10,000 youths belonging to the first families had, with imminent peril to their lives, escaped into Piedmont; who, as it was impossible to send them back, if they could not be enrolled in the Piedmontese army, would furnish a powerful contingent to the revolution. All this, the repeated proofs of "the broken promises, the falseness of the emperor," made it clear to our Government that all hopes of hindering the war were at an end. Still they determined not to be dragged into being accessories before the war, whatever they might be obliged to become afterwards, but were meanwhile thoroughly tired "of running from one to the other like an old aunt trying to make up family squabbles." Austria's ultimatum put an end to their perplexities and to their Government. After the dissolution of Parliament, the fact that Austria had been the first to attack was used by the Opposition to prove that she had all along been the aggressor, and that it was the fault of the British Government for not keeping her in order that the war took place. On June 11, Lord Derby's Government was beaten by a majority of thirteen, so that all the negotiations which took place from that date until the end of the Sicilian campaign fell to the Liberal Government of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. That they valiantly defended the cause of Italy and constitutional government, is delightfully true; but it is also true that, if we except one or two statesmen "with a craze," such as Lord Normanby, Disraeli, etc., no British Government from the time of the first Lord Canning has opposed or not desired the constitutional liberty and independence of Italy, while many assisted in its attainment.

NOTE D (p. 173).—On arriving at Paris, Walewsky abruptly informed Cavour that the emperor was determined upon coming to

terms with Austria, and preventing Italy from disturbing the peace of Europe. The emperor and Lord Cowley endeavoured vainly "to bring the count to reason." "Too late," was his only reply. "Cavour," writes the Prince Consort to the King of the Belgians on April 5, "refuses absolutely to disarm, and threatens to provoke a war, whether at Paris they are pleased or displeased. He has in his pocket promises of aid made in writing at an earlier date; from these promises he refuses to release the emperor, who is on a bed of thorns." Naturally this state of things reacted on the relations between Cavour and the volunteers, whose hopes had been raised beyond what the real pledges made or the promises given by the Government justified. With the exception of General Cialdini, every person in power was against Garibaldi and the volunteers. "The treatment of Garibaldi is a perfect mockery," writes Bertani to Panizzi; "the Government is frightened out of its wits at the idea of giving arms to any who are not actually enrolled in the ranks of the army. They are afraid of his name, of his influence; they hate to hear him acclaimed as the leader of all the Italians who cluster here from the other states; they are afraid that his troops will increase on their march—that the volunteer corps will acquire too much glory and sympathy, distract attention from and diminish the importance of the Piedmontese army. Cavour seems above all these littlenesses, but Lamarmora and the *Gianduja* (the old Piedmontese party) are inflexible, inaccessible. Garibaldi is disgusted, and his lieutenants, Medici, Pasi, etc., who enjoined upon us to neither censure nor even to criticize the Piedmontese Government, but to remain perfectly passive, trusting Italian interests to it exclusively, are now irritated and disgusted." Bertani was right in saying that Cavour was above the littlenesses of his colleagues, but he himself confessed that at times he was at the end of his wits, especially when in April the emperor pledged himself to secure the disarmament of Piedmont. "It looks as if we are not going to have war after all," he writes, "in which case the Italian cause, which seemed so near a favourable solution, is lost. The emperor is either a traitor or he is deceived. In forcing us to disarm he has done us irreparable harm."

NOTE E (p. 179).—Bertani, who was with Garibaldi from first to last, writes in his diary: "Not only Lamarmora, but the entire bureaucracy took an artful pleasure in detaining material destined

for Garibaldi. From General Lamarmora we received some scant material for the ambulance, the regimental cases of instruments, the knapsacks for the surgeons; stretchers I could never even get sight of. It was repugnant to the commissariat staff to consign the least portion of the scant material demanded. They shook their heads as those who obey under protest, muttering, 'Material for Garibaldi! material wasted!'" But when Lamarmora accompanied the king to the field, and Bertani sent his colleague Pietro Maestri direct to Cavour, the minister made every effort to satisfy the modest demands for instrument-cases, stretchers, and cacolets; and, as the energetic chief of the ambulance himself requisitioned mules, the ambulance was posted in the order of the day as being "in admirable condition."

NOTE F (p. 192).—When the Tuscans, having given the grand duke "notice to quit," proclaimed their annexation to Piedmont, the emperor at once opposed it, saying to Pepoli, "If the annexations cross the Apennines, unity will become an accomplished fact, *and unity I will not permit*; I mean merely that Italy shall be independent. Her unity would create difficulties for me in France herself, on account of the Roman question. Moreover, France would be seriously displeased to see a great nation which would lessen her preponderance arise beside her." And, later to Lord Cowley, "The annexation of Tuscany to Sardinia is an utter impossibility." When Cavour, as late as August 9, suggested that a compromise might be found in creating a separate state, with a liberal government free from Austria, Ricasoli answered, "Never! Tuscany is to become part and portion of one Italy."

NOTE G (p. 195).—At the outbreak of the war, Mazzini and a few hundred patriots signed a protest against the French alliance, declaring that it was immoral to fight under the orders of the murderer of the Roman Republic, pledging themselves at the same time to fight under the king as soon as he should free himself or be freed from the fatal alliance, making no question of a republic, but frankly accepting monarchy. Alberto Mario, one of the signers, returning from New York just as the peace of Villafranca was concluded, wrote an article in Mazzini's own paper, *Pensiero ed Azione*, calling upon the whole party to redeem their pledge. The article, entitled "The Duties of the Republicans," ends thus: "Republican brothers, Let us preserve our republican creed, our political faith, our right to

continue its peaceful propaganda respecting the freely expressed will of the nation. But now let us all frankly and loyally take up arms under Victor Emmanuel DUCE; it is our duty. Italy, July 25. **ALBERTO MARIO.**" Garibaldi wrote a most affectionate letter, inviting us to his head-quarters, and asking Alberto to enter his corps of guides, which he was on his way to do when Cipriani arrested him. Mazzini, a month later, wrote a magnificent letter to the king, assuring him that if he would put himself at the head of the nation to unite Italy, he would be loyally supported by the republicans. "All parties," he said, "would thus be extinguished; the only things left in Italy would be the people and yourself. Be dictator during the war, king of the whole of Italy afterwards if you choose, and may God bless you and the nation by you united!" The letter made a great impression upon Victor Emmanuel, who requested Brofferio, the celebrated advocate and historian of Piedmont, to bring about an interview between Mazzini and himself. To which Mazzini agreed on the conditions that the king should pledge his word to unite Central Italy at once to Piedmont without consulting Napoleon or any other foreigner; to second a movement in the south of Italy as soon as insurrection should break forth; and that at a fitting time the regular army with the revolutionary forces should renew the war against Austria until the last foreigner should be expelled from the Peninsula. No ambiguous terms were to be admitted; "we cannot accept *union* or *progressive unification*; nothing short of one united Italy." The king declared to Brofferio that "Italy" should exist at any cost," but did not, of course, give any of the required pledges. The recall of Garibaldi from the Catto-lica, and subsequent events, put an end to all negotiations. With Cavour's return to power the alliance between Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon was strengthened, and the terror with which Mazzini's very name inspired the emperor, spurred on Cavour, who needed no encouragement to renew "his war to the death" against Mazzini and all real or supposed Mazzinians.

NOTE H (p. 200).— All the provinces of Central Italy make public demonstrations against the restoration of their ancient rulers, affirming their will to form part of a strong kingdom of Italy. July 19: Garibaldi resigned his command in the Sardinian army, and came to take the command of the Tuscan army stationed in Modena. The emperor, in a grandiloquent speech, informed the presidents

of the grand corps of the State that "the king of Piedmont, *called* the guardian of the Alps, had *seen* his provinces freed from invasion and the frontiers of his states extended from the Ticino to the Mincio."

20th: New Piedmontese ministry. President and minister of war, Lamarmora; foreign office, Dabormida; home office, Rattazzi, etc.

28th: Farini, royal commissary of Modena, resigns, but is acclaimed dictator by his fellow-citizens and the national guard, and an offensive and defensive league established between Modena, Tuscany, and the Legations. The dictator convokes as electors all the citizens of twenty-one years of age. Lord John Russell tries in vain to ascertain whether it was decided that Austria was not to use force for the restoration of the ex-rulers. Napoleon is constrained to say that no agreement was come to on the subject. August 1: Boncompagni, royal commissary, resigning, Bettino Ricasoli is named president of the ministry. Massimo d'Azeglio resigns in Bologna. Colonel Cipriani, a Corsican, is named governor by the municipality; he convokes an assembly. Cipriani arrests Rosalino Pilo; Alberto Mario and other patriots giving out to the populace that they are spies of Austria.

13th: The Tuscan Assembly declares the dynasty of Hapsburg Lorraine, whose members on April 27 abandoned Florence, and reappeared in the Austrian camp, absolutely incompatible with the order and felicity of Tuscany, hence that Tuscany will neither recall nor receive any member of the dynasty of Lorraine; this although Leopold II. had offered to abdicate in favour of his son. On the 16th, the Assembly declares that the will of Tuscany is to form part of a strong kingdom of Italy, under the constitutional sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. Cobden, on the 18th, affirmed that England ought only to take part in the proposed Congress in case the Italians be allowed to regulate their own affairs without the interference of any other powers.

19th: Plebiscite in Parma for union with Piedmont; 63,403 ayes, 506 noes. September 3: the Tuscan deputation, with Baron Ricasoli at its head, presents the king with the unanimous vote of Tuscany. The king *receives* the vote, does not *accept* it, using the verb *accogliere* instead of *accettare*; promises to support their cause before the powers.

6th: At Bologna, the Assembly affirms that the Romagna will no longer submit to the temporal power. A violent article appears in the *Moniteur* against the populations of Central Italy, for thwarting the arrangements made at Villafranca, where it was agreed that the dukes and archdukes should be restored. Assembly of Bologna votes annexation with

Piedmont; the Assembly of Parma votes the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty and the perpetual exclusion of any prince of that house, the annexation of the Parmesan provinces to Piedmont under the sceptre of the glorious dynasty of Savoy; confirms the dictatorship of Farini. 15th: The deputations of Parma and Modena present themselves to the king, who uses the same words in his answer: "*Io accolgo* [I receive] the vote of the people as a fresh manifestation of their resolve to save their native land from the painful consequences of foreign subjection." He promises to intercede for them, etc. All the English press is in favour of Italy and Piedmont, the burden of the song being, "Before England decides on uniting her efforts with those of France, it must be seen clearly whether France means to take sides with Austria or with Italy." 24th: To the Bolognese deputation offering the unanimous vote of the provinces of Romagna, the King speaks "as a Catholic prince, who in all circumstances retains profound and unalterable reverence for the Supreme Head of the Church," and meanwhile receives their votes (*accolgo*). 27th: The King of Naples concentrates on the frontier 15,000 men. 28th: The Sardinian government addresses a memorandum to the powers, showing that the restoration of the ancient dynasties is a moral impossibility, and that the annexation of the duchies to Piedmont would not disturb the equilibrium of Europe. 29th: Lord John Russell assures parliament that England will not take part in a Congress unless the right of the Italians to govern themselves without foreign intervention be previously recognized. October 1: The pope, on reading the answer of the king to the deputation of the Romagna, consigns his passports to the Count of Minerva, Sardinian minister at Rome, who receives the visiting cards of 10,000 Roman citizens. 2nd: At Bologna the public acts are headed, "Reigning Victor Emmanuel," etc. The "*Statuto*" is proclaimed; the officials take the oath of fidelity. 13th: Garibaldi opens a subscription for the purchase of a million of muskets. 17th: France and Austria sign the treaty of peace.

NOTE I (p. 200).—From the first Garibaldi had kept up a correspondence on his own account with the king. On August 17, he wrote from Modena, "I have the honour to inform your Majesty that I am here at the head of the forces of the duchies, and that I shall feel proud (*superbo*) whensoever your Majesty shall deign to honour me with your commands. The Tuscan division is to-day

named the eleventh division of the Italian army." Later he informs the king that the Duke of Modena, then at Verona, had in his pay 4000 soldiers taken from the Austrian reserves, and that it would be well if his Majesty would authorize the entire corps of the Hunters of the Alps to join him in Central Italy.

Cipriani had given a peremptory order to Fanti to start for Rimini, to withdraw the troops from the frontier, and concentrate them at Forli, because he wrote, "The revolution is about to break out in the Marches; and I insist upon your hindering at any cost the intervention of our troops, which I intend at once to send to their winter quarters for organization." On the receipt of this insolent telegram, Fanti offered his resignation; but the Assembly of Bologna, in special sitting, so severely blamed the conduct of Cipriani that he was compelled to withdraw from the general government of the Romagna, which Farini was invited to assume, forming with the duchies one *sole state* entitled the Royal Provinces of Emilia. On this he withdrew his resignation, and the troops under the orders of Garibaldi remained at the frontier, Frapolli, Fanti's minister of war, sending arms, ammunition, and all that was necessary for the projected invasion of the Papal States. On October 1, Garibaldi having issued his appeal to the nation "for a subscription to purchase a million of muskets," among the names of the first subscribers figured those of Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Mazzini. Bertani, arriving at Modena on the 4th, finds Fanti, Farini, and Garibaldi on the most friendly terms; and on the same day Garibaldi is summoned by Fanti to Rimini, "where," writes Guerzoni, "so far from withdrawing the orders for the promotion of the insurrection beyond the frontier, it was actively pushed on, even as were the preparations for invasion from our side of the frontier, while Garibaldi, interrogated by his officers, made answer, 'It is not unlikely that we shall be attacked, but even if we are not, the occasion for marching ahead will probably not be wanting.'"

NOTE J (p. 202).—When the news of the imbroglio reached Turin, the king sent for Garibaldi, and between them it was arranged that he, assuming the entire responsibility, should return to Central Italy, and that Fanti be advised to resign, because still on the rolls of the Sardinian army. So the king wrote to Fanti on October 29, 1859—

"DEAR GENERAL,—I fear that in Central Italy things may happen to disturb the present order of affairs, and I have serious reasons

for believing that the command of the troops will be withdrawn from you and from Garibaldi. Hence it seems to me best that you should tender your resignation and return to me here. Suggest the same line of conduct to Garibaldi, and in case he should refuse, *leave to him the responsibility of whatever may happen.*—VICTOR EMMANUEL."

Cavour happened to reach Turin on the very day that this letter was written. Fanti was at that time a man after his own heart; the idea that the affairs of Central Italy should be left in the hands of Garibaldi or even of Farini, "nourished with the milk of revolution, in whose veins revolutionary blood still flowed vigorously," terrified him, and he wrote to Lamarmora as follows:—"Arrived at Turin to buy horses, I hear of the gravest things which may produce fatal consequences: the king has sent an order to Fanti to resign. If this happens, I consider everything lost, and the responsibility of the disaster will fall upon the king and his ministers. I supplicate you to suspend by telegraph the execution of this deplorable measure. I have never been so convinced of anything in the world as of what I now write to you. I repeat that I supplicate you to defer the consignment of the king's letter until we have spoken together." The result we find in a letter of Minghetti's to Cavour on the evening of that same 29th: "Lamarmora has read your letter; he was somewhat perturbed, but concluded that he could not take it upon himself to oppose a mission given by the king. He will consult with Rattazzi after the council. La Farina will come to you to-morrow morning at a quarter to six; he knows everything except the king's discourse to Garibaldi about Cipriani." On October 19, Garibaldi received from Fanti the following instructions in writing:—"To hold himself on the defensive; to repel the papal troops should they attack; to pursue them beyond the frontier as far as it might seem prudent, on which all the other troops of the league would be sent up in support. Should an entire province, or even a single city in Umbria or the Marches rise in insurrection, unite itself to the Romagna, and ask for aid and protection to avoid the fate that had befallen Perugia and to maintain public order, arms and armed men should be sent to the insurgents. Finally, should the enemy attempt to regain by force the insurgent provinces or cities, the troops of the League were to defend them energetically, nor to desist from hostilities against the papal troops until they had occupied all the ground deemed necessary to guarantee their security.

Garibaldi, enchanted, obeyed instantly. When counter-orders were given and enforced, he quitted Bologna simply to avoid civil war.

NOTE K (p. 220).—While Cavour's unseemly haste to return to power paralyzed the government, and in more than one instance seriously compromised events, it must be admitted that the war waged against his return by Rattazzi's partisans was both ungenerous and excessive. That was not the moment for raking up old grievances about "grain-storing" and excessive protection granted to "industries in which he was a sharer," nor for demonstrations of the superiority of Rattazzi in questions of internal liberty. For liberty pure and simple the people (beginning with the Piedmontese, intent on independence) had no care at that moment. All that would come when the Austrians should have recrossed the Alps and the French should have quitted Rome. What they wanted was a renewal of the war, a decent stand-up yet not ungrateful attitude to France—this they expected from Cavour. Hence the reaction against the "Liberi Comizi" founded by Brofferio, Sineo, etc. It was a sad pity that Garibaldi should have been drawn into the squabble. He only accepted thinking "to reconcile good patriots," and, let the truth be spoken, because anything that tended to add popularity to the Rattazzi-Lamarmora Government found favour in the king's eyes.

Frequent were his interviews with the king and with Rattazzi during the months of December, 1859, and January, 1860. On January 2 he wrote from Turin to Malenchini, "I am here full of hopes, but I will not enter into details concerning them until at least a portion of them are realized. Victor Emmanuel is always the same *galantuomo* in whom we can confide entirely. If Providence should, as I hope it will, surround him with men to aid him in his holy mission, we shall complete our work." But on January 5, Carrano, chief of Garibaldi's staff and able historian of the campaign of 1859, writes to Bertani, "I have seen our general, who said to me sadly, '*Un autre coup manqué!*'" And Garibaldi on the same day writes, "MY DEAR MEDICI,—Once again I have preached to the desert. I was just on the point of organizing the national guard in Lombardy as a reserve for the active army, and this very day I was to have received brevets and instructions; instead of this, foreign diplomacy, fomented by Cavour, etc., have signified to the king that there must not be in the state *autre force, ou pouvoir, ou personnes armées, que l'armée*

du roi. You will be amazed to learn that Hudson, the English ambassador, interrogated by me, gave me the same answer. This proves that he, together with the other members of the diplomatic family, have imposed the above-mentioned condition on Victor Emmanuel. You know that I was invited by the Liberals of Turin to act as mediator between them. After some hesitation, I consented, the association of the Armed Nation was formed, and I was named president. The Cavourian party raised the devil in order to baffle this project, and they have succeeded to their hearts' content. You must give this by no means good news to our friends."

"Our friends," Medici himself included, were by no means edified by this *imbroglio*, considering justly that Garibaldi's immense prestige ought to be most jealously reserved, and not traded upon for the benefit of one political party or another. And Bertani, outspoken at all times, seems to have conveyed these sentiments to the general, who, on the ill-fated day of his second marriage with the Marchesa Raimondi, thus answers from Fino on the 24th of January :

"MY DEAR BERTANI,—You say that you are rather mortified, but I do not in the least understand why. I myself feel somewhat hurt by your letter, in which you address reproofs to me that I feel are unmerited. I do not know how our subscription for arms will go now that Cavour has returned to power, and I have not the least doubt that at this very moment they are plotting schemes for taking the money and material out of our hands. [Garibaldi guessed but too truly.] I have sent Colonel Türr to the king, but I have little hope left. We shall see. In any case you can assure our friends of Southern Italy that I am always at their service when they are really decided upon action, and that all the arms I may possess will also be at their disposition, to be put to a profitable use. From the letters which you sent me I see that all are really anxious for action, and God knows how impatient I am to take the field once more against our country's foes. Remember me to all friends."

Before leaving the continent, after his separation from his one-day bride, Garibaldi passed a day at Genoa with Bertani, and made arrangements with him to have such arms as had been purchased in Milan to be transferred to Genoa.

Unfortunately, Cavour had been given to understand, by La Farina and his brethren in mischief-making, that the moving spring of Garibaldi's actions had been to prevent his return to power; hence, when he accepted the king's reluctant summons, his heart

was full of bitterness towards Garibaldi and all the "party of action."

NOTE L (pp. 226, 227).—It is now known that Victor Emmanuel kept foreign politics after Villafranca as much as possible in his own hands. As early as October, he, through his own intimate agents, had been given clearly to understand by Napoleon that the pound of flesh would be required of him; that though Venetia was left to Austria, he (the king), "contrary to agreement," had received the votes of Modena and Tuscany; hence he (the emperor) meant to afford the populations of Savoy and Nice also an opportunity of recording their votes. Neither the Italian Parliament nor the protest of Europe could prevent the annexation if the king chose that Nice and Savoy would be his, and friendship between the two. If not? Well, then, no one could prevent the Duke of Modena from fighting for his own, and as for the legations, France was the defender of holy Mother Church, etc.

So King Victor, who considered himself the master of the old provinces, answered, without haggling or shuffling, "You shall have Savoy and Nice; but let the thing be done decently and in order." This the king told to Rattazzi, who could not be brought to view the sacrifice of Nice with equanimity. He also told Cavour at the moment that he entrusted him with the formation of the ministry, of his pledge, and Cavour knew that from that decision there was no appeal. Hence he took the whole burden, the responsibility, the unpopularity; on his own shoulders; the king was supposed to be a passive agent, nay, a victim who sacrificed the cradle of his race for the good of Italy. When Garibaldi called Cavour the trafficker of his birthplace, the minister kept silence. Nor to his most intimate friend does he seem to have implicated the king.

We abstain from quoting any of his diplomatic letters. A private one to an intimate friend, written on March 11, suffices: "In signing a secret treaty for the cession of two provinces, I commit a highly unconstitutional act, which might have serious consequences for me. If the Chamber of Deputies were composed of a majority like Carutti and Dabormida, I should run the risk of being accused of high treason, and of being condemned, if not, like Stafford, to lose my head, assuredly, like Polignac and Peyronnet, to some years in a fortress. Despite this conviction, I have not hesitated to advise the king to put his signature to the treaty of which I accept the entire responsibility."

NOTE M (p. 230).—This famous letter is given the place of honour in the illustrated publication of May 27, 1885, issued by the municipality of Palermo on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Garibaldi's entry. "This important document," write the promoters of the commemoration, "determined the method and the instantaneousness of the insurrection." We give the most important extracts.

"I confess," Mazzini writes, "that I no longer recognize in the Sicilians of to-day the revolutionists of 1848. Courage and daring are still your attributes; hence I attribute your immobility to an intellectual illusion. If you are still under the influence of La Farina and his society, I can only pity your blindness. The fact that Garibaldi has abandoned him ought to have illuminated you. And here I repeat to you, what we have preached and published for the last two years—there is no longer any question of a republic or a monarchy, but simply and solely of national unity, 'to be or not to be,' to remain dismembered and slaves to the will of a foreign despot, French or Austrian, it is all one; to be ourselves, to be free, and to be respected as such by all Europe, or to be held, as heretofore, inexperienced, hesitating children. If Italy desires monarchy under the House of Savoy, be it so; if, once made, Italy acclaim liberators the king and Cavour, be it so; what we all now will is that Italy be made, and Italy can only be made by her own inspiration and action. . . . What are you waiting for? Can you honestly say that you expect Cavour, the king, or Louis Napoleon will come and give you liberty? Let us, for the sake of argument, suppose that they desire it: how can they do it? They cannot take the initiative; at the utmost they can recognize, even aid, the accomplished fact. . . . Once you have arisen and emancipated yourselves, the Sardinian Government will be compelled to aid you, and Victor Emmanuel to become your king. . . . Farini is of the same opinion. Garibaldi is pledged to come to the rescue. . . . Louis Napoleon, on the other hand, is impotent for harm. A European war hangs over his head; he may threaten the king to oppose him, but oppose him he cannot. He is compelled to recognize accomplished facts. The accomplished facts are the votes for annexation in the Romagna and in Tuscany; Tuscany's rejection of Napoleon Bonaparte proposed by Louis Napoleon's agents to the king.*

* When the grapes proved out of reach, they were found sour; but both the Marquis Laiatico and Vincenzo Salvagnoli impressed

"These facts deliberately, obstinately opposed beforehand, were accepted as a necessity when accomplished. To-day, as ever, 'he has who wills.' I know that there is a party among you which labours for a constitutional federation, prates of a constitution with the king of Naples or with a member of his family. Be warned. Of all alternatives this is the worst. It would deprive you of assistance from the north, of the sympathies of Italy, leave you to combat alone against all the forces of the Bourbons. A movement made in this sense would be abandoned, betrayed, crush you prostrate more than ever beneath the yoke. In God's name dare, but dare in the name of national unity—that is the condition *sine quâ non*. One moment of supreme energy; call Italy the nation to your aid; she will come. Warn us of your decision."

As we have seen, the insurgents executed on April 14 were men of the people, but among the conspirators were nobles, merchants, students, priests; no class prejudices, no predilection for a republic or for monarchy impelled them, but the conviction that no amelioration or change of their intolerable state could be effected separately, that they must stand or fall with Italy; hence in the name of one Italy they stood to do or die. As in Palermo, so in Messina, Catania, Syracuse. When the insurrection was quelled in the cities, the insurgents took to the mountains. But there is little doubt that the King of Naples—who at the first outbreak had reinforced the troops in the island, so that in May there were 50,000, with twenty-four frigates and 700 guns—would in the end have triumphed, but for the timely arrival of Rosalino's announcement of Garibaldi's coming ere he came, and then the actual descent of Fortune's Benjamin, of Victory's last-born son.

upon Cavour, at the very commencement of the war, that a throne in Central Italy for Prince Napoleon was meditated. He went in haste to Alessandria to dissuade the emperor from such a step. Cavour was greeted coldly, and for all answer received the following words: "It is not among my designs to place a French prince on the throne of Central Italy. If I do so later, I shall give official diplomatic guarantees to the powers." On this, Cavour gave instructions to Boncompagni to prepare but not to proclaim immediate annexation (confidential dispatch from Cavour to Villamarina, May 21, given by Nic. Bianchi, vol. viii. pp. 93, 94).

VI.

1860.

“VIVA LA TÀLIA, E GARIBARDI AMICU!”

Mazzini, Rosalino Pilo, Crispi, Bertani prepare the revolution in Sicily—The sale of Nice—Original letters and documents anent the expedition of the Thousand—Cavour's opposition—King's “let be”—Departure—Landing at Marsala—The British fleet—Letters of Garibaldi—Annexationists, separatists, unitarians—The Orange Gulf—Entry into Naples—Garibaldi and the English—His gift of land for an English church—Battle of the Volturno—Victory along all the line—The king takes possession—Garibaldi sent to the rear—Abdication—Adieu—“To meet again at Rome”—Notes.

THAT welcome to *the Italy* resounding in Rosalino Pilo's ears, as, rushing down at the head of his *picciotti* to join Garibaldi, a bullet pierced his brain, gladdened the death that ended a lifelong, desperate struggle; that “Viva l'Italia!” shouted by the Sicilian people, proclaimed the “*Victory along all the line*” of the idea of Italian unity, and proved that the moral revolution was accomplished before “the Thousand” landed at Marsala.

The Sicilians who had refused the “new religion” so long and obstinately, were subdued at last, and to its service brought the patient, dauntless passion with which for centuries they had defended their autonomy. “God first made the world, then the Straits of Messina, to separate men from imbeciles,” is an old Sicilian

proverb.* A garden ocean-walled, "chosen and kept peculiar ground," was Sicily for the Sicilians. This it was that had made Crispi so chary of summoning Garibaldi until sure that his fellow-countrymen would not repudiate the unitarian flag. And, once landed, he it was who summoned the inhabitants and the syndics of the freed communes to offer Garibaldi the dictatorship of the island. An offer after Garibaldi's own heart truly, and characteristic of himself was the acceptance of the said dictatorship, *in the name of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy*. In thus burning his vessels and nailing his colours to the mast, he sanctioned and sealed the moral revolution proclaimed in the *picciotti's* war-hymn, "Long live Italy and her friend Garibaldi!"

Like forked lightning followed instantly by the thunderbolt, he flashes on Salerno. Then upon the topmost height of Calatifiimi, defeating and dispersing the Bourbon thousands, he exclaims, "Here we found Italian unity, or die!" reaches Alcamo, occupies Partinico, overtops Monreale with his thousands, sends artillery and all impedimenta to Corleone, marches through the night from mount to gully, his followers now "roaring," now silent as death, reaches Parco, glides down cautiously on to the Piana de' Greci, by S. Cristino Marineo. Missilmeri, and alights at Gibilrossa. "To-morrow in Palermo," he says to Bixio—Palermo, occupied by 36,000 chosen troops, 24 frigates, with 700 guns!

"At Palermo, none go out and none come in, all are dumfounded, 'nobody knows nothing;' the sbirri

* See Note A.

slash and slay; tyranny triumphs; suddenly all hearts stand still; lightning cleaves the darkness; there, on the Admiral's Bridge, arrives and crosses Garibaldi with his company."*

Just so, "Garibaldi and his company" arrive, cross the bridge, enter Palermo. The Bourbon troops bombard from ships and forts; the city is laid in ruins, 2000 dead, dying, and wounded; and the royal general promises pardon to Palermo, if she sue for it. Garibaldi, now Sicily incarnate, answers, "We permit you to embark for Naples." The Sicilians shout applause, and sing, "*Viva Vittorin cu la Tàlia una!*"

Besides Garibaldi's own narration of the military campaign of the Two Sicilies, the English readers will find, in Colonel Chambers's "Garibaldi and Italian Unity," a graphic, impartial, and most interesting description of those wonderful events. The personal narrative of C. S. Forbes is trustworthy also, while "H.M.S. *Hannibal* at Palermo and Naples," by Admiral Mundy, is most delightful reading, showing, as it does, how entirely the hearts of Englishmen were with Garibaldi and liberty; how efficiently the British fleet did help him without ever violating the rights of nations.† Any

"A Palermu 'un si nesci e nun si passa,
Ognunu era attirrutu, nun sapia;
E li sbirri facianu spacca e lassa,
Cc' era triumpu di la tirannia;
Ma tutt'a un bottu lu cori cci attassa;
Un lampu l'ha rumputu la scuria,
Ca a lu Ponti di Testi junci e passa
Lu Garibaldi e la sò cumpagnia."

† See Note B.

additions in this line, therefore, would be superfluous. Not so, we think, the publication of the letters which Garibaldi himself wrote to Bertani and others from the moment he had decided on the expedition until astride the mainland, one foot on either sea, dispersing the Bourbon hosts with the breath of his nostrils, he entered the capital, greeted by the people as the expected Messiah.

*“ Venu è Galubardo!
Venu è lu mio bel!”*

These letters we give in chronological order, translating them literally from the originals.*

“ Quarto, April 16, 1860.

“ DEAR BERTANI,—It seems that the news from Sicily is good. Therefore Crispi and Orlandi must be sent to Turin for La Masa and company. I will send Nuvolari to Pavia and Stradella, to collect all our friends and to unite them here in Genoa. If Finzi has not despatched the money and the muskets, some one must be sent to him or to the commission in Milan. In short, we must hold ourselves ready within four or five days if the news continues good. Adieu. Yours, G. GARIBALDI.

“ P.S.—If it be possible, withdraw the powder (stored in magazines under government survey); if not, buy the quantity necessary. It is indispensable to see Mignogna, and tell him that Pellegrini must prepare to go into the Abruzzi to arouse insurrection, to see as many as possible of our friends (of those, I mean, who do not go with us), to send them into Central Italy, in order to rouse the Marches and Umbria, and excite every man of heart to betake himself to those provinces to co-operate with the movement. Vale!

* The original letters are deposited in the Bertani archives at Milan.

“Second P.S.—Send as many individuals as possible along all the frontiers of Tuscany, towards Arezzo, the Cattolica, etc.; and let the youths enter the Pontifical States in bands. If it is not possible to excite insurrection in the Abruzzi, order bands to be formed there; do the same in Calabria. Promote at Naples every sort of demonstration, and, wherever it be possible along the Neapolitan shores, sending some one into the Romagna. I will give letters for Caldesi, Bovi, etc. Let all the above preparations be made in unison with Medici, Sirtori, Besana, Simonetta, etc.”

At this juncture other plans were afloat, set on foot by La Farina, with whom Garibaldi had entirely broken after his conduct at the Cattolica. Bertani, who from first to last did his utmost to avoid dissension and promote union among all parties and patriots, unable, owing to very serious illness, to leave his bed, wrote to Garibaldi from Genoa on April 19—

“DEAR GENERAL,—As I have already informed you, several well-known Sicilians have come here from Turin, with means at their disposal to prepare an expedition for the island.

“Their means and their mandate are derived (as it was easy to suppose) from La Farina; as easy is it to see that one project may thwart the other. I think I have succeeded in putting the case clearly before them.

“Colonel Orsini and La Masa, who have come here expressly, have declared to a person of high character that they intend to start with you, and to place themselves at your orders. La Farina, who is here since yesterday, is ready (these are his words) ‘to put himself on his knees before you.’ This is the report of trustworthy persons this morning. La Farina himself is not decided or disposed

to start. He trusts to Orsini and La Masa. To secure this concord and this fusion of means, I proposed that Orsini should come first to you, then that La Farina should come for you to shake hands with him. So it was decided. Do you accept my proposition? If so, send me two lines, that I may show them to those who are waiting to come and see you. The messenger is my confidential servant."

Garibaldi answers—

"April 19, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—I have no difficulty in seeing La Masa, Orsini, and La Farina. For the rest we must see each other." *

"Genoa, May 5, 1860.

"MY DEAR BERTANI,—Spurred afresh on the scene of our country's events, I entrust the following mission

* "Garibaldi and La Farina met on the 20th," writes Crispi. "By the mediation of common friends, peace was restored between them. The Messinese did not dare to offer direct opposition to an expedition for Sicily; said he needed time, must wait for later news from Sicily, and promised to aid with 1000 muskets should he deem the expedition opportune." But La Farina, whose object was to persuade Cavour that he and he alone was potent in Sicily, wrote to Turin on April 24, "I have been to Genoa. Garibaldi insisted on seeing me, and we had a long conversation on what is to be done for Sicily. He is most desirous to act with me. There is no intelligence between him and the Mazzinians; on the contrary, pronounced discord. The same on the part of Medici, Besana, Bixio, and Sirtori. Under these circumstances, I thought my reconciliation useful." These are direct falsehoods. Garibaldi had not sought La Farina, but agreed to the interview proposed by common friends. The most perfect harmony existed between Garibaldi and the Mazzinians, with Crispi, Pilo's substitute with Mosto, Burlando, Savi, Casaccia, who daily visited Garibaldi at Quarto, and who started with Garibaldi for Sicily, while La Farina remained behind.

to you:—To collect all the means that are possible to co-operate in our enterprise, to endeavour to make the Italians understand that, if we are properly assisted, Italy will be made in a short time and at small expense, but that they will not have done their duty if they limit their efforts to sterile subscriptions; that Italy, free to-day, instead of 100,000 soldiers, ought to arm half a million—a number not disproportionate, surely, to her population, or to the armies of neighbouring states, which have not to conquer their independence; that with such an army, Italy will no longer have need of foreign masters, who under the pretext of liberating, gradually devour her; that wherever Italians are fighting against oppressors, our volunteers must be sent to aid, and provided with the expenses of the journey; that the Sicilian expedition must be aided, not only in Sicily, but in Umbria, in the Marches, in the Sabine territory, in the Neapolitan provinces—wheresoever there are enemies to be combated. I did not counsel the movement in Sicily, but, once the insurrection commenced, I believed it my duty to aid our Sicilian brethren. Our war-cry will be ‘Italy and Victor Emmanuel!’ and I trust that, as of yore, the Italian flag will not be dishonoured. With affection, yours, G. GARIBALDI.

“P.S.—I enclose the account of the money received and expended. You will remit this to the direction (of the Million Muskets) at Milan.—G. GARIBALDI.”

On a separate piece of paper—

“You will publish this letter four days after my departure. Vale!”

Same date (May 5), to King Victor Emmanuel—

“SIRE,—The cry of suffering, which reached my ears from Sicily has stirred my heart, and those of a few hundred

re dovunque si sono

venuti; ora alla mani
obliga d'ajutarti -

in Italia e Vittorio Emanuele
sta notte non riceverà spago-

to 7²⁰

G. Garibaldi

of my old comrades. I did not counsel the insurrectionary movements of my brothers in Sicily, but from the moment that they have arisen, in the name of Italian unity, of which your Majesty is the personification, against the most infamous tyranny of our epoch, I do not hesitate to place myself at the head of the expedition. I well know that I embark on a perilous enterprise, but I put confidence in God, and in the courage and devotion of my companions. Our war-cry will ever be '*Viva the unity of Italy! Viva Vittorio Emmanuele, her first and brave souldier!*' Should we fail, I hope that Italy and liberal Europe will not forget that this enterprise was decided by purely patriotic motives, entirely devoid of selfishness. If we succeed, I shall be proud to grace the crown of your Majesty with this new and most brilliant gem—on the well-understood condition that your Majesty shall oppose any attempt on the part of your counsellors to cede it to the foreigner, as they have done with my native province. I did not communicate my project to your Majesty, fearing lest the reverence which I profess might have succeeded in persuading me to abandon it.* Of your Majesty, sire, the most devoted subject, G. GARIBALDI."

* Same date, May 5, Genoa, to Colonel Medici—

"DEAR MEDICI,—It is better that you remain, and you may be more useful remaining. Bertani, La Farina, the direction at Milan, will furnish you, on the presentation of this letter, with all the means of which you may have need. Not only ought you to make every effort to send

* As we have seen, Garibaldi did inform the king of his intentions at first, but after the half-promise given and withdrawn for the Sacchi Brigade, he abstained from all communication, direct or indirect with his Majesty.

subsidies and arms to Sicily, *but to do the same for the Marches and Umbria, where soon an insurrection will break out, which it will be necessary to assist to the uttermost (a tutta oltranza).* You will tell the Italians to follow you with all confidence; that the hour has struck at length to make this Italy, which we all desire. Teach them, by God! to understand once for all that in many, we shall finish soon, and that our enemies are strong in proportion to our fear and our indifference. Adieu from the heart! Thy GARIBALDI.*

“Talamone, May 8, 1860.

“DEAR BERTANI,—On the night of our departure the two boats entrusted to Profumo, captain of the boats which contained the ammunition, percussion-caps, all the revolver-carbines, 230 muskets, etc., failed to reach the steamers. On the following day we hunted for the boats during several hours in vain, then went on our course. Here our most urgent needs have been supplied, thanks to the goodwill of the authorities of Talamone and Orbetello. You will soon receive other news from us. Meanwhile recover all the material. Yours, with affection, G. GARIBALDI.”

“Salerni, May 13, 1860.

“DEAR BERTANI,—We landed yesterday safely at Marsala. The populations have welcomed us with enthusiasm, and join us in crowds. We shall advance on the capital by short daily marches. I trust that we shall form an *avalanche*. I have found this people better even than I had supposed them to be. Tell the direction of Rubattino's company to reclaim the steamers *Piemonte* and *Lombardo* from our government, which will naturally reclaim them from the Neapolitan government. Let the

* Garibaldi always addressed Medici in the second person singular—gave him the *tu*, as the Italians say.

Non dubitate che
l'isola, ed

trapiù - e diedi
a che propoiz con
l'isvion Gusi.

P. Baribalan

direction of the Million Muskets send us as much arms and ammunition as they can. I do not doubt that other expeditions will be made for this island, and then we shall have still more troops. *Medici ought to occupy himself with the Pontifical States. I gave orders to Zambianchi to place himself at his orders. Let this letter serve for Medici,* the direction, Finzi, Besana. Yours, G. GARIBALDI."

"Calatiformi, May 16, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—Yesterday we combated and conquered. The fight was between Italians—our usual misfortune; but it proved to me how much can be done with this family on the day when we shall see it united. The enemy yielded to the impetus of the bayonets of my old Hunters of the Alps—dressed still as when they quitted their homes; but they fought valorously and did not yield their positions until after fierce hand-to-hand conflicts. The battles we sustained in Lombardy were assuredly less disputed than was yesterday's. The Neapolitan soldiers, when they had exhausted all their cartridges, attacked us with stones like desperadoes.

"To-morrow we proceed to Alcamo. The spirit of the populations is raised to frenzy, and I draw thence the most fortunate prognostications for the cause of our country. Soon we shall give you other news. Yours, G. GARIBALDI.

"P.S.—Let this serve also for Medici."

"Palermo, May 31, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—We are at Palermo. The enemy yet retains a few positions in the city, of which I hope we shall soon also be masters. Stupendous the valour of our Hunters, but they are more than decimated, and we shall need the aid of more of our generous ones. The people are in a state of frenzy. I augur well from this. The Neapolitan general asked me for twenty hours' armistice

to send his wounded on board. At midday hostilities were to have recommenced; but as the time was insufficient for embarking all the wounded and for burying the dead, who are not few, a fresh suspension for three days has been stipulated. Send us, therefore, fresh men, arms, and ammunition, and soon we shall complete the work commenced. Adieu! Your G. GARIBALDI."

"Cabinet of the Dictator, Palermo, June 3, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—I not only authorize you to contract a loan of any amount for Sicily, but also to contract any amount of debt, as here we have immense means, and are in a position to satisfy all the world (meaning all creditors). Send us, then, ammunition and armed men, all that you can. Yours ever, G. GARIBALDI."

"Palermo, June 8, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—Our affairs go marvellously. We are masters of the city. The Neapolitan troops are embarking. We are busy organizing our army. Send this to the 'direction' of Milan. Yours, G. GARIBALDI."

"Palermo, June 10, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—I give you full powers to represent me. Send me 30,000 muskets, if they are good, and all the material that serves for soldiers. Affairs go well. Yours, G. GARIBALDI."

To Enrico Brusco, who forwarded to Garibaldi the terms proposed for a national loan—

"General Command of the National Army,

"Palermo, June 10, 1860.

"I authorize you to contract a loan, the larger the better, so come to an understanding with Bertani, whom I endow *with unlimited powers* * and who is freely authorized to use my name. Yours, G. GARIBALDI."

* These letters conferring "unlimited powers" on Bertani were

“General Command of the National Army,

“Palermo, June 17, 1860.

“DEAR BERTANI,—I confirm to you the authorization to contract a loan of fifty millions in my name and in the name of Sicily, to collect as many shares as possible for our cause, to purchase and send me as many arms as possible. Yours, G. GARIBALDI.”

“General Command of the National Army,

“Palermo, June 22, 1860.

“DEAR BERTANI,—Captain De Rohan will arrive with the *Washington*, to embark our volunteers, and bring them to Sicily. Concert with this captain the method of embarkation, and help him as much as you can, so that he may make his (return) voyage speedily. G. GARIBALDI.”

“General Command of the National Army,

“Palermo, June 29, 1860.

“DEAR BERTANI,—Send me as many muskets as you can as soon as possible, with flannel shirts and vests, of which we have immense need. Yours, G. GARIBALDI.”

“Palermo, July 1, 1860.

“DEAR BERTANI,—I wrote to you yesterday by the *Veloce*. I rewrite to-day. Send me all the muskets, uniforms, war material, that you have at hand, at the earliest possible moment. I will send you the dictatorial decree for the loan. Yours, G. GARIBALDI.

“P.S.—Purchase if you can and send immediately the following articles:—10,000 muskets; 10,000 pairs of shoes;

excellent guarantees to patriotic Italians. But bankers and brokers were not so easily satisfied. Bertani had to pledge his own personal credit, and sign the bills of exchange with his own hands.

The ultimate settlement was made towards the end of 1861, and meanwhile Bertani had to bear all the dunning of creditors and the calumnies of the moderate press, whose motto was, “Fling mud enough, some of it will stick.”

10,000 woollen vests; 10,000 pairs of grey trousers; 10,000 overcoats or light rugs.

"Before signing the dictatorial decree, let me have the conditions of the loan, because here in Sicily, where public funds are at a very high rate, we could raise one under very advantageous conditions. I should tell you that in England they are trying to raise a loan for us, and that there we have ordered four steam-frigates, two steamers, 50,000 muskets, 200 cannon (80-pounders). All this will serve to regulate the purchases for which you are now treating. Vale!"

"General Command of the Southern Army,

"Palermo, July 3, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—Do what you can. Send us all you can, and above all take care of your health, and take no care about the intrigues, which are many. Yours, G. GARIBALDI.

"P.S.—Anent the loan in Genoa, the conditions seem rather high. In case they are accepted, I will send the dictatorial decree. Vale!"

"General Command of the National Army,

"Palermo, July 10, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—I know all the vexations to which you are exposed. I am most sincerely grieved. We are both of us walking along a thorny road. Let us go ahead, however, with our usual constancy, and we shall conquer. G. V. is unworthy of our confidence. The debts which you have contracted for Sicily will be all paid. As for the loan, I cannot yet give you a fixed assurance. Always send us men and arms, and take care of your health. Yours, G. GARIBALDI."

"General Command of the National Army,

"Palermo, July 13, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—We have gained a beautiful Neapolitan man-of-war which comes to us with crew, guns,

armament, etc. As 147 of the crew wish to return to Naples, I send them thither, viâ Genoa. I recommend them to you, so that they may be sent on from Genoa to Naples. Yours, G. GARIBALDI."

"General Command of the National Army,

"Palermo, July 17, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—I am vexed not to give you a satisfactory reply with regard to the loan. Here the idea still prevails of effecting it in the island. In any case, all the bills which you have signed for our debts will be duly honoured. Our troops are marching towards Messina, and I hope soon to follow them. We are still in want of many muskets and uniforms. Yours, G. GARIBALDI."

"General Command of the National Army,

"Milazzo, July 24, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—All goes well. You have done much, and will yet do much more. Send us as many muskets, red blouses, and shoes as you can. We shall pay our debts. The troops have capitulated and moved off. Yours, G. GARIBALDI."

"General Command of the National Army in Sicily,

"Milazzo, July 25, 1860.

"DEAR BERTANI,—We are masters of Milazzo and the castle. This acquisition has cost us many wounded, and with our wounded lying prostrate our first thought is of You. In Milazzo I seem to have a foot in Calabria, but we must be strong; hence don't weary of sending us men and money. The steamers directed to Sicily, after nearing the coast in one point or another, can come and land their men here in Milazzo. Adieu! Whatsoever debts you have encountered for us we will religiously pay them. Yours, G. GARIBALDI."

“General Command of the National Army in Sicily,

“Milazzo, July 26, 1860.

“Captain Gavasone comes to Genoa to take a steamer belonging to Signor Paolo Morelli. He will pass by Leghorn, embark volunteers there, and bring them to Milazzo. Yours, G. GARIBALDI.”

“General Command of the National Army in Sicily,

“Messina, July 27, 1860.

“DEAR BERTANI,—I have news that the royal troops withdraw from Messina, excepting from the citadel. I am preparing to cross. Send me muskets, of which we are much in want. The more you send the sooner we shall finish. We shall pay our debts. Yours, G. GARIBALDI.”

“Messina, July 30, 1860.

“DEAR BERTANI,—I hope to be able to cross over to the Neapolitan mainland before the 15th. Make every effort to send me muskets here to Messina or to Torre del Faro before that date. *As to the operations in the Papal States or the Neapolitan, spur them on to the uttermost (spingete a tutta oltranza).* Yours, G. GARIBALDI.”

“Southern Army, Cagliari, August 15, 1860.

“DEAR BERTANI,—Come, with all the troops you have at your disposal, and join me in Sicily.”

“Reggio di Calabria, August 22, 1860.

“DEAR BERTANI,—I have much need of you. Come, then, with all your troops. Adieu! Yours, G. GARIBALDI.”

When the dictator of the Two Sicilies—as his pioneers* and the insurgent Calabrians had proclaimed him—penned this last letter to Bertani (who, having prepared the “expedition of the Orange Gulf,”† was then speeding down to the Faro to receive Garibaldi’s

* See Note C.

† See Note D.

orders), he had accomplished his second feat, and had crossed the Strait with Bixio and his division. Bixio had secured two steamers—the “splendid *Torino*,” a screw of 700 tons, into which they packed 3000 men; and the *Franklin*, a paddle of 200, which made several feet an hour, so that she must have sunk but for the Montevidean shipwright’s dexterity in “stopping the leak to some extent.” Here the remaining 1200 were stowed, and the passage was effected in safety, as the Bourbons, deceived by the constant preparations at the Faro, never dreamt that a landing would be attempted elsewhere. Unfortunately, the “splendid *Torino*” ran aground at Melito, on the Calabrian shore—a portion of the Sardinian fleet looking on passively while three Bourbon steamers hove in sight, began to bombard men and vessels, tried to float the *Torino*, and, failing, burnt all but her iron ribs and backbone; which skeleton of the ill-fated vessel Garibaldi found and recognized on his unfortunate expedition to Aspromonte. This neutrality had been strictly enjoined by Cavour on Admiral Persano, to whom he wrote on July 14—

“Garibaldi must be hindered at any price (*ad ogni costo*) from crossing over to the continent.” And on August 1, “Do not assist the passage of Garibaldi to the continent. On the contrary, try by indirect means to delay it to the uttermost.”*

* Persano, who rarely ventured on a remonstrance to Cavour, did on this occasion expostulate on the enforced inactivity of the Sardinian fleet, which had not dared to save the *Torino*, which sailed under the Sardinian flag; the *Franklin*, under the banner of the Stars and Stripes.

It is probable that Persano communicated these orders to Garibaldi, as the latter, with an irony all his own, on the morrow of his landing, said to Marquis T——, colonel on his own staff, and one of the king's many confidants—

“Your admiral had orders to let me go to the bottom rather than afford me any assistance.” To which the marquis, a true courtier, made answer, “Doubtless, general, the admiral and his masters wished to leave the whole merit of the enterprise to you.” Garibaldi smiled, when one of his officers exclaimed, “The whole *risk* you mean, marquis. The Piedmontese are good communists. We sow, they reap; that's their division of labour.”*

But the unnecessary risk to which his followers had been exposed, the loss of a steamer when his means of transport were so insufficient for the transfer of his army from the island to the continent, swelled the list of Cavour's sins of omission and commission. Garibaldi does not record this special misdemeanour in his “Memoirs,” where he invariably abstains from casting any slur on the national army or navy. But it is fresh in his memory when he writes (vol. ii. p. 217) of the Cavourian party—

“founded on corruption, who had flattered themselves that they were going to keep us on the other side of the Strait, and confine our action to Sicilian soil.”

This was the unforgiveable crime, this use of all means, fair or foul, to stop his liberating career. He had resented and punished Cavour's despatch of La Farina

* “The Red Shirt,” by Alberto Mario. Smith and Elder.

to Palermo in order to filch the government from his chosen ministers by surreptitious means;* the cabals against his trusty friends and tried comrades; the calumnies spread against himself and all his associates by the Cavourian press in Northern Italy; the base intrigues got up to prevent Bertani from executing his commissions in Genoa, and supplying his urgent necessities in Sicily. The "insult" offered to him by Cavour in demanding the surrender of Mazzini and other patriots he had repaid in his own fashion—had kept the even tenor of his way, true to his colours, faithful to his king. He had demanded and received at the king's hands a prodictator—Depretis—for Palermo; had entitled all acts in the king's name; had, on the morrow of the victory of Milazzo, proclaimed the *statuto* of Piedmont to be the law of the island; and if he postponed the annexation of Sicily—which, by the way, he was twice on the point of conceding—it was because he was determined that the king should accept it without saying "By your leave" to diplomacy, still more without being compelled to cede to France the island of Sardinia, and possibly a portion of Liguria.† More than once, when tormented

* See Note E.

† The belief that this sacrifice was to be made was entertained, not only by Garibaldi, who received his information from deputies and senators of the island, but also by British statesmen, quite as determined as Italy now is that the Mediterranean shall never become a French lake. At that time they were most seriously alarmed, as the dispatches in the Blue Books of 1860 prove (see especially Lord John Russell's dispatch to Sir James Hudson, May 22, 1860). Cavour denied in Parliament that the Government ever entertained such a proposal, but when it was suggested that

by "Cavourians in disguise," Garibaldi had offered to sign a dictatorial decree for the annexation; but, when reminded that the populations must be summoned to pronounce their plebiscite or to elect an assembly on universal suffrage, had answered impatiently, "Shall we do as in Lombardy in 1848—set to collecting votes while the enemy, not yet vanquished, is collecting bayonets?" When he received the king's letter enjoining on him not to cross the Strait, though "reading between the lines," as appears in his answer, he realized the tremendous pressure put upon his Majesty by his magnanimous ally, especially when a French man-of-war appeared in the waters of Messina;* and resolved that, until the entire continent was free, he would retain in his own hands his own and only basis of operations. In this determination he was strongly

this might only mean the present Government, which could retire "for the occasion," Sir James Hudson returned to the charge, but could never get a written denial by Cavour of the accusation. The question was revived by Mr. Kinglake on July 19, 1861, just after Cavour's death, when Lord John Russell expressed his conviction that Ricasoli, in declaring that "the Government of the king, intent upon defending and recovering national territory, would never cede an inch of that territory," clearly included the island of Sardinia; that at the same time he approved the advice given to the British Government to be vigilant.

* Napoleon made a formal proposition to the British Government to send a French and English squadron into the waters of Sicily, enjoining on their respective commanders to make a joint and formal declaration to General Garibaldi that they had special orders to hinder him from crossing the Strait. Lord John Russell pre-emptorily refused to entertain such a proposition, adding that should France intervene alone, England would protest (see dispatch, Russell to Cowley, July 18, 1860).

encouraged by two of the staunchest champions of "One United Italy"—by Crispi, his minister and private secretary in Sicily; by Bertani, who at Sapri, as ordered, had brought up his troops, and whom he made "secretary-general of the dictator," naming General Sirtori at the same time pro-dictator. His conscience, therefore, was clear, as his heart was light, as he approached Naples, and, halting at Salerno, learned the details of the Cavourian plot to prevent his entrance,* and—what shocked him most in the intrigues of the party—"found traces of their influence on friends who were dear to me, and whom I had never thought of doubting" (vol. ii. pp. 217-221). Now, when every allowance is made for Cavour's position, his peculiar relations with the king, the immense responsibilities that weighed on him alone, the terrible hold that the French emperor had over him by threatening to let Austria work her will,—judged simply by his own letters and confessions, his conduct to Garibaldi can never be justified, and can only be explained in two ways: first, that he was suffering from an acute attack of his chronic disease—Mazzini on the brain;† secondly, that what he did, or attempted to do, was done by the advice of every individual of note in the official world of Northern and Central Italy—that all his acts and attempts must have been known to and sanctioned by the king.

True, we have Cavour's own confession that he was prepared to risk civil war in order to get into Naples

* See Note F.

† See Note G.

before Garibaldi, could he have hoped to carry public opinion with him ; * but when we remember that after his death civil war *was* waged, and Garibaldi shot down on the road to Rome, by the king's orders, executed by Cialdini, it is no longer possible to believe that Cavour was alone responsible for the fratricidal policy adopted towards Garibaldi. Cavour's letters now published prove that when he had attained his end, namely, the immediate and unconditional annexation of the Two Sicilies, he was the only man in that official world—that miserable world of petty jealousy, of meanest ambition, of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—who recognized at least some of Garibaldi's merits, and strove to render him partial justice to his volunteers ; and that he would finally have succeeded in doing so had not death intervened. But in those days not only Garibaldi, but nine-tenths of his friends and followers were convinced that Cavour—Cavour only—was the villain of the tale ; that he—the willing, nay, servile, instrument of the man of evil, “Bonaparte,” compelled the king to withdraw his countenance from Garibaldi, even as he had compelled Ricasoli to break faith with Dolfi and Nicotera, to disperse, arrest, and send his brigade under escort to Palermo after he had given permission and material aid for the invasion of

* “Vous savez tout ce que j'ai fait pour devancer Garibaldi à Naples. J'ai poussé l'audace jusqu'au point où elle pouvait aller sans courir le risque de voir éclater la guerre civile, et je n'aurais pas même reculé devant cette extrémité si j'avais pu espérer d'avoir pour moi l'opinion publique” (Letter from Cavour to “an intimate friend,” from the context evidently Nigra ; see Note H).

the papal states from Tuscany. The remaining "tenth," mindful of Cavour's conduct to the volunteers in 1859, who believed in the king's ambition to enlarge his kingdom, his desire to again unsheath his sword even on the Rhine for Napoleon, if he would but fight with him on the Mincio and expel the Austrians from Venice, but who also knew his "sacred horror" of touching the pope in Rome, held different views of the question. Very few, however, cared to express their opinions to Garibaldi, who, if they suggested that the king must have sanctioned Cavour's nefarious transactions, either set them down as men who desired a republic more than unity, or asked them point-blank whether they too had turned Cavourians.

Thus it came about that after his triumphal career through the Neapolitan provinces, his entry into Naples, accompanied by only eleven followers—the cannon of the forts pointed at the city—the dictator, in the profound conviction that Victor Emmanuel saw eye to eye with himself with regard to Rome and Venice, and that all the intrigues which had hampered his campaigns hitherto began and ended with Cavour, unconsciously, but virtually, signed his own act of abdication.

At three o'clock, on that eventful 7th of September, Garibaldi handed over the entire Neapolitan fleet—which had surrendered to him—to Admiral Persano, for the King of Italy, together with the arsenal and the command of the forts. Here is his decree:

"All the men-of-war and merchant vessels belonging to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the arsenals, and the

materials of the navy, are aggregated to the squadron of the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, commanded by Admiral Persano."

A right royal gift this * from the "cabin boy of Nice," who asked for nothing in return, save to continue his liberating career under the king's orders. He had been duly informed by Persano himself that the invasion of the Papal States had been decided on, but in such a purposely vague fashion that he took it for granted that the volunteers and the regular army—all, himself included, under the orders of the king—would never lay down their arms until the King of Naples should be expelled from Capua and Gaeta, the mercenaries under General Lamoricière routed, the temporal power of the papacy abolished, Victor Emmanuel crowned King of Italy in Rome. These deeds accomplished, which to the victorious liberator

* "All Victor Emmanuel's fleet," writes Persano, "consisted of five frigates—three screws and two paddles—and a medley of smaller vessels of little or no military value." "The Neapolitan navy," writes Colonel Chambers, whose numbers tally with those of the Official Gazette of Naples, which had deserted all together to Garibaldi, "was very respectable, taking a place in respect to material at least above the second rank in Europe, and fell below that of the United States. The number of vessels amounted to ninety, carrying 786 guns, with a complement of upwards of 7000 sailors. Of the vessels, twenty-seven were steamers—one of these carried sixty guns; eleven were frigates, armed with ten guns each; eight corvettes, with eight guns each; besides seven smaller vessels, each with four guns. Of the sixty or more sailing vessels, the largest was armed with eighty guns. There were five frigates carrying an aggregate of 252 guns, or about fifty each. Amongst the rest were bomb and mortar boats in considerable number, and others armed with Paixhan guns."

seemed easy—as, indeed, they would have been had all the moral and material forces of Italy been brought to bear, could “diplomacy” and the French emperor have been ignored—the liberation of Venetia, the expulsion of the Austrians from the Peninsula, “went of itself;” and, indulging in this delightful dream, the poet-patriot enjoyed two days of hope and joy and exultation such as fate accords only to human beings capable of absolute devotion to an ideal, regardless of all personal interests; and very rarely even to these. But barely had these two days elapsed, when the marquis Villamarina, Sardinian ambassador accredited to the court of Naples, the only Sardinian official who genuinely believed in, and thoroughly trusted Garibaldi, enlightened him as to the real situation of affairs, and tried to force upon the “Dictator of the Two Sicilies” the conviction that the fatal “Thus far and no further” was traced for him on the Neapolitan frontier. The minister thus reports his interview to Count Cavour :

“On hearing that the Piedmontese soldiers were preparing to enter Umbria and the Marches, the dictator manifested the frankest exultation. But, then becoming thoughtful, he added, ‘If the object of this expedition is to place a barrier of defence round the pope in Rome, it will have the very worst effect upon the Italians.’” Villamarina did his utmost to convince Garibaldi that the object aimed at by the Sardinian Government and himself was identical, although there might be differences of opinion as to the methods to be used, and that hence one must help the other. “‘I care nothing,’ answered Garibaldi, ‘whether the pope remain in Rome as a

bishop or head of the Catholic Church ; the temporal power must be wrested from him, France must be compelled to withdraw her soldiers from Rome. If the Sardinian Government is capable of effecting all this by diplomatic negotiations, let them do it, but quickly, since if they tarry no one can prevent me from solving the question sword in hand.' "

After his interview with Villamarina, a frown was visible on the brow till then so cloudless ; the radiant smile that had illuminated his face had vanished. While awaiting the arrival of his troops (only the famous brigade organized according to his own orders by Bertani for the invasion of the Papal States had arrived, and had been sent at once under Türr to keep the reactionists in check at Ariano), he devoted himself to affairs of state. He signed all the decrees presented to him by his secretary-general, Dr. Bertani, for the liberation of all political prisoners ; for the establishment of twelve infant asylums, one in each quarter of the city ; for the abolition of the orders of Jesuits, their property to be transferred to the nation ; for the abolition of the secret service fund, of passports and custom-houses between Sicily and the continent ; for the recognition of the public debt—public banks and the discount bank to continue their payments according to existing laws and regulations ; for the substitution of savings-banks for the "immoral lottery ;" for the reduction in the price of salt ; for the sale of bread at a fixed price in all the poorest quarters of the city. He agreed that the press should be absolutely free ; that the Government should

have no official or even officious organ; that the so-called "Official Journal of Naples" should be used simply for the publication of announcements and of decrees, among the first of which figured the following:—

"All the acts of public authority and of administration are to be issued in the name of his Majesty Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, and all the seals of state, of public administration, and of the public offices are to bear the arms of the royal House of Savoy, with the legend, 'Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy.'"

No one who applied for admission to him in his little room in the Palazzo d'Angri, where, refusing to enter the royal residence, he had taken up his abode, was rejected; all Englishmen were warmly welcomed,* none

* Garibaldi lost no opportunity of evincing his love for England, and in more than one instance gave delicate proofs of it. The English residents at Naples had no church of their own—indeed, only at the British embassy was service allowed to be performed—hence they requested Garibaldi to be allowed to purchase land on which to build one. "Nay," he answered the deputation, with one of his own smiles, "I must refuse your request, and in my turn proffer one, which is, that you should select the plot of land you think the most suitable for your church, and accept so small a mark of sympathy from the Government of the Sicilies." Asked when he could receive the English deputation, he answered, "Tomorrow;" adding in a tone of half-reproach, "And when was it that the occupations of Garibaldi, however numerous, have prevented his making leisure enough to receive an English deputation?" This gift of Garibaldi's was only confirmed by the Government at Turin, after the death of Cavour in 1861, by Baron Ricasoli, a Protestant. Admiral Mundy, on the 28th of February, 1861, writes, "The piece of land given by Garibaldi to the English residents at Naples, as a site for the erection of a Protestant Church, and which the Sardinian Government had refused to confirm in consequence of

more so than Mr. Wreford, that true friend of Italy, and veracious correspondent from Naples of the *Times* and *Daily News*. When a visit from Admiral Mundy was announced, Garibaldi's face brightened visibly; and when he heard that her Majesty's minister had a communication to make to him from Lord John Russell, he exclaimed—

“Ah! Lord John Russell is an excellent man, a true friend of Italy; I shall be glad to become acquainted with Mr. Elliot, who is related to him by marriage.”

As the British minister accredited to the court of Naples could not hold official relations with him, a meeting was arranged on board the *Hannibal*, where, in the month of June, he had dictated terms to the Bourbon plenipotentiaries and generals. At 11 a.m. on September 10, Garibaldi and Mr. Elliot met, and were

some irregularity in the deed of gift, has at last been settled in a favourable manner. Signor Mancini, the minister of the interior, has declared that the English Protestant Church is an existing religious community, a *culto esistente*, and as such entitled by the laws of Piedmont to recognition and protection. The ground will therefore be granted. Surely the English community in Naples owe much to Garibaldi for this spontaneous act of enlightened liberality, and to the minister for his bold avowal of the right of religious association. Yet there are found men so wedded to the old system of bigoted misrule, that, although themselves members of the reformed faith, they will give no credit to the great liberator for checking the abuses of superstition and for laying the first stone of religious toleration in the southern peninsula. The great principle is now established that Episcopalians and Protestants of every recognized denomination may hold property for religious purposes, instead of, as heretofore, being obliged to perform their Church Service either at the Consulate or in a private house.”

introduced to each other by the good admiral in his own cabin. The English minister at Naples was, like his colleague in Turin, a thorough-going Cavourian, his report of the conversation is exact; * and his description of men and of their sentiments at that time so life-like, that we give the chief part of his letter to Lord John, written on the day of the interview. Mr. Elliot, having expressed the astonishment with which he, in common with all the world, had witnessed the marvellous results accomplished by Garibaldi with such trifling means, proceeded to inform him that Lord John Russell had charged him to express the hope that no attack would be made upon Venetia, as, in his lordship's opinion, it would be calculated to bring the greatest calamities upon Italy.

“General Garibaldi answered by saying that he would speak with perfect frankness and make no concealment of his plans, which were plain and straightforward. He intended, he said, to push on at once to Rome, and, when that city shall be in his hands, to offer the crown of a united Italy to King Victor Emmanuel, upon whom will then devolve the task of the liberation of Venetia, and in which he would himself be but the lieutenant of his Majesty. If this liberation could be accomplished by purchase or negotiation, so much the better; but if Austria would not voluntarily abandon the kingdom, it must be wrenched from her by the sword; and he was confident, in the present humour of the Italian people, that the king

* By this we mean that it tallies with Garibaldi's own report to his intimates, and with that of Admiral Mundy, who, at Mr. Elliot's special request, was the only person present at the interview.

could not decline the undertaking without the sacrifice of his whole position and popularity. . . . He said he did not believe in an attack on Venice being likely to bring on a European war; that the Empire of Austria was rotten at the core, and ready to crumble to pieces; that he had numerous Hungarians about him, and through them he knew that Hungary was ready to rise at a word; and that this time Austria could not even count upon the Croats to stand by her. 'Austria,' he said, 'that old ally of England, is falling to pieces, but Italy is rising from the ruins, and then Great Britain will find in her a surer ally, naturally drawn towards her both by her sympathies and her interests.'

"I then reverted to Rome, and inquired if he had well weighed all the consequences of an attack upon it, and a collision with the French garrison, which must at once bring about the intervention of France in the affairs of Italy, which it was so desirable to avoid. General Garibaldi did not make less light of France than he had been doing of Austria, and said with vehemence that Rome was an Italian city, and that neither the emperor nor any else had a right to keep him out of it. I replied that I had no disposition to discuss the question of right, but that of prudence, and, although the wonders he had performed with very small means might well inspire him with a confidence which to others might appear exaggerated, I could not conceal from him the alarm that I felt on hearing him talk of attacking Rome while it was in the custody of the troops of the Emperor Napoleon. General Garibaldi answered that he could not help it; that he had no alternative but to go to Rome, and he declared that he did not even look upon it as an enterprise of any considerable difficulty.

"I may, perhaps, be allowed to mention here that the General's followers, in speaking of the coming attack upon

Rome, do not appear to contemplate the opposition of the French army, which they look upon as a sort of body-guard to the pope, who, they believe, will leave the city before the approach; but whether the General himself shares this impression, I am not able to say.

"In the course of our conversation, General Garibaldi alluded with considerable bitterness to Count Cavour, who, he said, by the cession of Savoy and Nice, had dragged Sardinia through the mud at the feet of France, of whom he was afraid; 'but for my part,' added the General, 'I am not afraid of her, and never would have consented to such a humiliation.'

"His whole tone throughout the conversation was that of an enthusiast who had determined to risk all on the prosecution of his idea of Italian unity, and not to allow himself to be deterred by the difficulties which may lie in his way, nor by the danger of the loss of all that has already been gained; and he concluded, as he began, by the warmest expressions of admiration and respect for the British nation."

Garibaldi, though assuredly not exhilarated by this interview, still attributed all these manœuvres to the wily statecraft of Count Cavour, not doubting for a moment that Admiral Persano would, before quitting Naples, transmit to him instructions imparted directly by the king. On the 11th, the red-shirts began pouring into the capital by sea and by land; the Bourbon troops evacuated the forts, which were handed over to the national militia, while the arsenal was occupied by two battalions of Piedmontese bersaglieri.* On that day

* These were the two battalions sent by Cavour to be secretly distributed by Admiral Persano when they hoped to seize Naples

Admiral Persano steamed out of the Bay of Naples direct for Ancona, with the Sardinian squadron, with clear orders for himself, with no "royal instructions" for Garibaldi, and by telegraph came Fanti's address, informing the troops under his command that Italy "shall no longer remain subject to an audacious and fortunate adventurer." Farini had carried out his threat of August 13, that no more volunteers should quit Northern Italy to join Garibaldi. Not only were public enlistments stopped, and free passages by land and sea refused, but even private citizens who hastened to join him at their own expense were refused passports, sent back from Genoa to their homes, some even forcibly arrested and imprisoned. Letters from Turin and Genoa came, warning the general that Cavour gave it to be understood that all these acts were mere blinds for diplomacy; that he and Garibaldi were on friendly terms, and united in their political aims. The mere idea so incensed the dictator that he determined to make it clear that, while adhering to his programme, Italy and Victor Emmanuel, he meant to complete that programme, nor allow Cavour to cut it short. Hence, on September 15, Garibaldi ordered the Piedmontese statute to be published in the Official Journal, with the heading—

before Garibaldi's entrance. He says (vol. ii. p. 218). "That he asked for them to be placed under his orders; that the ambassador said that he must get the necessary permission from Turin." All letters from Cavour to Villamarina impress upon that "too-Garibaldian minister" that he is to allow no contact between the regulars and the volunteers, but to keep the former well in hand.

“ITALY AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

“The Dictator of the Two Sicilies decrees, The constitutional statuto of the kingdom of Italy is the fundamental law of this Southern Italy.”

The articles of the statuto occupy six columns of the official paper, and underneath comes the following:—

“Naples, September 15, 1860.

“DEAR ADVOCATE BRUSCO, Genoa,—You assure me that Cavour causes it to be believed that he is in accordance with me, and that he is my friend. I can assure you that, disposed as I always am to sacrifice any personal resentment whatsoever on the altar of my country, I can never reconcile myself with men who have humiliated the national dignity and sold an Italian province.—G. GARIBALDI.”

At the same time he sent a special messenger with a letter * to the king, urging him to dismiss Cavour and Farini, to send him the Marquis Giorgio Pallavicino for pro-dicator, and allow him to join him and carry to completion the liberation of Italy.

Meanwhile, at the height of his irritation, Depretis and Crispi arrived from Palermo to inform him that the

* We have never seen the original of this letter; this is the version given by the press. Englishmen, and even Italians of to-day, accustomed to the strict observance by King Humbert of constitutional *usages* as we understand them, will look upon this demand as a heinous sin; but it must be remembered that Victor Emmanuel made liberal use, when it suited him, of the powers conferred on him by the statuto, and that Garibaldi considered the dictatorial powers conferred on the king at the commencement of the war of 1859 as valid until Italy should be completed.

island was filled anew with annexationists, and that there were threats of annexing the island by force. Depretis counselled the general to yield; Crispi gave contrary advice, always on the ground that by handing over the island to Piedmontese government, especially after the cession of the fleet, all possibility of freeing Rome and Venice would be at an end. It was Garibaldi's wish at that time that Carlo Cattaneo should assume the prodictatorship of Naples, and Aurelio Saffi that of Sicily; but the "philosophical federalist" and the unitarian extriumvir of Rome, while devoted to the liberator, anxious only to assist his efforts and clear all obstacles from his path, declined the office, for which they had no ambition, and for which their principles and studious habits unfitted them.* Although, from a military point of view, Garibaldi knew that his presence was necessary on the Volturno, leaving both Crispi and Depretis at Naples, he crossed over to the island to ascertain the real wishes of the Sicilians, who unanimously answered, "What Garibaldi wishes we wish."

"We shall proclaim the annexations to the kingdom of the Re Galantuomo from the heights of the Quirinal," he said repeatedly; and to the people of Palermo, "Corrupt men are trying to lead you astray; they speak to you of annexation, as though they were more fervid than myself for the regeneration of Italy, but they have only in view base individual interests, and you have replied as behoves

* Aurelio Saffi stated the motives for his refusal in a letter from Naples, October 5, to the famous editor of the *Nazionale*, in answer to one of his many calumnies contained in an article on "Republican parasites."

a people who feel their own dignity, which confides in the sacred and inviolable programme proclaimed by me, Italy, and Victor Emmanuel. At Rome, O people of Palermo, will we proclaim the kingdom of Italy ; there only can we sanctify the family compact between the free and enslaved sons of the same soil. At Palermo, they wanted to annex the island to hinder me from passing the Straits ; at Naples they clamour for annexation to hinder me from crossing the Volturno ; but as long as in Italy there are chains to be broken, I shall pursue my path or strew it with my bones. I leave you Mordini for pro-dictator ; he certainly will be worthy of you and of Italy. I thank you, and the brave national militia, for the faith you repose in me and in the destinies of our country."

On his return to Naples, he found Count Vimercati, who had arrived with the king's answer to his letter, refusing, of course, to dismiss Cavour and Farini, informing him that no attempt on Rome as long as the French soldiers remained there would be permitted ; but giving him no formal intimation that he intended to send the Piedmontese troops across the Neapolitan frontier. On this, Garibaldi sent Giorgio Pallavicino * with a second

* The Marquis Giorgio Pallavicino had, with Carlo Cattaneo, arrived in the interim. He had not visited either the king or the ministers before leaving Turin, simply answering in person Garibaldi's invitation. He agreed willingly to Garibaldi's desire to return to Turin and seek a personal interview with the king, to put the case still more strongly before him, offering immediate annexation of the two provinces should the "salesman of Nice be dismissed." The marquis had long interviews with the king and with Cavour, and returned to Naples convinced that if he could not reconcile Garibaldi and Cavour personally, the policy of the latter must prevail over that of the former, and he put himself at the head of the immediate unconditional annexationists. "Our Giorgio,"

letter, hoping that the "martyr of the Spielberg" would have more influence with the king; but Victor Emmanuel, in the seventh heaven of delight at Cavour's success in securing the invasion of Umbria and the Marches by the royal troops, scouted the suggestion, and did not even send a written answer. Neither did Garibaldi receive any formal announcement of the victory over Lamoricière, except from his own governor at

as Garibaldi used to call him, had a heart bigger than his head; a patriot of the purest dye, he was not the man best adapted for that most difficult of positions. He ordered the clubs and associations to be closed, attempted to suppress the Liberal newspapers, behaved so unjustly to Crispi that Carlo Cattaneo publicly declined to take his hand. Garibaldi refused to allow the clubs to be closed or the Press to be gagged, retained Crispi as minister, and after Bertani's withdrawal as his secretary-general, meanwhile nominated Pallavicino pro-dictator. Decorated by the king, after the plebiscite, with the collar of the Annunciata, Garibaldi, seeing it on Pallavicino's breast, and not on Mordini's, pro-dictator of Sicily, exclaimed, "Fling aside that tinsel! Why should one of my pro-dictators be distinguished from another?" Later they were reconciled, and "our Giorgio," as prefect and governor of Sicily, welcomed Garibaldi with royal honours "on his way to Aspromonte." Resigning as soon as he became aware of the Government's opposition, he never forgave "the royal bullet that laid Garibaldi low when marching on the sacred path to Rome." Invited by the king, "his cousin" in virtue of the collar of the Annunciata, to be present at the reception of the Emperor of Austria in Venice, 1876, he refused, reminding the king that he had worn the livery of the emperor's galley slaves (in the Spielberg). Openly professing in his later years republican principles, when, after the Franco-Prussian war, Garibaldi raised his voice in defence of the communists and internationalists, the Marquis Pallavicino wrote and published some really beautiful letters, which, perhaps more than any other of the "protesting voices," convinced Garibaldi that even a rose-water essence of such doctrines would be more baneful to the future of Italy than an actual return of the Austrians.

Teramo, to whom he telegraphed, "If the Piedmontese troops arrive at the frontier, receive them as brothers," * and himself announced the good news from the balcony of the Angri palace. .

"People of Naples! Our brethren of the Italian army, commanded by the gallant General Cialdini, combat the enemies of Italy, and conquer. The army of Lamoricière has been defeated by those valiant men. All the provinces enslaved by the pope are free. The brave soldiers of the army of the north have passed the frontier, and are on Neapolitan soil; we shall soon have the good fortune to clasp their victorious hands."

On October 1, he fought the battle of the Volturno, and won it against desperate odds, defeating 30,000 Neapolitans in the open field without any assistance save from his own 18,000 volunteers,† and on the

* One of the most atrocious calumnies invented by the moderates in order to set the Italians of the north against Garibaldi, was that he had given the governor orders to receive the Piedmontese with musket-shots. Cialdini, whom Garibaldi loved and upheld above all men after the king, in a letter that Italians would fain forget, repeats this calumny, which was disproved by the production of all the telegraphic or written instructions sent from Naples to the frontier by Garibaldi, or by his secretary-general.

† The moderate press affirmed that the victory of the 1st of October was due to the Piedmontese, and that Garibaldi was utterly incapable of attacking and reducing Capua. Augusto Vecchi, who spent the early months of 1861 at Caprera, gives us the solution of the problem. "The lion was irritated," he writes, "and at supper-time ordered Carpeneti to bring him the letters of Victor Emmanuel. 'They are all tied up in a packet,' he said. Later in the evening, to Vecchi, 'You remember that in October, after repulsing the grand attack of the Bourbons, I begged General Ritucci to avoid the effusion of Italian blood, and to surrender Capua. He refused. I

morrow of that *victory along all the line* he wrote the following letter to his Majesty :—

“SIRE,—I felicitate your Majesty for the brilliant victories gained by our brave general Cialdini. A battle won on the Volturno and a combat at Caserta have rendered the soldiers of Francesco II. incapable, in my opinion, of further resistance. I hope to cross the Volturno to-morrow. It would not be a bad thing if your Majesty were to order a portion of the troops which are near the frontier of the Abruzzi, to cross that frontier, and give a lesson to certain gendarmes who still adhere to the Bourbon. I hear that

then raised batteries on Mount Angelo, on the railroad, and flung bridges over the Volturno. What you do not know is this: that king Victor wrote to me to suspend the bombardment, to surround the garrison, and remain with ordered arms. . . . Well, a man has now dared to say that the troops came down from Ancona, through the Abruzzi, to save us, to extricate me from the most serious embarrassments. What later was effected in a couple of days, I could have effected a month earlier, but the letter of the king dissuaded me. Now, this letter I mean to send to the press, and cast it in the teeth of that man.’” But his momentary anger passed; in pursuance of his resolution to maintain the king’s prestige intact, he replaced the letter in the packet with the others, which never have been, perhaps never will be, made public. His refraining from attacking Capua itself puzzled every one. Commander Forbes writes, “It would, indeed, be easy to drive the Neapolitans from their position and take the fortress of Capua if Garibaldi chose to attack, as he has the command of unlimited supplies of guns and ammunition at Naples, and a railway from the arsenal to the spot where the trenches should be opened; but he has not the heart to bombard an Italian town. His present hope is, by patience to accomplish all without further loss of Italian life. There will be plenty of that in the spring.” This is a handsome tribute to Garibaldi’s tenderness for human life, but in the present instance does not apply; he was waiting for the king to assume the command-in-chief, to act, together with the regular troops, *under his orders*.

your Majesty thinks of sending 4000 men to Naples. It seems to me well that you should do this. Let your Majesty recall to mind my former words about the republicans, and interrogate your own heart whether the results have not been such as I foresaw. Brave men all, they have fought for Italy and Victor Emmanuel, and will assuredly be loyal to his person. Let your Majesty remember that I am your heartfelt friend, and that I deserve some slight belief. It is better for your Majesty to welcome as a father all honest Italians, to whatsoever party they may have belonged in the past, rather than to exasperate factions which may become dangerous in the future. Yesterday I wrote that I was about to send Neapolitan prisoners to Genoa; I think now of sending other corps which have capitulated. Will your Majesty be so kind as to order that they be well treated and incorporated with the army?

“Being at Ancona, it will be well for your Majesty to pay a visit to Naples by sea or by land; if by land—and this will be the better plan—to march with at least a division. If advised in time, I will join my right to said division, and come in person to present my homage, and receive orders for ulterior operations. Will your Majesty promulgate a decree, confirming the grades of my officers? I will see that the names of all unsuitable persons be eliminated. I remain, with affection, G. GARIBALDI.”

Garibaldi, on receiving orders from the king not to cross the Volturno or to attack Capua, obeyed, quite willing to leave something to be done by regulars and volunteers attacking together. But the king, who for the last month had been accompanied by Fanti and Farini, was in a very different frame of mind from that in which he had parted from Garibaldi, when he gave

him the half-promise to allow him to take off the Sacchi brigade under the rose (see p. 229 of present vol.). He was a soldier and a king, and the laurels won by the world-wide enthusiasm lavished on Garibaldi were made to him to seem superfluous by the envious herd, who insinuated that any one acting in the name of Victor Emmanuel could have overthrown the rotten throne of the Bourbons. Every effort was made to infuse into his mind distrust for Garibaldi, representing his reluctance to immediate annexation as a mere blind for his intention to retain the half of Italy in his own hands, probably to proclaim the Republic.

Now, too, when the pope had informed the world that he had been "attacked by the parricide armies of a degenerate son," now that the Emperor of France and the Czar of Russia had withdrawn their representatives from Turin in consequence of that "sacrilegious act," the mere fact that his setting foot in the kingdom of his "dear cousin" Francischiello, even before receiving an invitation from the people, was an utter defiance of the law of nations, could hardly make his position worse with legitimists. England openly supported him;*

* The French emperor played double, as he had given free and full permission to Farini and Cialdini, sent by Cavour to interrogate him, to take possession of Umbria and the Marches, *in order to give battle to the revolution personified in Garibaldi.* The British Government not only approved Garibaldi's liberation of the southern provinces, the liberation by the royal army of Umbria and the Marches, but proclaimed the right of Italy to independence from all foreigners whatsoever, and openly expressed their surprise that Russia and France should make it their business to disapprove their actions (see Lord John Russell's celebrated

hence Cavour had now full leave to "annex" by all and any means in his power—the sooner the better. So, on October 2, he obtained from his ever-obedient Parliament, summoned for the purpose, a vote by which "the government of the king is authorized to accept and establish by royal decrees the annexation to Sardinia of those provinces of Central and Southern Italy in which the populations, by direct or universal suffrage, freely manifest a wish to form an integral part of our constitutional monarchy."

A curious new proof of the count's "two sets of weights and measures"—Tuscany and the central provinces, which had *implored* acceptance, had to wait a whole year before their prayer was granted, and here were the southern provinces promised a welcome before they had asked for the favour. Suiting the action to the word, Cavour's next proceeding was to enforce annexation. Failing to induce Ricasoli or Rattazzi to go and annex Sicily, he once actually thought of sending down Persano with the fleet, but afterwards decided that he had better first seize on Naples.

While Garibaldi's victory of the 1st of October was dispatch, Oct. 19, 1860, and his letter to Lord Cowley on Dec. 24, concerning the pamphlet, "Francesco Giuseppe and Europe," in which Lord John sees a new holy alliance foreshadowed). In all the correspondence on the affairs of Italy, Anglo-Saxon traditions stand out in bold relief on the background of the Caesarian traditions of the bastard empire, and though "he says it as shouldn't say it," it is incontestable that Italian unity owes far more to the moral support of England than to the material aid of France, given for the sole purpose of scotching, not killing, the Austrian snake in Italy, and for seizing Savoy and Nice.

barely alluded to in the Piedmontese press, the easy victories of Cialdini and Fanti over Lamoricière were magnified as miraculous exploits. Persano, whose action at Ancona had been totally insignificant, was compared to the great Venetian admirals Dandolo and Morosini.* But the root of the matter we find in Cavour's letters to Farini, minister of the interior in the king's suite :

"In two words I sum up the political and military plan that must be carried out. Order must first be established at Naples (*order that had never been disturbed save by the Cavourian annexationists*); the Bourbon king may be finished off afterwards. Woe if this method of procedure be inverted! Naples must be occupied immediately; the Abruzzi occupied without delay. Let the king enter into any city whatsoever; let him call Garibaldi there and magnetize him. Cialdini's expedition to Naples will complete the work. Cialdini must be military dictator until the arrival of the king in the capital."

Garibaldi, therefore, was to be deposed in favour of

* Contrasted with Cialdini's order of the day, these lavish praises do seem rather ridiculous: "Soldiers of the fourth army corps, I lead you against a band of drunken foreigners, enticed to our land by thirst for gold and the hope of plunder. Fight, disperse inexorably these hired assassins; let your hand teach them the wrath of a people which is determined to attain its nationality and independence. Soldiers! Perugia demands revenge, and, though late in the day, shall have it.—Commander of the fourth army corps, GENERAL HENRY CIALDINI."

This proclamation is not happy, as, if the term *masnada di briacchi stranieri* and *compri sicari* were terms adapted for some of the Papal hordes in 1859 and 1867, Lamoricière, surrounded by numbers of French Catholic legitimists, had offered his services to the pope from religious feelings. If they all deserve the insults lavished on them, what merit had the royal army and the royal navy in vanquishing them?

Cialdini, before the annexation, before the arrival of the king!

Up to this time Cialdini had been considered the friend of Garibaldi, the champion of the volunteers. As he crossed the frontier into the provinces of Molise, the peasants, mountaineers and bandits of that district, —paid by the King of Naples, who sent them a battalion, and blessed by the pope—had fallen upon a handful of guides sent by Garibaldi under Nullo to organize the national guard. The “Cafoni” fell upon them and killed four; Cialdini came up in the nick of time, and sent the following dispatch to Naples:—“We have defeated the enemy before Isernia, taking eight hundred prisoners, fifty officers (among them General Scotti), several cannon and colours. Peasants, armed by the reactionists, have committed great atrocities. I have them shot.” Medici’s division was sent to meet the Piedmontese, and the hero of the Vascello and of Mount Angelo, who from first to last had sought to conciliate Cavour and Garibaldi, exulted—little dreaming that from the hour that the Piedmontese troops crossed the Neapolitan frontier, the utter annihilation of the volunteer army was decided upon. Though Garibaldi did not realize this fact to its full extent, he felt that a crisis was at hand. The king’s intention of coming in person to Naples was known to him, but this he had himself advised. That he was to be accompanied by Cialdini he knew and rejoiced at; what he was not prepared for was that Fanti and Farini would accompany him to take possession of Naples,

even as of a conquered country, before the Sicilian and Neapolitan populations had been summoned to elect deputies for their provincial assemblies, or even by a plebiscite have expressed their desires as to their future form of government. When the fact was made known to him, his first impulse was to go away quietly to Caprera, and leave the people, the king, and the Piedmontese Government to settle affairs between them. But his chief officers, Sirtori, Medici, Bixio, Cosenz, dissuaded him; they did not, could not, believe for a moment that, with the king of Naples still ensconced in Capua and at Gaeta, Garibaldi and his liberating army were to be excluded from further participation in military operations. Garibaldi was perplexed. Bertani, his secretary-general, against whom, as against Crispi in Sicily, cabals had been raised, had given his resignation and gone to Turin to do his duty as deputy, and to make his last effort to put an end to the fatal dualism. Garibaldi had named Crispi secretary-general in his place, and minister of foreign affairs. And now a cabal had been got up against him, and a mob been paid to shout, "Death to Crispi!" "Death to Mazzini!" Mazzini, who on September 20 came to Naples with Garibaldi's hearty approval, was invited by the Marquis Pallavicino to quit the city. He came with no intention to interfere with the internal administration of the continent; simply to carry on his unitarian propaganda for Rome and for Venice. Garibaldi had a long interview with him on his arrival, agreeing that the best chances for the future would be a continuation of the propaganda

among the Romans, who throughout the agitation, insurrection, and subsequent liberation of the Marches, had shown their uncontrollable hatred of the papal government, and their will to be annexed to Italy under Victor Emmanuel.*

When Garibaldi heard that Pallavicino had dared to call upon Mazzini to leave Naples, he censured him in no measured terms,† and entirely approved of Mazzini's answer, which ends—

“When I landed I received a declaration, as yet unrevoked, from the dictator of this country, that I was free in the land of the free. The greatest sacrifice that I could perform was made by me when, from love of unity and civil concord, I interrupted the mission of my faith, declaring that, not from any reverence for ministers or monarchy, but at the wish of the majority (whether illuded or not does not matter) of the Italian people, I accepted the monarchy, ready to co-operate with her should she found that unity; and that if one day I should feel myself bound by my conscience to raise anew our ancient standard, I should at once announce it loyally and publicly to both friends and enemies. I cannot of my own accord make any other sacrifice. If men, loyal as you are,

* Mr. Odo Russell wrote to Lord J. Russell—

“Rome, September 28, 1860.

“In Rome, the population hope so ardently for King Victor Emmanuel and his army, that every family in every house, from the poorest upwards, has secretly prepared, on the chance of his arrival, a national flag wherewith to welcome his Majesty. The police detected, but too late, the sudden sale of every bit of red or green stuff in every linendraper or haberdasher's shop in Rome that could be turned into a national flag; but they could not punish the offenders without putting nine-tenths of the population into prison.”

† See Note I.

believe my word, it is their duty to work so as to convince, not me, but those adverse to me, that the path of intolerance chalked out by them is the sole fomenting cause of anarchy. If they disbelieve a man who for thirty years has combated as he could for the nation, who has taught his accusers to whisper the name of unity, and who has never lied to a living soul, let them do so; the ingratitude of mankind is not a reason why I should voluntarily give way to their injustice, and so sanction it. Yours, etc., JOSEPH MAZZINI."

When the deluded mob cried, "Death to Mazzini! death to Crispi!" Garibaldi harangued the people of Naples from the balcony of the Foresteria—

"I have heard that cries have been raised of death to this and death to that patriot. Death to my friends! These fictitious tumults are promoted by a party adverse to me and to every work of mine. This party hindered me from coming to your succour in 1859—from obtaining the arms subscribed to the Million-of-Muskets Committee for the liberation of Sicily; sent La Farina to Palermo, to enforce the annexation which would have prevented me from liberating you, O people of Naples."

Then he announces the coming of Victor Emmanuel, the elect of the nation, concluding—

"Let one Italy such as the people of this metropolis desire and the *Re Galantuomo* be the visible symbols of our regeneration, and of the grandeur and the prosperity of our country!"

He now decided on convoking the Assemblies,* as

* Writing twelve years afterwards, when the advanced party were demanding a "constituent assembly" in Rome, Garibaldi says (in note, vol. ii. p. 241), "At another time a constituent assembly might have been convened; at that epoch such a step was im-

had been done in Tuscany and in Central Italy twice over, and this was the desire of all his friends, of all true and sincere Neapolitan and Sicilian patriots. Garibaldi himself was adverse to the so-called plebiscite, seeing that in 1848 this system had proved the first cause of the catastrophes that ensued—that in France it had led to the destruction of the Republic and to the establishment of the empire, while in Nice the populations had been called upon to vote to the roll of drums and at the point of the bayonet. One possible, and would have resulted in nothing but loss of time and an absurd complication of that question.” But in 1860 no one dreamed of a constituent assembly in Naples. When the union of Lombardy to Piedmont was first proposed in 1848, the Piedmontese senate and chambers voted “for a constituent assembly, which should discuss and establish the basis and the form of a new constitutional monarchy with the dynasty of Savoy.” “This because they recognized that the *statuto*, the gift of a despotic king to four millions of subjects, could not suffice for the enlarged kingdom. Charles Albert, the donor of that *statuto*, not only sanctioned, but insisted on the convocation of the constituent. The Provisional Government of Milan gave the precedence to the fusion, yet renewing the promise of the constituent. The assembly of the Roman Republic in 1849 *was* a constituent in every sense, and from that time the idea of a constituent assembly in Rome, of the representation of the entire nation elected on universal suffrage, became the watchword. When, on November 27, 1862, a minister affirmed that in Naples it had been proposed to make laws for all Italy, Crispi gave a flat contradiction, and continued, “No one ever thought of convoking a constituent assembly, which in Naples had nothing to constitute. A constituent assembly, if it should be convoked, must be held in Rome when Italy shall all be redeemed. The monarchical unity of the Peninsula was all that the Neapolitan assembly would have been called on to vote. In order to convoke a constituent assembly it would have been necessary to summon all the populations of the Peninsula, never those of Southern Italy alone, and this it was neither our wish nor in our power to do.”

would have thought that this decision would have appeased all parties, rejoiced the hearts of the staunchest partisans of Piedmontese hegemony, transformed Cavour himself into a Garibaldian. On the contrary, the most furious opposition was raised by his partisans, especially by his Neapolitan biographer and editor of the *Nazionale*, who neither before, nor during, nor since the revolution had ever done other for his country than take pay and office (offices, we should say). The reading of the riddle was not far to seek, and this time Cavour was alone responsible. He was determined to dissolve the House as soon as the annexations could be compassed by love or by force, and meant naturally to appeal to the entire country. Were the peoples of Sicily and Naples to elect members to their provincial assemblies, with the mandate to pronounce for or against annexation, the same individuals would, ten to one, at the general elections, be sent up to the national parliament.* Cavour, who knew how he was regarded by the populations freed by Garibaldi and his volunteers, realized that thus his compact, docile majority would disappear, and that the chances were that he would find himself in a

* Carlo Cattaneo, who considered an assembly necessary for decorum and legality, wrote thus to Pallavicino, who feared that it might provoke duality, "Duality cannot exist between a plebiscite and a guardian assembly, which will justify it and exalt it above the monstrous vote of Nice; between the assembly which shall consign the country legally to Parliament, which legally and loyally shall accept it; between the men sent by the people to the local assembly and the men who *assuredly will be the same which they will send to the national Parliament.*" This it was precisely that Cavour was straining every nerve to prevent.

decided minority.* Hence his orders to his subordinates, to the Neapolitan press (which, owing to the Garibaldi-Bertani resolve to have no official-paper, nor to subsidize any newspapers, was entirely in the hands of the Cavourians), to cry down all idea of assemblies—to insist upon an immediate plebiscite pure and simple. And, wearied out with the intrigues of these “Cavourian annexationists,” anxious only to avoid even the appearance of

* Cavour laid down as a fundamental maxim the duty and right of the Government to use every possible means to ensure the election of deputies pledged to support its policy. In every college a Government candidate was presented, as such, precisely as in France under the *bas-empire*; and, alas! with one exception, the system has been continued in Italy by every successive cabinet. Prefects, syndics, taxgatherers were bound to use all their efforts to ensure his success, and where they failed they were punished for their failure. Here are a couple of Cavour’s letters during the elections of 1860-61—

“Turin, January 3.

“DEAR ADVOCATE,—We have decided to oppose the candidature of Mellana, and to support Lieut.-Colonel Bottacco, a distinguished artillery officer, covered with medals, and belonging to a much-esteemed family of Casale. Pass word on to Buscaglioni and to the directors of the Gazette of Turin and the *Gazzetta del Popolo*.

“To Cav. Adv. Casimiro Ara, ex-member of Parliament.”

“Turin, January, 1861.

“DEAR FRIEND,—I beg you to inform the Syndic of Montiglio that the ministerial candidate of his college is Signor Bezzi, an out-and-out Cavourian (*un Cavouriano sfegatato*), my neighbour at Leri, who was thirty-five years an exile in England, where he learned to distinguish true Liberals from false ones (in Cavour’s fashion, though).

“To Major-General Pettinengo,

“Director-General of the War Department.”

To the same, “DEAR FRIEND,—From the home office, instructions have already been issued to make it known that no other candidate but yourself will be supported at Fossano.”

discord, Garibaldi gave orders that the people should be summoned on the 21st to accept or reject the following formula:—

“The people wills Italy to be one and indivisible, with Victor Emmanuel constitutional king, and his legitimate descendants.”

Of this his final decision he himself sent notice to Mazzini in the following letter:—

“Caserta, October 18, 1860.

“As we must yield, it is better to yield with a good grace. With regard to yourself, meanwhile, I choose to flatter myself that you will not submit to the intimidations of any one as long as I am at the helm.”

The king's discourteous proclamation to the people of Southern Italy, dated from Ancona, in which he informed them that he was “coming to restore order, to close the era of revolutions in Italy,” preceded but a few days his entry into Naples. Coming from Venafro, the northern army defiled towards Teano. Garibaldi, at the head of his volunteers, crossed the Volturno to meet the king, crying, as he approached him, “Hail to the King of Italy! Viva il re!” He was accompanied by Fanti and Farini, ministers of war and of the interior, and by General Della Rocca, head of his staff. The interview between the king and the dictator lasted but a few minutes; no invitation was given to Garibaldi to accompany his Majesty, who said to him, “Your troops must be weary; mine are fresh.” Arrived at the bridge which crosses the little stream near Teano, they parted; Garibaldi halted at Calvi, fixing

his head-quarters at a little church near the town, dining on bread and cheese, sleeping on straw. At dawn on the morrow we heard the cannon on the Garigliano. I was sent by the chief of the ambulance to ask what was the order of the day. "My wounded are on the other side of the Volturno," Garibaldi answered somewhat sternly. Then he added, with an expression on his face of indescribable pathos, "Jessie, they have sent us to the rear! *ci hanno messo alla coda!*"* On

* An account of the interview between Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi is given by Alberto Mario, one of the general's aides, and an eye-witness, in the "Red Shirt" pp. 283-289. Guerzoni affirms "that Garibaldi asked the king that his volunteers should be allowed to march against the enemy on the Garigliano, to which the king answered, 'You have been fighting for a long time, your troops are tired; mine are fresh;'" and adds, "his words to Signora White Mario, 'They have sent us to the rear,' sums up the entire policy. The expedition into the States of the Church had been decided upon in order to send him to the rear; for the same purpose the entry into the kingdom of Naples had been hazarded. It may perhaps seem cruel that at their first meeting the king should have told him this so plainly, but it was logical. Garibaldi had conquered too much. It was necessary to close the account of that indiscreet giver of realms; it was necessary to demonstrate that victories could be gained without him, no matter if they cost a hundred times dearer than his. It was necessary—and here we understand the loftiness of the conception (*sic*)—that the future King of Italy should present himself to his new subjects, not under the humble aspect of a petty sovereign protected and accepted, but as a true soldier, king, and conqueror." This is the explanatory excuse given by a man who had been one of Garibaldi's bravest soldiers, and who later passed over to the moderate party. Such as it is, we give it, fully admitting that it was right and fitting that the king should assume the dictatorship and take the supreme command of the army, but why he should have prevented Garibaldi and his volunteers from serving under his orders is by no means satisfactorily explained. The king surely would have gained in prestige and glory. But his generals who prompted him hoped perhaps to eclipse Garibaldi.

November 2 Capua capitulated; such barren honours had the king reserved to himself. Overlooking the discourtesy shown in every possible manner, Garibaldi ordered his troops to be drawn up for review by his Majesty, who, after twice keeping them with ordered arms for more than six hours, failed to appear, sending General Della Rocca in his stead.*

* Commander Forbes writes, "Victor Emmanuel, who still made Sessa his head-quarters, was to have entered Naples on the 6th, after having reviewed the Garibaldians at Caserta, where were collected the divisions Medici, Türr, Bixio, and Avezzana, the latter chiefly Calabrese—the whole amounting to nearly 15,000 men. Cosenz's division, the La Masa brigade, and other small corps, in all amounting to 7000, were still before Capua, making the entire remaining Garibaldian army 22,000 strong, after all its casualties on the Volturno, which may be roughly estimated at 3000 killed and wounded, 1000 prisoners, and 6000 or 7000 sick from fever and ophthalmia. Of these 22,000, 10,000 may be set down as first-rate troops, capable of doing anything and enduring any hardship, and willing to fight, as their chief told them, without bread and without ammunition, and march their thirty miles a day; the remainder, though they could not be placed in this class, were far above the average element of which armies are generally composed. Of their generals of division, it suffices to say that if Garibaldi had had the pick of European armies, he could not have found men more perfectly adapted to his purpose, or in whom more implicit confidence could be placed. Of the officers generally, they might be divided into classes like the men; there was room for weeding, and many had been reduced to the ranks after the affairs of the 19th and 1st for not being up to the mark in the hour of trial. . . . Their political and religious faith may be embodied in the magic name of Garibaldi, who had said over and over again, that what he understands by a republic is the will of the majority, and that the incarnation of that majority in Italy is to be found in Victor Emmanuel; not that there may not be men of republican feelings amongst them, the result of years of oppression under monarchical rule, but they have stifled every will of their own in

The Neapolitans, the Garibaldians, were indignant—nay, ready for revolt. “To Rome! to Rome!” was the cry that met Garibaldi from the ranks, at his head-quarters, everywhere. “If you abandon us now, General,” said some of his bravest and dearest, “we shall be disbanded, and, once your army dispersed, you will never again be allowed to reunite it, never lead us to Venice or to Rome.” “No,” he answered; “I have the king’s word that our army shall be preserved—that Medici, Cosenz and Bixio, with Cialdini and Sonmaz (both good friends of ours), shall organize it properly. It will have to be well weeded, for tares have grown up with the wheat. I have refused the high rank offered to me in the regular army, to keep myself free for the next campaign. You have proved your patriotism on the battle-field, now prove it by promoting concord and armament. Trust me, I do what is best; obey me.” The last time he

deference to that of Garibaldi, than whom a more honest or devoted subject the King of Italy does not possess, and Garibaldianism is with them as completely a religion as was Mohammedanism with the fanatical followers of the prophet in the earlier days of the Koran. On this day the germs of discontent which had been sown by the *hauteur* of the Piedmontese towards Garibaldi were finally developed by the studied slight offered to themselves and their chief by the king. They had been ordered to Caserta for the one especial purpose, namely, to be reviewed by him. He now put them off for the second time, after making them wait hours; it may be very reasonably doubted if he ever intended to review them at all. This is the part Victor Emmanuel has allowed his ministers to make him play. . . . No one looks for gratitude in this world, but common decency becomes a monarch, to say nothing of policy. If the cream of this army, like their chief, seek no recompense, at least they do not wish to see him slighted.”

stood in the midst of his troops, their emotion was too much for him; tears and sobs burst from the eyes and hearts of men who had never wept since childhood. He sat pale and motionless on the mare he had mounted at Marsala; his voice quivered as he said to his officers, "Thanks, my old comrades. You have done much with scant means in a short time; we have yet more to do. Prepare for the early spring. Thank my soldiers, and take care of them."

He accompanied the king, at his special request, during his entrance into the city; distributed the medals granted by the municipality of Palermo to the survivors of his famous Thousand; gave the Hungarian legion their colours, dilating on the intimate union between Hungary and Italy, and on the necessity that in the future they should unite their forces against their common enemies, Austria and the pope. He refused all rank or title or any sort of decoration; had a last interview with Mazzini * on November 5, at Caserta, where their earnest talk was of Rome and the future; recommended once more to the king his brave army of liberators, and on November 9 left Naples with a "To meet

* In a letter from Naples to Giuseppe Dolfi, Mazzini writes on November 24, "In a long interview with Garibaldi on the evening of the 5th at Caserta, we came to a perfect accord. His ideas are all centred in Rome. He spoke earnestly of the necessity of initiating action there, urging me to make preparations. He authorized me to use his name with the Romans, and to promise his personal direction when the time shall come. Tell these things to the two Romans [two exiles then in Florence], and let us set to work to concentrate a serious organization in that vital point. We shall do our utmost to procure the necessary means."

again on the road to Rome" for his last adieu to his volunteers.

During one hundred and fifty days one name had vibrated through Europe—the magic name of Garibaldi.

“ Tyrants, while they cursed that name,
Shook at their own curse; and while others bore
Its sound as of a trumpet on before,
Italian heroes * justified its fame,
And dying men on trampled battle sods,
Near their last silence, uttered it for God's.”

And now Garibaldi had “abdicated”—had quitted of his own will the scene of his triumphs, returning to his granite, sea-girt home, rich only in the consciousness that he had given liberty to ten millions of Italians, consolidated Italian unity, and rendered the possession of Rome inevitable. Garibaldi resigned his dictatorship, implicitly believing in the king's promise that he would do full justice to the southern army, that in the spring there would be war against Austria for Venice, and that Rome would gravitate to Italy in one fashion or another. The king's personal coldness did not affect him; his work had been for Italy, not for Victor Emmanuel, who, in his eyes, was but an instrument even more necessary than himself for the final redemption of his country. Had he foreseen then and there what the history of the next ten years would be, that Sicily and Naples would become the prey of anarchy and civil war—be placed repeatedly in a state of siege, that his noble army would

* Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote these lines for the first Napoleon. In the original stand the words “brass-fronted legions.”

be treated as never was a conquered adversary treated by generous foe, assuredly he would not have abdicated.

Within the year the Government had already bitter cause to repent its treatment of Garibaldi. The southern provinces were already on the verge of revolution. Civil and military governors had to be sent down to Naples, but, as they all persisted in ill-treating every one who had been connected with Garibaldi, and in exalting the partisans of the Bourbon at their expense, none had succeeded in obtaining the confidence, still less the affection, of the inhabitants. The king himself had quitted Naples, dissatisfied with his reception by the people, who wept and clamoured for Garibaldi.

Though at first the king was warmly welcomed in the island of Sicily, his proclamation,* in which neither Garibaldi nor his glorious Thousand who had liberated it were once mentioned, gave the utmost dissatisfaction. Greater still was the indignation when Moptezemolo, who had been one of the chief instruments in the sale of Nice, and the famous La Farina and Cordova, who also had been ordered from the island for his annexationist intrigues, were sent, the first as lieutenant-governor, the others as his counsellors.†

The king's magnanimous ally seemed to delight in throwing every obstacle in his path, his vice-admiral Tinan adding insult to injury.‡ Had Garibaldi been allowed to remain dictator of the Two Sicilies, Napoleon would not have dared to interfere, simply because England would not have allowed it. As it was, only

* See Note J.

† See Note K.

‡ See Note L.

her resolute attitude and severe remonstrances compelled him to withdraw his fleet from the waters of Gaeta in February, 1861; whereas, had Garibaldi and the volunteers, the regulars, and the Neapolitan and Sardinian fleet, combined, the fortress of Gaeta could not have held out even until the end of November, 1860.

NOTES.

NOTE A (p. 251).—Never subdued save by Rome, no foreign province cost the republic or the empire more blood or treasure than did Sicily. Saracenic, Norman, under the Hohenstauffen, from the moment that the pope granted the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to Charles of Anjou, the revolt was permanent till the Vespers “cleared the soil.” For two hundred years under the Aragon kings it remained a separate kingdom, proud of its parliamentary institutions. Then Naples is joined to Sicily; two hundred years of Spanish blandishment and corruption follow, but the spirit of independence remains unquelled, the Sicilian *ego* intact.

When the treaty of Utrecht transformed Victor Amadeus, Prince of Savoy, into King of Sicily (1713), the islanders were well pleased with the lesson he had given to the insolent French, and with his non-interference with their time-honoured institutions. But when, five years later, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle transferred Sicily to the Spanish Bourbons, together with Naples, not even the wise and moderate rule of Charles could reconcile them to the sacrifice of their autonomy; and when, called to the throne of Spain, bound not to unite the Spanish and Italian crowns, he conferred the latter on his third son, Ferdinand, a boy of eight (1759), the Sicilians asked if he had not a separate son to spare to them; but he could not, if he would, have granted their request, as his firstborn was half-witted, and the second Crown Prince of Spain. When the French revolution drove the Bourbon from Naples to Sicily, and the dastard king, with his half-mad, all-bad queen, found shelter there, the “ocean walls and God-created straits” were barriers even to Napoleon. Sicily, England’s

"military station" on the Mediterranean, received in return the protection of her new constitution, which from the earliest times bore a strange resemblance to our own. By the reformed constitution the government of Sicily devolved on the hereditary prince, who, as the "king's vicar-general" and *alter ego*, "authorized to this effect by his august father, acting in conformity with the propositions of Parliament, and by consequence with the wishes of the nation," granted on August 10, 1812, the royal sanction to the provisions which follow in the text.

The Upper House consisted of 61 peers spiritual, archbishops, priors, and abbots; 124 peers temporal; 50 princes, dukes, marquises, counts, barons. The members of the House of Commons were 154, elected on a restricted "property" suffrage, but minutest precautions were taken to prevent bribery, corruption, or interference; no troops of any description whatever to remain in the place, town or country, during the elections; all taxation to originate with the Commons, no modification of it allowed to the Peers.

This constitution, *not guaranteed*, but promoted and protected by England, aroused the queen's ire to frenzy. In her hatred of the English she would gladly have allowed Napoleon, who had named his brother Joseph King of the Two Sicilies, and later had conferred the kingship on his brother-in-law, Murat, to carry his plans into execution. The English troops had their hands full to prevent the landing of Murat's army, 40,000 strong, and could scarcely have done so but that peasants and villagers flung themselves like tigers on the few who effected a landing, killing or making prisoners 800. This court conspiracy determined the British Government to unite, in the person of Lord William Bentinck, the functions of civil representative and commander-in-chief. Whether he always acted in accordance with international law is an open question; certain it is that he acted with the full concurrence, and gained the warmest gratitude, of the Sicilians. He and Sir John Moore seem to have nurtured the hope of seeing Sicily annexed to England; but the British Government not only never sanctioned, but refused to entertain, the idea. After the restoration and the reunion of the two crowns of Sicily and Naples, the perjured king first violated, then abolished, the constitution, which, nevertheless, had been resanctioned by two royal edicts bearing date February 9 and May 25, 1823. The Sicilians, gagged but never dumb, coerced but never governed,

revolted and rebelled until, on January 12, 1848, they offered their ultimatum—"the constitution of 1812 and a separate government, or revolution." The answer of the Government and royal troops was gunshot and musketry, and the tearing down of the British arms over the consulate. On this followed a successful revolution; Ruggero Settimo was chosen governor; all the new troops poured into the island in nine frigates were expelled; their retreat was marked by murder, rapine, and the liberation of 3000 galley-slaves let loose upon Palermo after being kept without food for three days, who said, "Give us bread and bullets; we will shoot any of our number who commit a robbery during the revolution." They kept their word, committed no crime, and fought bravely.

These events all occurred in January. For fifteen months in 1848-49, the Sicilians, by their unaided heroism, held their own against the enormous forces of the king; perfect harmony reigned, perfect order was maintained without ferocity as without weakness. That revolution was a great and glorious struggle, not for a united Italy, but for the political independence of Sicily, willing to form part of confederated Italy on the condition that her state sovereignty should be established and respected. The fact that they offered the crown of Sicily to the Duke of Genoa, second son of Charles Albert, is a proof of their determination to maintain their autonomy. The staunch efforts of a microscopic minority to Italianize the movement were assisted by Mazzini and Nicola Fabrizi, who implored them to do so, entreating them not to divide their cause from that of the Neapolitans, not to insist on a separate constitution or a separate government, but—leaving all such questions in abeyance—to send up Sicilian troops to fight the battles of independence. From the hour that Sicily succumbed and was in 1849 reoccupied by the troops of the King of Naples, until the revolution broke out on April 4, 1860, in the Convent of the Gancia, the moral struggle between the unitarians and the separatists was carried on by the patriots within, by the exiles without the island. The question of a republic or a monarchy was always secondary. The republicans, in the ascendancy throughout Italy until the failure of the revolution in Lombardy in 1853, diminished in numbers and influence from that time, many giving in their adherence to Cavour, others, abstaining from political discussions, devoting themselves to agitate, send in arms, organize revolutionary committees throughout the island. But when the war of 1859

broke out, Cavourian agents spread the watchword that for the time being no rising or revolt must be attempted, that the Sicilians were to remain quiescent, that in his own good time Cavour would turn his attention to them also. These agents, some of them formerly unitarians, did not hesitate to unite with the separatists and to revive the old idea of a separate Sicily under a scion of the house of Savoy, or any other ruler of their choice.

Here began the real struggle, and as the leaders of the unitarian party pure and simple had all the death-defying daring and perseverance on their side, their numbers increased, their active strength augmented. Nicola Fabrizi from Malta, Lombard and Venetian exiles in Genoa, insisted on the necessity of inaugurating the Italian revolution in the south. Maurizio Quadrio, Mazzini's *alter ego*, went in disguise through Sicily, and saw the chiefs of the unitarian committees. Internal insurrection, to be assisted by an expedition of Sicilian exiles and Northern Italians, was decided on; but the Cavourian agents and separatists poured oil on the waters, and two partial risings failed. All this made Mazzini exceedingly chary of staking all on the Sicilian die; a successful revolution in Sicily resulting in a separate Sicilian state was dreaded by him above all else; and in all his letters urging on the outbreak, this fear manifests itself with a vehemence of which he himself, perhaps, was scarcely aware, and which at times made Rosalino, who loved him with more than filial affection, ask him, half sadly, half jokingly, whether he loved Sicily quite as much as the rest of Italy? This he most assuredly did, and he had, moreover, for the Sicilians an admiration and a respect which he could not extend, as he could and did his love and desire, to other populations of Italy. But, nevertheless, he demanded one virtue more—that of abnegation; the sacrifice of their personal aspirations, even of a republican Sicily, if that were attainable to the supreme aim of creating a common country, one Italy from the Alps to the southernmost cape of Sicily.

And the Sicilians yielded to his prayers—fought not only for their native isle, but for the freedom of their hereditary foes, the Neapolitans. Bixio, in his report of the battle of Maddaloni on October 1, affirms that his victory was in great part due to the bravery of the Sicilian *picciotti*.

NOTE B (p. 252).—Admiral Fanshawe, vice-admiral and commander-in-chief of the fleet in the Mediterranean, received from Vis-

count Palmerston precise instructions, which he transmitted to his subalterns; "You are not to admit on board a British man-of-war any person flying from justice on a criminal charge, or who was escaping from the sentence of a court of law. But a British man-of-war has always and everywhere been considered as a safe place of refuge for persons, of whatever country or party, who have sought shelter under the British flag from persecution on account of their political conduct or opinions; and this protection has been equally afforded whether the refugee was escaping from the arbitrary acts of a monarchical government or from the lawless violence of a revolutionary committee. There seems to be nothing in the present state of affairs at Naples or in Sicily which ought to make a British ship of war stationed in a Neapolitan or in a Sicilian port an exception to the general rule, and therefore, though the commander of such ship of war should not seek out or invite political refugees, yet he ought not to turn away or give up any who may reach his ship and ask admittance on board." Admiral Mundy, keeping strictly to the letter of his instructions, and at the same time interpreting their spirit in its broadest sense, did all in his power first to prevent, then to mitigate, the horrors of the bombardment. His heart was with the good cause. On May 30, the Neapolitan general Lanza begged his *Excellency General Garibaldi* to grant his generals a passage through his lines, to give them an escort, and accept a conference on board the *Hannibal*, at which he hoped the admiral would be mediator. The admiral writes, "What must have been the distress of the royal army before the *alter ego* of the sovereign could have condescended to pen so humble a letter as this! The man who, up to the present hour, had been stigmatized by epithets degrading to human nature, and denounced in proclamations as a pirate, rebel, and filibuster, now elevated to the title and rank of his 'Excellency' and of 'General'! It was equivalent to the recognition of his character as an equal, and an acknowledgment of inability to subdue him by force. My own feelings on the subject were those of infinite satisfaction. Strong in the knowledge that the presence and moral ascendancy of the British flag had arrested the conflagration, I held it as certain that, once let the representatives of each belligerent Power tread the deck of the *Hannibal*, hostilities would cease, and Palermo be saved."

Garibaldi fully recognized his services in "arresting the bombardment and in bringing about the armistice," and in his farewell

letter to Mundy he pours out his heartfelt gratitude "in the name of Palermo, of Sicily, of entire Italy."

Not only naval officers, but all her Majesty's representatives behaved admirably. Old Mr. Goodwin, who had been for forty years British consul in Italy, entreated by Admiral Mundy to take refuge on board the *Hannibal* during the bombardment, refused from first to last. "He declared his intention to continue at his post within the consulate." The English red ensign floated over the balcony, and the area below was crowded by the women and children, who instinctively felt it to be a refuge for all who could shelter themselves beneath its fold.

Maniscalco, the head of police, asked Mr. Goodwin if he did not think a population deserved to be annihilated should they rise up in insurrection against the constituted authorities. To this unexpected and ill-timed demand, her Majesty's consul indignantly replied that he could not have supposed such a question would have been put to him, but that as Signor Maniscalco had chosen to do so, he had no hesitation in saying that when a people were tyrannized over, they had an inherent right to take up arms and to fight against their oppressors.

Admiral Persano, who sought to run with the hare and ride with the hounds (to whose boastful assertion, that he had mainly contributed to the success of the campaign, and false affirmation that Garibaldi had promised the arrest of Mazzini, Garibaldi, in 1869, gave the direct lie), makes an ingenuous confession in the first portion of his "diary," p. 25, June 6, 1860. "The English squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy, is anchored quite close to the shore, and protects the city [of Palermo]. I *ought* to have cast anchor in the same spot. I make up my mind for the future, in order to ensure efficacious co-operation to the Italian cause, to anchor nearer in shore than any other, when during the present circumstances I shall find myself in a condition to do so."

NOTE C (p. 264).—On August 8, Garibaldi sent 212 pioneers, all picked men, over to Calabria on a dark night in small boats. They passed through the enemy's fleet, and landed unseen and unheard in the midst of 14,000 Bourbon soldiers; but, owing to the blunder of the Calabrian patriot who was to serve as guide, they did not succeed in entering the fort, whose garrison was supposed to be favourable. Naming Missori for their chief, they made for Aspromonte (the

"bitter mount" of saddest notoriety in later times), established their basis of operations so as to communicate with the general, and, by making a series of sudden attacks in various parts of the coast, drew large numbers of the enemy on their track. The Calabrians rallied round and provisioned them, messengers crossed the strait with tidings and returned with instructions, and all expected Garibaldi; in Naples it was affirmed that he had landed in person. After various engagements with the enemy, who multiplied their numbers by their own fears, the band, now five hundred strong, reached San Lorenzo, where the syndic invited them in the name of his fellow-townsmen "to take up their lot with them for life or for death." They accepted on the condition that on the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty, the dictatorship of Garibaldi in the name of liberty and national unity should be proclaimed. Rolling drums summoned the people to the piazza, and amid deafening shouts of joy and of applause the national government was inaugurated and the Italian tricolour hoisted over the town hall. Thus was Garibaldi welcomed "coming ere he came." On the morrow the roar of cannon gladdened their hearts; marching in its direction, they were met by a messenger galloping towards them with a note for Major Missori. "I have landed at Melito. Come.—G. GARIBALDI:" And the pioneers and their comrades joined their *duce* just as he had dislodged the enemy from the heights above Reggio, in time to receive his orders to pick off the gunners in the fort "without getting any of their own men wounded." Advancing within half a gunshot of the fort so as to avoid the bombs, thirty of Missori's men, commanded by sub-Lieutenant Mario, killed or wounded nearly all the gunners at their pieces, and, after two hours' incessant firing on both sides, the garrison hoisted the white flag and the fort surrendered. In consideration of the "services rendered by the mice to the lion," Missori and all the pioneers on the dictator's staff were promoted, and, what they valued far more, they accompanied their *duce* from Reggio to Naples.

NOTE D (p. 264).—The way in which Garibaldi alludes to the "expedition of the Aranci" would lead the reader to imagine that it was organized against his will, or at least without his permission—one more curious instance this of the way in which "the Thersites" succeeded in distorting his views about men and actual facts, which were as follows. He had, in accordance with his fixed resolution to invade

the Papal States, left at Talamone Zambianchi, the priest-persecutor of 1849, with eighty picked men, all armed with revolvers, ordering him to raise insurrection in the Papal States, and should Medici, Cosenz, or any of the royal generals enter, to place himself under their orders. At first all went well. A chosen band of volunteers from Leghorn joined them; Ricasoli allowed the municipalities of Tuscany to feed, shelter, and even arm them; they got the best of it in a skirmish with the Papal troops at Orvieto, where Zambianchi, a worthless cur, gave himself up to drunkenness, and, repassing the frontier with his troops, was arrested by Ricasoli. His men, among them Guerzoni, whose account of this affair is the most exact, repaired indignantly to Genoa. Most of them joined Garibaldi at once; others waited to form part of the expedition which, by his express orders, Bertani was to organize for the Papal States.

We have seen the instructions left with Bertani and Medici on his departure from Genoa, instructions reiterated in more than one letter during his sojourn in Sicily. "Medici," he writes to Bertani from Salemi, on May 13, "ought to occupy himself with the Papal States. I gave orders to Zambianchi to place himself at his disposal." But Medici, as we have seen, joined Garibaldi in Sicily with the second expedition; even so Cosenz with the third; and General Sacchi, his resignation at length accepted, commanded the fourth and last expedition of volunteers sent from the continent to Sicily. But Bertani never lost sight of Garibaldi's instructions, and fitted out a fifth expedition for the invasion of the Papal States. The difficulty was to find a fitting commander. Garibaldi suggested a Piedmontese general, Brignone. This was out of the question from the first. One of the effects of Garibaldi's miraculous victories in Sicily was the liberation of the survivors of Pisacane's expedition from the subterranean prisons of Favignano. Most of them enrolled themselves as volunteers in Sicily; seven were wounded, and one mortally, at the battle of Milazzo. When they presented themselves to Garibaldi at Palermo, he was touched to the quick; it was one of the rare times that I ever saw real tears in his eyes. "The first honours," he said, "are due to Pisacane, and these brave fellows were our pioneers. This is a type of human life. We whom fortune favoured, lodge in royal palaces; these brave fellows, because vanquished, were buried in the vaults of Favignano, yet the cause, the undertaking, the audacity was identical." He offered Nicotera, the one leader who had survived his fearful wounds and yet more

terrible imprisonment, the command of a brigade; but Nicotera told him frankly that he meant first to see Mazzini, and, if possible, assist the operations in the Papal States. Arriving at Genoa, it was settled between Mazzini, Bertani, and Nicotera that the latter should go to Tuscany, and there organize an expedition to cross the Tuscan frontier, while another column should start from Genoa by sea and land in the Papal States. Baron Ricasoli, ill pleased with what he considered the inertia and apathy of the Piedmontese Government, seconded Nicotera in everything, allowed him to enlist Tuscans and Romagnoli, and furnished arms, money, and horses. Nor was any formal opposition offered by the Piedmontese Government to the plans laid in Genoa until the eleventh hour. The difficulty of finding a fit commander still existed. At length it was settled that Colonel Pianciani, a Roman, should take the provisional command until Garibaldi should either come himself or send a man of his own choice. When the steamers were ready, and the volunteers at Genoa, Bertani was informed that the Government entirely disapproved of, and intended to prevent, even by force, the departure of any expedition except for Sicily; and, as Bertani declined to go to Turin, the minister of the interior, Farini, ex-dictator of Central Italy, went to Genoa to convince Bertani that persistence on his part would bring about a collision between the Government and the volunteers. The letter which Garibaldi had sent to him on July 30 was delayed fifteen days in transmission. It was as follows:—

“Messina, July 30.

“I hope to cross over to the Neapolitan mainland before the 15th. Strain every nerve to send me muskets here, at Messina or at the Torre di Faro before that time. *With regard to the operations in the Papal States or on the Neapolitan mainland, push them on with the utmost vigour (Circa alle operazioni negli stati pontifici o napoletani, spingete a tutta oltranza).*”

As Bertani had sent 4000 muskets to Garibaldi three days previously, this part of his duty was fulfilled without special orders; but to place himself in direct opposition with the Government, to risk the arrest of steamers, arms, and ammunition, and 6000 volunteers, without express and immediate authority from the dictator, was a responsibility he did not choose to assume. So without saying “Yea” or “Nay,” he sent two special messengers to the king; one was General Sanfront, the king’s aide-de-camp, who had always been

kindly and benevolently disposed to Garibaldi and the volunteers. Here is his answer—

“The Palace, Turin.

“I have orders, my *ottimo* Bertani, to write to you, that in the interest of the cause which you serve with so much love, and for which I also try to do my part, it is necessary that the movement in the Romagna be delayed several (*parecchi*) days, in order to ensure its success. This for decorum. France cannot be expected to remain at Rome as a spectator of what may happen in the Papal States. The Roman States must wait till Naples is free. I have renewed with the utmost pleasure your precious acquaintance, and I shall hold myself more than fortunate if new opportunities present themselves, to prove the esteem and admiration which I already feel for you.—(Signed) R. SANFRONT.”

There was still a breath of hope left by the words, “the movement must yet be delayed for a few days;” but a few hours after came by hand the following letter:—

“Midnight, July 30.

“DEAR SIGNOR BERTANI,—At ten o'clock I was received by his Majesty, and remained with him until eleven. Here without any comment is his Majesty's reply: ‘I am sorry that Signor Bertani has not understood and duly pondered the sense of my letter. There is nothing to change in what I then communicated to him. There can be no departure from this state except for Sicily, under the conditions indicated by myself. Whatever disaster may occur, they are responsible; I will have no part therein.’ I add nothing except to express my sorrow that I have had such ill luck, and that nevertheless the king is a great heart and a great king.—Your most affectionate, HENRY BENSA.”*

From this last letter there could be no appeal, so Bertani arranged with Fàrini that the expedition destined for the Papal States should,

* “Mi duole che non abbia il Signor Bertani inteso bene o ponderato il senso *della mia lettera*. Nulla cambia da quanto gli ho fatto sapere. Non si può partire dallo stato che per la Sicilia nelle condizioni da me indicate. Qualunque disastro che sia per accadere, essi ne saranno garanti; io non ne voglio sapere.” There is some mystery about this letter, which the king certainly wrote, and to which he himself alludes. Bertani never received it.

without let or hindrance, steam out from Genoa to Terranuova, in Sardinia, under the command of Colonel Pianciani, while he went off to Garibaldi at Messina to receive his orders. As, during the interviews between Farini and Bertani, nothing was said about the Tuscan expedition, he merely sent money and arms to Nicotera in Tuscany, with express instructions not to cross the frontier until he should receive direct orders from Garibaldi. Bertani wrote the following proclamation, to be read to the volunteers as soon as they should be assembled in the Orange Gulf: "You are gathered here to await the orders of Garibaldi, which I am going in person to obtain, so wait patiently until his orders reach you. You know that he will summon you to the field, so leave the choice of the moment and of the precise battle-field to him, knowing as you do that the welfare of Italy is first in his heart and thought." Then he went by steamer to Sicily, alighting in Garibaldi's eyrie at the top of the lighthouse, Torre di Faro, on August 11. Garibaldi was surprised that he had not already received the express instructions contained in the letter of the 30th quoted above. It was a critical moment. He had just received the news that his pioneers, failing to enter the fort, had betaken themselves to Aspromonte; hence had given up his intention of crossing the strait between Scylla and Charybdis, and was casting about how to effect the passage elsewhere. After listening attentively to the whole story, Garibaldi ordered the *Washington* to get up steam, and, accompanied by Bertani and a few of his staff, arrived in the Orange Gulf thirty-six hours later. "During the voyage," writes Bertani in his diary, "the general was very silent, weighing the chances—would it be better to effect a landing in the Papal States or on the Neapolitan continent? For myself, I see Italian unity accomplished wheresoever Garibaldi alights."

Alack-a-day! When the *Washington* cast anchor, and stock was taken, only three of the six steamers were present; two laden with volunteers, commanded by Colonel Eberhard, had obeyed the orders of a Sardinian steamer and made off to Palermo; Colonel Pianciani with his staff had not yet arrived; and Garibaldi, in high dudgeon, leaving the steamers to take in coal and provision, went "to commune with his own heart" at Caprera. When he returned, his mind was made up. He wrote to Nicotera, ordering him to cross the Tuscan frontier, to raise and second insurrection in the Papal States; took 10,000 cartridges, and gave Bertani and Pianciani an appointment at

Palermo or at Milazzo, or wherever he might be heard of. And now for an explanation of these manœuvres, we must turn once more to Cavour's letters and telegrams. That he was unacquainted with the agreement entered into between Farini and Bertani is out of the question, yet in the very midst of Persano's conspiracy at Naples, Cavour sent him the following telegram:—"Vessels with volunteers, after formal promise to go to Sicily, have been for two days anchored in the Orange Gulf; we believe that their intention is to land in the Papal States. This would ruin everything. Send the *Monzambano* immediately into those waters, where she will find the *Tripoli*, and give positive orders to hinder any landing in the Papal States at any price." The *Tripoli* had succeeded in her mission, so the services of the *Monzambano* were not required.

This is the true story of the "5000 of our friends assembled at the Orange Gulf"—"the Aranci" of whom Garibaldi writes (vol. ii. p. 205), "This determination of collecting the force at the Aranci originated with those men who, like Mazzini, Bertani, Nicotera, and others, without disapproving of our expeditions into Southern Italy, were of opinion that we ought to make diversions on the Papal States or Naples, or perhaps were still unwilling to submit to a dictatorship." For Mazzini and his then devoted disciple Nicotera *pazienza!* They were past praying for, but considering that Bertani, who asked expressly for written orders at Cagliari (see p. 264, last letter but one), received and obeyed them literally, taking down his troops to Palermo; that, of the volunteers who formed the so-called "expedition of the Orange Gulf," one half were the first to cross over with Garibaldi and Bixio from Giardini to Melito; that the other half, conducted by Garibaldi's orders from the Faro to Sapri by Bertani himself, were the first of Garibaldi's army who joined him at Naples,—it is singular, to say the least, that Bertani should be included among the dictator's rebellious subjects.

True it is that Mazzini by letter, Bertani verbally and in writing, and Colonel Pianciani in a long interview with Garibaldi at Palermo, did point out to him that, if he really meant to invade the Papal States, now was his time, as 3000 or 4000 volunteers, starting from Sicily under one of his chosen chiefs to second Nicotera, whose men had not yet been dispersed by Ricasoli, could land easily at some chosen point, and, by giving notice to the men prepared to rise within the states, would have considerable chances of success. But Garibaldi by this time had decided

to concentrate all his efforts and forces on the Neapolitan continent, calculating on reaching the Papal States by crossing the frontier of the Abruzzi. He could not be brought to see that in this he would be forestalled; that the Government was straining every nerve to prevent his reaching Naples; that even if he succeeded in this, he would not be allowed to pass that frontier. Bertani and Pianciani, in their interviews with Farini—his secretary, Guido Borromeo, had gathered this much from their conversation—were firmly persuaded that such would be the case; and they proved, alas! true prophets, as the subsequent events of 1860, and later Aspromonte and Mentana, bear fatal testimony.

NOTE E (p. 267).—Accused in Parliament of having sent La Farina to Palermo to “organize the Government,” Cavour stoutly denied the fact. But his own letters to various parties, and those of La Farina to himself, prove it beyond dispute. On June 1, Cavour, sending La Farina to Cagliari, informs Persano that “La Farina cannot reveal either his name or his mission; that he enjoys his entire confidence, knows all his intentions; that hence the admiral can discuss everything with him, and combine methods for carrying those intentions into effect” (“Chiala,” vol. iii. p. 257). Still more explicit is his letter to Ricasoli on June 3: “I have sent La Farina to Palermo, in order to see to the organization of a regular government.” And on June 9, Cavour’s factotum arrived at Palermo on board Persano’s flagship, with bales of placards, on which were printed “Vogliamo l’annessione al Piemonte,” with large sums of money and instructions to take the reins of government into his own hands. Unwisdom could no further go, after La Farina’s behaviour at Bologna to Garibaldi, and the well-known fact that he had been the chief instrument in preventing the outburst of the revolution in 1859, as of the banishment of Crispi, Rosalino Pilo, and other Sicilians from Piedmont. After the peace effected by Bertani between Garibaldi and La Farina, his one chance, to have gained any influence with the *duce dei mille*, would have been to accompany him on his dangerous expedition. But the special quality possessed by La Farina was an overweening vanity and an unrivalled faculty for mischief-making. On his arrival at Palermo, he expected Garibaldi to go on board the *Maria Adelaide* to welcome him. No notice being taken of him or of his letter, he had to land like any common mortal, and spending his money freely, he rallied round

him the agents of the Bourbons and the separatist party, got up a series of cabals against the ministers, and filled the columns of the Cavourian press in Northern Italy with calumnies against Garibaldi and all his followers. His letters to Cavour, which a friend of his unwisely published with all his correspondence after his death,* are so utterly ludicrous that it seems impossible Cavour could have given credence to them. He succeeded in getting a rabble, paid to shout, "Death to Crispi! death to the ministry!" he assured Cavour that he himself was regarded as the saviour of Sicily, that Crispi was the man most detested in the island, and that he (Cavour) had formed a very exaggerated idea of Garibaldi's power. About a fortnight after his landing, La Farina was received by the dictator, who informed him that the annexation of the island was a foregone conclusion, but that he should choose his own time and method for proclaiming the annexation, as he did not intend that Victor Emmanuel should be dependent on diplomacy for acceptance; that neither did he mean to lose his own basis of operation until he had freed the continent and proclaimed the king of Italy in Rome. He reproved him severely for his unpatriotic conduct in 1859, and informed him that Crispi enjoyed his entire confidence and that of all good patriots. Just at this time Garibaldi had been especially incensed by the demand made in Cavour's name by Admiral Persano for the surrender of Mazzini, whom the Piedmontese statesman believed to be in Sicily. Crispi had resigned and insisted upon Garibaldi's accepting his resignation, which he did most reluctantly, appointing him to one of the highest offices in the island, which he also refused, remaining simply secretary-general to the dictator. At this moment, also, was discovered by Persano the presence of two miscreants, supposed to be sent from Rome or by the king of Naples, to assassinate Garibaldi. It turned out that they were spies in the pay of the Piedmontese police. Garibaldi at length, worried out of his life, disturbed in his military preparations, incensed at seeing disorders

* "Epistolario di Giuseppe La Farina," by E. Treves. Two volumes. Milano: 1869. This book is somewhat rare, as after its publication Crispi brought an action for libel against the editor and publisher, and gained his suit. The book was withdrawn from circulation by order of the tribunal, but can be had at all the public libraries.

fomented among the people, party rancour substituted for the harmony which had hitherto prevailed, issued an order for the arrest of the two spies and La Farina, and sent them on board the flagship, requesting Admiral Persano to have them conveyed to Genoa. That Admiral Persano was ordered to request the arrest, not only of Mazzini, but of other pet antipathies of Cavour, is recorded by Alberto Mario in his "Personal Reminiscences of Garibaldi." *

"Do you know," said the dictator, "that this morning I had a visit from Admiral Persano, who is here in the bay with two frigates? Guess why he came. He was sent by Cavour to beg me to arrest you and your wife—to consign you to him on board the *Maria Adelaide*, to be sent back to Genoa. I looked at him with astonishment, and answered indignantly, 'Signor Ammiraglio, reply to Count Cavour that I am not his police-agent, like his lieutenants Ricasoli, Farini, and Lionetto Cipriani, in Central Italy; that I do not arrest tried and honoured patriots who have come to our assistance; and that I feel much offended by the demand. Signor Ammiraglio, let us speak of other things.' Quoth the admiral, visibly disconcerted, 'They are republicans.' 'Republicans? Their republic at present is the unity of Italy which we intend to found, and for which we are willing to spend our lives!' And instead of sending you two on board the *Maria Adelaide*, I despatched La Farina, sent here by Cavour to create embarrassments, and to prevent me from completing the liberation of Naples by promoting the immediate annexation of Sicily, when even the island is not yet entirely freed from the Bourbon."

This expulsion of La Farina was stigmatized by Cavour as a "barbarous, iniquitous, nefarious act," rather strong adjectives in the mouth of a constitutional minister, who had, between 1852 and 1860, banished, at the request of Austria, patriots by wholesale—had even secured their expulsion from Switzerland, and this besides keeping untried prisoners for months and years in the prisons and fortresses of the state.

Unconvinced of the egregious blunder he had committed, determined to accomplish the immediate annexation of the island, he now trusted chiefly to Admiral Persano as his accomplice for this and for preventing Garibaldi from crossing the straits. Here commences Cavour's great conspiracy, the threads of which must be

* *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1882.

followed if Garibaldi's conduct is to be judged in its true light. In Cavour's letter to Persano, written on June 30, expressly to be shown to Garibaldi, the following sentence occurs:—"After such a splendid victory (that of Milazzo), I do not see how we could hinder him from passing on to the continent. I beg you to convey to General Garibaldi my sincere and warm congratulations." But on the very same day, June 30, he writes to the Marquis Villamarina, minister of Victor Emmanuel at the court of Naples, "It is extremely desirable that the liberation of Naples should not be left to Garibaldi to effect, since in this case the revolutionary system would take the place of that of the constitutional monarchical party. If the dictator arrives victoriously in the capital of the kingdom, revolution and anarchy will take root, and this would create the worst impression in Europe. Add to this his mad design of going to Rome in despite of and against France, which would be the complete ruin of the Italian cause. Hence it is necessary that a national movement take place in Naples before Garibaldi arrives. The attempt is dangerous, but it is necessary to prevent revolution from breaking out in Naples." Persano's secret instructions of the same date are "to go at once to Naples, apparently to place himself at the disposal of the Princess of Syracuse, sister of the Prince of Carignano and cousin to the king; the real object being to co-operate in a plan which is to ensure the triumph in Naples of the national principle *without the intervention of Garibaldi*. The principal actors are Liborio Romano, minister of the interior, and General Nunziante." And on August 1, "Do not assist the passage of Garibaldi to the continent; on the contrary, use all possible indirect means to retard it." The co-accomplices of this brilliant scheme—besides the brother of the King of Naples, his own prime minister, General Nunziante the chief author with General Ghio of the atrocious massacres of Sapri—were a set of Cavour's special agents—Ribotti, Mezzacapo, and other names of less note; Silvio Spaventa, for whose liberation from the galleys of Ventotenne Garibaldi had laboured for a year in vain; Finzi, the president of Garibaldi's own Million-of-Muskets Committee; Visconti Venosta; and a committee of Neapolitans. Cavour placed a million of francs to Persano's account, sent Piedmontese bersaglieri and artillerymen on board the fleet, and the members of the party were furnished with arms in abundance—most of which, by the way, were sequestered by the authorities of the King of Naples.

It must be borne in mind that all this time the King of Piedmont was keeping up apparently cordial relations with his "dear cousin;" that the negotiations for an alliance between Piedmont and Naples had never been broken off. Persano, although zealous in his professions of admiration and profuse in his offers of assistance to Garibaldi, accepts the double mission, praises in his letters to Cavour all his accomplices, and suggests that it will be easy to obtain an annexationist movement in Calabria "*before Garibaldi lands, by giving out that this is his desire; hence general adhesion.*" Garibaldi, on the contrary, deprecated a movement in the provinces, lest it should be quelled before his landing. The Marquis Villamarina, Sardinian ambassador at Naples, manifested from the first his distaste for the scheme; he, distrusting the double dealing of Liborio Romano and Nunziante—the latter not even possessing a soldier's courage to bring into the plot—warned Cavour that such a scheme with such men could not succeed, and in a long letter demonstrated the uselessness, on the one hand, of continuing the negotiations of an alliance between Naples and Piedmont, and, on the other, his full trust in Garibaldi. "The Neapolitan negotiators will make no end of promises, but it is well that the Government should understand that they are all illusory; here the situation remains unchanged. Among you it is said that Garibaldi is the revolution; don't believe it. Garibaldi is considered by these populations as the precursor of Victor Emmanuel; the king ought to be convinced by this time of the complete devotion of that valorous soldier. Mazzini and the revolution in the sense usually understood (a revolution for a republic) is impossible at Naples. This Government now makes a merit of leaving Sicily free because it knows that the island is lost; because it hopes by this concession to secure assistance from Piedmont to save the continental provinces, which are also morally lost to the Bourbons. I insist upon these points because I intend to free myself from all responsibility. If we yield, if we accept the Neapolitan alliance, we shall have the revolution at home and at Naples, and the Bourbons will help to spread it through our kingdom and their own. Their ministers do their duty in trying to save their king; I perform my duty in placing my Government in a condition to understand the true state of things, so that the adorable House of Savoy may not lose all its prestige and compromise its future." For Villamarina but two paths were open—to resign or to obey Cavour implicitly, and as far as the execution of the orders

given to him went, he did obey; but Persano complains of his coldness, as do the other conspirators, and in one of his letters Cavour tells him brusquely that "he trusts quite too much in Garibaldi." But even had he gone in heart and soul for the conspiracy it would have availed nothing. From the day that Mignogna saw Garibaldi at Caprera (iii., p. 222), the city of Naples and the provinces had been gradually covered with the finest filigree network of conspiracy. In Naples itself there was a committee of action, which had its sub-committee in all the provinces, and by special messengers—not trusting the post—kept up constant communication with Cosenz and Garibaldi in Sicily, with Mazzini and Bertani in Genoa, the latter sending them revolvers and rifles in old conspiratorial fashion, in hogsheads of sugar or with similar precautions.

Of the letters that passed to and from Genoa and Naples we have read more than a hundred; some are written in cypher, some in sympathetic ink. In no single one is there the slightest deviation from the programme or the practical methods of carrying it out. There were to be no partial movements in the provinces unless preceded by a *bona fide* revolution in Naples; the utmost care was to be taken that no promise of an amnesty or constitution on the part of the King of Naples should modify the resolution to turn out the Bourbons neck and crop. If a revolution in Naples was impossible—and, of course, this was rendered doubly difficult by the fact that, after the victory of Milazzo, the entire Neapolitan army and fleet could be utilized for the protection of the continental provinces—they were to wait for direct orders from Garibaldi, or for the news of his landing, or at least for the landing of some of his pioneers. The central committee, precisely as though living in normal times and under a constitutional government, printed and posted orders of the day, affixing huge placards on the walls of the city. Here is a specimen: "Advice to all friends of our programme. Our aim—unity and liberty of Italy with Victor Emmanuel. The means—revolution. Sole representative—the hero of the people, Giuseppe Garibaldi. Whosoever in whatsoever way places an obstacle in the path of this predestined liberator is the enemy of Italy. Friends; be watchful. There is a plot on foot to strangle the great unitarian movement, and to proclaim any species of dictator so that he be not Garibaldi." At the same time, Filippo Agresti, one of Silvio Spaventa and Settembrini's fellow galley-slaves, writes to Bertani, "This is the Cavourian plot: to substitute for our com-

mittee of action a committee of order, to name a dictator—the Prince of Syracuse, the ambassador Villamarina, or Admiral Persano—to form a provisional government in the name of Victor Emmanuel, to proclaim their perfect accord with Garibaldi, and meanwhile to leave him and his to do all the fighting with the troops in the provinces, but to preclude his entry into the capital.”

Nicomede Bianchi, of all Cavour’s apologists the most fervent and thorough-going, compelled to admit all the particulars of the plot, concludes, “Alas! the expedients were more adapted to aggravate than to allay the supposed evils. The dictatorship (whether of Villamarina or of Persano), even if proclaimed, would have been but a paper castle, which the omnipotent breath of Garibaldi would have blown to the winds. Fraught with even more frightful perils was the other project for the regency of the Prince of Syracuse. We do not hesitate to affirm that it was a providential fortune for Italy that it was not put in effect. The Neapolitan people would have been seized with that feverish delirium which destroys everything that surrounds it, had they seen in the seat of government a scion of the accursed race of the Bourbons, in the place of the hero to whom their fervent imagination attributed a power exceeding every human limit. The revolution proceeded victorious, irresistible, impelled by the name of Garibaldi; without him nothing useful or stable could have been effected in Southern Italy.”

Returning to the argument, after enumerating all Cavour’s plans and precautions to provoke a movement and yet make it appear spontaneous, he continues, “But to ensure the success of this design the fundamental elements were wanting. In the first place, the historical truth that revolutions cannot be imported or be forced into birth by occult manœuvres at will, was manifested with extraordinary clearness. Revolutions are impossible unless the temperature of the actors has risen to the highest degree; to that point when spontaneous combustion takes place, and, at all risks and hazards, transforms an idea into a fact. Revolutions are the natural product of this state of things; when this element is wanting, no revolutions take place—straw fires may be lighted, but nothing more. Moreover, the art of conspiring, of preparing rebellions, requires a long and difficult apprenticeship; it cannot be learnt in a few days. Assuredly those who pledged themselves to carry out Cavour’s designs were warmly attached to Italy; they possessed personal courage and the virtues accompanying this quality. But they were

devoid of the essential quality of valiant conspirators. Their work was doubly difficult since of necessity they ought to have been at the same time able destroyers and expert builders. The natural consequence of all this was, that, despite the fervent efforts and instigations of Cavour, nothing was done, and meanwhile Garibaldi, passing through the Calabrian provinces, was marching right on Naples" ("Storia della Diplomazia," vol. viii.).

Precisely so; the mountain had not even given birth to a mouse! But this was no fault of Cavour's will; simply he was powerless in the presence of Garibaldi's omnipotence.

NOTE F (p. 269).—Mazzini, detained in London by a sharp attack of the fatal malady that finally led him to the tomb, arrived at Genoa just as the expedition of the Thousand had started, and lent Bertani all his aid for the organization of the revolution in the central and southern continental states. For three months he lived, moved, worked, visited, and was visited by all the people whom it was necessary he should see, sent hither and thither his agents, and received their reports, without Cavour ever being able to ascertain his presence in that city, still less to track him to his home, which literally was in the heart of the people.

"Oh! Sir Harry Vane!

The Lord deliver us from Sir Harry Vane!"

had been Cavour's daily prayer for years, and had it been answered Mazzini's fate might have been similar to Sir Harry's. Napoleon, who kept him duly on the alert by his terror-stricken appeals, now aroused his suspicions that Mazzini must be in Italy. "He is not in London; he is not in the canton Tessin; he must have gone with or joined Garibaldi." So Cavour imagined him to have started with Medici, and detained the expedition three days at Cagliari to secure the arch-fiend's arrest, telegraphing to Mathieu, Governor of Cagliari, "Send the *Gulnara* instantly to Palermo to take the following despatch to Count Persano:—'We are assured that Mazzini and Miss White have embarked on board the *Washington*, which is carrying volunteers to Palermo. Send La Farina to Garibaldi, to invite him in the king's name to arrest Mazzini, and to give him into your hands (*et à vous le remettre*). He must tell him that Mazzini's presence in Sicily would necessitate the recall of the squadron, and ruin the national cause in Europe. You will send Mazzini to Genoa on board the *Carlo Alberto*. Should any attempt

whatsoever be made in his favour, I order you to employ the most energetic means of repression. Should Garibaldi refuse to allow Mazzini's arrest, you will immediately make preparations for the departure of the fleet, and will at once send the *Authion* to Cagliari to receive instructions.' "

This telegram is in itself a proof of Cavour's glaring unwisdom, to say the least. To imagine that Garibaldi would listen to La Farina was a singular infatuation on his part, but that he, merely a Piedmontese minister, should order a merely Piedmontese admiral to use the most energetic means of repression on the soil of Sicily under Garibaldi's dictatorship, shows what progress the Mazzini-on-the-brain disease had made. Persano, whose moral courage was on no higher level than his physical, gave Cavour to understand that Garibaldi had promised Mazzini's arrest (which assertion Garibaldi in 1869, when Persano published his diary, declared to be absolutely false). Hence Cavour, who believed that he had obtained such a promise, replies on June 19, "I approve the dispositions given relative to Mazzini. I fear, however, that he is no longer, if even he ever was, on board the *Washington*. However, even if he escapes now, another time he will fall into your hands. The arrest of Mazzini is one of the greatest services that can possibly be rendered to Italy " (*Chiala*, vol. iii. pp. 263-267).•

A service which, if Cavour had but known it, could have been rendered by half the populace of Genoa. There he lived literally at large, changing his residence but twice, and visiting Bertani almost every evening. Cavour's spies were always on the alert; and more than once, out of sheer fun, "Pippo" stopped them to ask for a light to his cigar, or the way to a certain street. If necessary, he would go out in the daytime. I remember his coming to bid us adieu in the house of Advocate Carcassi, where, having, through a telegram failing, missed the first expedition, we, having come in disguise from Lugano, were hiding, while waiting for the second. Orders for our arrest were out, and Medici received very urgent ones to consign us at Cagliari. He, friendly knight as he was, gave strict orders to his officers that we were not to be told of the demand, knowing, of course, that we should insist on a mild edition of Jonah's fate rather than embarrass the expedition. And Mazzini, who, as usual, knew everything, came to warn us at the last instant. On our asking how he could be so imprudent, he said that if it would not seem unmannerly to keep his hat on his head, he thought he should

go to **Turin**, and give **Cavour** some "advice from an impartial friend." And truly he might have done so, as his most intimate acquaintance could not have recognized **Mazzini**, with a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat pulled over his tell-tale brow, thus shading the eyes of which—

"One never saw their like before,
Nor e'er shall see their likeness more."

With his beard shaved, he needed no other disguise, and once only was persuaded to use one—by the Austrian traitor in **Napoleon's** pay, who betrayed him in 1870! These slight precautions, and his inimitable coolness and self-possession, rendered him almost ubiquitous. His friends, male and female, in Italy, Switzerland, and England, enjoyed putting people off the scent. Some one must have taken this precaution with **Lord Malmesbury**, who, on February 7, 1853, writes, "An outbreak has taken place at Milan, repressed with great rigour and cruelty. The **Ticinese** Swiss, to the number of some thousands, are expelled from Lombardy. **Mazzini** not to be found. His always escaping the foreign police is very suspicious. He left England on January 2, four days after **Lord Derby's** government resigned. He is said to be very clever at disguises; but I can hardly understand it, as I met him at **Madame Parodi's**, and he is more terribly marked with the small-pox than any one I ever saw, with piercing black eyes, and much resembling **Ugolino Foscolo**" ("Memoirs of an Ex-Minister," vol. ii. pp. 103, 104). This is charming. When England's foreign secretary was convinced that the pock-marked, red-headed guest of **Madame Parodi's** was **Mazzini**, the failure of the foreign police to catch him may be condoned!

Cavour's persecution of **Mazzini**, even in this hour of his conversion, cannot be explained on any ordinary hypothesis. That he was finally convinced of the inevitability of Italian unity appears from several of his most intimate letters. "The fabulous success of **Garibaldi** on the one hand," he writes on July 4, "the cruelty, the cowardice, and the ineptitude of the King of Naples on the other, have given to the unitarian sentiment an irresistible power. The calmest, the most moderate, the most conservative of men have become unitarians. The Prince of **Carignano**, my colleague **Cassinis**, **Baron Ricasoli** admit of no other solution." And here alluding to a well-known fact, namely, that the old constitutional party of Naples, the victims of **King Bomba**, had not hitherto

desired the unity of Italy under the King of Piedmont, preferring the autonomy of the Neapolitan provinces, with Naples for capital, and a king and court of their own, he continues, "The liberal Neapolitans (meaning the constitutionalists) will, if they must renounce their dominion over Sicily, all become unitarians, that is certain." Cavour had, moreover, read Mazzini's letter to the king, whose name, by the way, he took in vain, in ordering his arrest. Men of moderate sentiments had assured him that Mazzini was eager for annexation, and they had every reason for their assertion, for his friends even joked him on his eagerness; some of his little daily notes to Bertani are signed "Your faithful annexationist." In March, as we have seen, he wrote to Garibaldi, "My only watchword is 'Unity.' I spur on the annexations, I try to create a revolution in Sicily and elsewhere, insisting only on immediate acceptance." By this he meant that the provinces freed and proclaiming their desire for annexation should not be kept in suspense, be left thus to the chances of anarchy or usurpers, as Central Italy and Tuscany had been throughout an entire year. To have established a republic in Sicily and Naples when Southern Italy was freed from the foreigner, would have been tantamount to making two Italics, with Rome left to the pope and his body-guard of foreigners. This "dual Italy" would have defeated the aim to which the whole lives of the unitarian party had been devoted. To the very last Mazzini kept a sharp watch on the separatists in Sicily. All his letters to Nicola Fabrizi and to Crispi, then minister of the interior, and later private secretary to Garibaldi, teem with exhortations to "be on their guard against the autonomists, who are encouraged by Napoleon, and by all those opposed to Italian unity," and in one letter to Crispi, written in June, occur these words: "If the separatists agitate, precipitate the annexation." Clearly no patriotic fears justified the desire to possess himself of Mazzini's person which had become a mania with Cavour. Had he but lived until 1870, he would have had the supreme satisfaction of seeing him, Prometheus-like, a prisoner on the barren rock of Gaeta; but neither he nor "the man of evil" who trembled at the good genius of Italy, could rob her of the sacred fire which he had kindled, and which neither gods nor fiends could extinguish.

NOTE G (p. 269).—It must not be forgotten that Cavour was sur-

rounded by Garibaldi's bitterest enemies, by Farini—who could never forget Garibaldi's parting words when, to avoid civil war, he left Bologna in 1859, "Your conduct has not been straightforward; you are responsible for this wretched business (*pasticcio*);" by Fanti, who ever since 1849 had been working his way up in the regular army, and was now actually minister of war, who envied the successes and hated the popularity of the man who had made his "fox-like policy," his "subtle artifices," by-words in Italy. After Garibaldi's retirement in 1859, while Fanti organized and protected the Tuscan army, the volunteers and regular troops of the duchies and the Romagna, he purposely neglected and humiliated the officers and soldiers of the Hunters of the Alps, and, when many of these clamoured to join Garibaldi in Sicily, punished them severely, and finally dissolved the brigade, which had been left at Rimini under General Cosenz. But, setting such men and motives aside, it was quite natural that, after Garibaldi's wonderful successes, all true patriots should desire to take their share of danger and of glory in the final liberation of Italy under the banner of the king.

All the ex-revolutionary generals of the regular army clamoured for action; the king himself, it is said, asked more than once whether he, like the King of Naples, was to be made the laughing-stock of Europe. Ricasoli, who, even after the annexation of Tuscany and Central Italy, remained virtual dictator, gave the Piedmontese Government no peace. Here is a specimen of his telegrams: "All the Italians ask, 'Where is the king?' 'What is the Government of the king doing?' Garibaldi is careering triumphantly through the kingdom of Naples, and the king doesn't move and the Government doesn't stir. I do not mean to wake up one day and find myself the lieutenant of Garibaldi. Our Garibaldi, in case of need, ought to be the king. When he thinks the day come, let him mount to horse and call the entire nation around him; all will follow him, and I for the first. Woe to the governments who abdicate." Vainly Ricasoli was summoned to Turin, entreated by Cavour, counselled by the king to dissolve the volunteer corps at Castel Pucci, and do his utmost to allay any agitation in the Papal States. Vainly he was reminded that Napoleon had set his veto—that his "Thus far and no farther" was written on the frontier. If there was one thing that Ricasoli loathed more than Austrian it was French meddling in the peninsula. The unavenged atrocities of Perugia weighed on his mind; the fact that, in addition to the

French occupation of Rome, Lamoricière was aided and abetted by the emperor in promoting a league between the Bourbon and the pope to save both their crowns, filled him with as much disgust as it did Mazzini himself. "Let the insurrection break out, let the volunteers cross the frontier," he said, "then in with you all on the plea of maintaining order, or what you please." Having thus delivered his mind at Turin, he returned to Florence, and not until the pledge was given to him that the Piedmontese army and fleet were about to attack the troops of Lamoricière without even awaiting insurrection or the intervention of volunteers, did he consent to expel Nicotera and his brigade. The burden of his song was this: "If Tuscany is to sacrifice her splendid traditions, her ten-century-old autonomy, so must every other province; Italy must be one from the Alps to Cape Passero, from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic. What is the Government thinking of, in leaving all the fighting and the glory to Garibaldi? Do the king and the army count for nothing?" The fourth volume of Ricasoli's letters only comes down to March, 1860, but we have seen several of those written after the Sicilian expedition, and they explain fully Cavour's letters to his amateur police-agent Gualterio, who kept him duly informed of the baron's sentiments. "Thanks for the good news you send me, and still more for the efforts you have made to prevent rash and mad acts which would have produced the most fatal consequences. . . . Nevertheless, I cannot deny that affairs in Tuscany make me uneasy. Not that I believe in the irrepressible ardour of the populations; what disturbs me is Ricasoli's state of mind. Garibaldi's exploits have excited him beyond all reason. He wants the Government to outdo the dictator in audacity—to initiate movements, to organize revolutions; in a word, to submerge the pope and the King of Naples, and to proclaim the unity of Italy. He writes, he re-writes, he telegraphs day and night to drive us on with counsels, with advice, with warnings, with reproaches, I might say with threats. Let us hope that he will calm down; otherwise I don't see how we can come to an understanding, as the Government means to act with courage, nay, even with audacity, but neither with temerity nor madness. . . .

"I shall be grateful to you if you will enlighten me as to the real state of the Tuscans. If it corresponds to that of the baron, woe is me" ("Chiala," vol. iii. p. 317).

Any one who remembers the tall, frail man; the severe, almost for-

bidding aspect of the "Iron Baron," must smile at this description of his state of mind; but the facts were that he had given Giuseppe Dolfi almost a blank cheque for the equipment and organization of the Tuscan volunteers to invade Umbria and the Marches, quite expecting that the king and Cavour would, as soon as success crowned their efforts and the annexations were proclaimed, march in from Central Italy, take possession, and explain to Europe that this line of conduct was necessary to maintain order. Ricasoli believed then, as he believed later, that the French troops would withdraw from Rome, and that, this done, it would not be difficult to find a *modus vivendi* between Italy and the pope—if not with Pio Nono, at least with his successor. On June 3, Cavour writes to Ricasoli, "You ask me if the French are going to leave Rome. No, not at present. Their departure was established for July 1. A special convention was signed between Antonelli and Goyon, when Garibaldi's expedition, and more especially that of Zambianchi, caused the emperor to suspend the order of departure for his troops." Although Ricasoli did not mean to be Garibaldi's lieutenant, he was quite willing that the *duce* and his volunteers should co-operate with the king and under his orders. When he found that they were to be excluded, he acquiesced, never answering Nicotera's challenge of "perfidy, treachery, and cowardice" either in the Press or in the House. Silence must have cost him dear, but he could not defend himself without accusing the ministry, and probably "uncovering the crown."

Had the king chosen to assume the command, even to act once more as dictator, while allowing Garibaldi and his volunteers to serve under his orders, he might have freed himself and Italy from ten years' submission to the French emperor, whose yoke never ceased to gall and humiliate prince, governments, and peoples until Prussia annihilated his mock empire at Sedan.

NOTE H (p. 270).—As soon as ever Cavour realized that all his plots had failed—that his suborning of ministers, generals, even of members of the family of the young King of Naples, together with his treacherous conduct towards Garibaldi, were of no avail, as neither province nor city would stir until the liberator had set foot on the mainland, he changed his tactics. "It is too late," he writes to Nigra, "to prevent Garibaldi arriving at Naples and being proclaimed dictator there; we must arrest him elsewhere—that is to

say, in Umbria and the Marches." And to Farini, "I send you a series of telegraphic dispatches, which will persuade you more and more that Naples will not stir until Garibaldi arrives." In short, all his letters and telegrams deploring his *fiasco* at Naples, show his determination to prevent Garibaldi from even assisting in the liberation of Umbria and the Marches, and to do this it was necessary to draw a *cordon* of Piedmontese troops on the line dividing these provinces from the Abruzzi frontier. Rather than allow Garibaldi to continue his liberating career, Cavour preferred to see Napoleon arbitrator of Italian destinies—although he knew and affirmed that the emperor, in the interests of France, was opposed to Italian unity. Hence, after receiving the orders of the king, Cavour said to Baron Talleyrand, "If we do not arrive at the Cattolica before Garibaldi, we are lost; the revolution will invade Central Italy. We are compelled to act." And meanwhile he had sent the minister Farini and General Cialdini to the emperor at Chambéry, to explain in detail his plans for preventing Garibaldi's further progress, and writes to an intimate friend, "The emperor has approved everything; he has been perfect." Thouvenel gives the following account of the interview:—"Garibaldi," said Farini to the emperor, "intends to continue his march through the Roman States, arousing the populations; once the frontier crossed, it will be impossible to hinder an attack on Venice. But one path is open to the Cabinet of Turin, and that is to enter the Marches and Umbria as soon as Garibaldi shall have promoted the insurrection, to re-establish order there, and without touching the authority of the pope, to give, if necessary, a battle to the revolution personified in Garibaldi on the Neapolitan territory; then to demand immediately a congress to establish the destinies of Italy." This is the grievance to which Garibaldi so often alludes, which he never forgot or forgave, although to avoid that battle, alias civil war, he abdicated. The emperor, in his interview with Farini and Cialdini, agreed privately to the expedition, but gave Thouvenel orders to oppose it, and to threaten the interruption of diplomatic relations. Cavour writes to "an intimate friend" (Nigra), on September 12, "I sincerely regret this step on the part of the French Government; still, I have not thought it my duty to compromise the dignity of the king by suspending a project which had already begun to be put into execution. . . . You know all that I have done to cut Garibaldi off from Naples. I pushed

audacity up to the utmost point that was possible without risking the outburst of civil war, and I should not even have drawn back in that extremity if I could have hoped to carry public opinion with me. . . . Come what will, I see with gratitude that the emperor augments the garrison of Rome, thus reassuring the world as to the pretended dangers that threaten the throne of St. Peter's. The French Government at the same time renders us a great service *by augmenting our strength against Garibaldi.*"

NOTE I (p. 293).—Crispi, writing in the *Antologia*, says that "when Garibaldi read Pallavicino's letter he was profoundly indignant, because it contained an indirect ostracism for the man who, more than any other, had toiled for Italian unity. Had Pallavicino issued a decree for Mazzini's expulsion, Garibaldi would have publicly revoked it. So much did the affair trouble him that he begged Mazzini to go to Caserta. He went on October 4, and I accompanied him. Garibaldi was in bed, and the two clasped hands with the cordiality of friends who see each other for the first time after a long and troubled absence. Garibaldi was the first to speak. 'I hope you will not think of leaving Naples because of Pallavicino's letter which is an aberration: you well know that I do not doubt you, or suppose that your presence in Naples could embarrass the triumph of the national cause for which we both have toiled.' 'I was quite sure of your heart,' answered Mazzini, 'but the letter made a profound impression in the country, because written by your pro-dictator.' 'Pallavicino,' answered Garibaldi, 'has only been a pro-dictator for a few hours; what he wrote was on his own account, and cannot be considered as an act of the Government. In any case, I beg you not to leave Naples, and I assure you that no one will dare to molest you.' After this personal incident, Mazzini and Garibaldi conversed about the conditions of Italy, and the necessity of completing the national work."

NOTE J (p. 304).—Here is the king's proclamation to the Sicilians freed by Garibaldi and his Thousand: "My soul is deeply moved as I set foot on the soil of this illustrious island, which formerly, as a presage of the present destinies of Italy, had for its prince one of my ancestors;—which in our own day elected as its king my lamented brother, and which now calls upon me by a unanimous vote to extend to it the benefits of liberty and of national

unity. Great things have been accomplished in a short time; great things still remain to be accomplished; but, counting on the help of God, and on the virtue of the peoples of Italy, we hope to arrive at the completion of this magnanimous enterprise. The government which I bring to you will be a government of reparation and of concord; it will sincerely respect the rights of religion; it will maintain the old prerogatives which form the ornament of the Sicilian Church and the support of civil order intact; it will lay the foundations of an administration which will establish the principles of morality, indispensable to every well-regulated society, and which, progressively developing the principles of social economy, will utilize the fertility of its soil, invigorate commerce and the mercantile navy, and will enable all the inhabitants to enjoy those gifts which Providence has scattered freely over this privileged land.

"Sicilians! your history is the history of great deeds and of generous enterprises; the time is come for you, as for all Italians, to show to Europe that, even as we understand how to attain by valour independence and liberty, we also know how to preserve them by concord and by civic virtues.

(Signed) VICTOR EMMANUEL.

G. B. CASSINIS.

"Palermo, December 1, 1860."

NOTE K (p. 304).—All La Farina's letters from Palermo to Cavour, after the annexation, demand infantry brigades, battalions of bersaglieri, batteries, carbineers.

All the authorities named by Garibaldi, by Depretis, or Mordini, were replaced by men who had been the chief instruments of despotism. Within a month of their arrival in Palermo, La Farina, Cordova, and Raeli were compelled to fly from the capital, and soon to quit the island. "We have fallen," writes La Farina to Cavour on January 7, 1861, from Messina, "just as we had the knife in our hands to cut out the cancer. To succeed in this operation, Palermo must have a garrison of 8000 men at least, otherwise it would be folly to attempt it. What Cordova and I (excuse the want of modesty) have not been able to effect, no one else will dare to attempt unless supported by considerable military force," etc. And whereas in a previous letter La Farina had affirmed that there were very few Mazzinians in Palermo, and none in the rest of the island, he now attributes his fall to the Mazzinians and to the separatists

united. What an opportunity would this state of things in Southern Italy have been for Mazzini and his followers to have raised the flag of the Republic, enrolling all the malcontents of the two provinces, the rank and file of the ill-treated Garibaldians! But their flag was the flag of unity! Twenty-two millions of Italians were already united, Victor Emmanuel was acclaimed as the symbol of unity; hence every word and act of Mazzini and his followers tended to the completion of that unity by the liberation of Venice and of Rome.

For six years the islanders were treated far worse than they had been by the Bourbons. The Sicilians had fought valiantly on the Volturno as volunteers, yet were accused of cowardice in the Chambers. Bixio said in their defence: "We left Palermo with 120 volunteers; we arrived at Messina with 3000." And to a minister who said that the Piedmontese bersaglieri decided the victory on the Volturno, "Not one was there, not one assisted in the victory of October 1! My share in it at Maddaloni is mainly due to the *picciotti*, and this is a tribute due to the Sicilians, a reply to those who say that Sicilians are not stuff for soldiers. There is, instead, magnificent stuff in Sicily out of which to create the national army." And truly they had during Garibaldi's dictatorship enlisted willingly as conscripts, although they had hitherto been exempted from conscription; but under the harsh rule of the Piedmontese governors, many hid themselves in the mountains and the sulphur mines. Although Crispi proved by irrefragable statistics that Sicily contributed more than her share to the national army, the most cruel punishments were invented for the real or supposed absentees. Troops were poured into the island. A deaf and dumb man was seared with hot irons and otherwise put to the torture; whole villages were deprived of water; a house supposed to harbour a *renitente alla leva* was fired; the three inmates were burnt to death. When Garibaldi landed in the island in 1862, the islanders naturally answered to his call to "Rome or death." After Aspromonte, deserters and non-deserters were shot in cold blood without trial, yet their assassin was promoted and decorated. The island was kept in a state of siege for months, "vengeance" lasting throughout the years of 1862-3. At the close of that year, the Minghetti-Perruzzi ministry demanded yet more exceptional powers against Sicily. The servile majority (Cavour's of yore) consenting—Garibaldi, Bertani, Saffi, and seven other deputies resigned their seats in the house—a proceeding unintelligible to Britons whose

custom is to remain on even moral breaches. Crispi stood to his guns, and had the satisfaction of seeing all the seceders, except Aurelio Saffi, return to their seats at the next elections, and indeed it needed their united efforts to prevent the Sicilians from again "going separate" during their terrible revolution in 1866-7. It was not until Rome was made capital of Italy that the Sicilian irritation calmed down, and only when the liberals went to power in 1876, and ceased to treat them as helots did they begin to realize the benefits as well as the beauty of unity. Now there is not a more orderly province in Italy than the ever-patriotic Sicily, despite the misery of the populations.

NOTE L (p. 304).—"This is," writes Admiral Mundy, "the first positive breach of the doctrine of non-intervention which has occurred during the progress of the Italian civil war, and is much to be regretted as an act of arbitrary power." Again, on November 6, "the French vice-admiral De Tinan informed Persano that he would not be permitted to act on the defensive even at several miles distant from the port of Gaeta. On the 8th, several shots were fired from the *Bretagne* across the bows of Persano's flagship, and the Sardinian admiral was informed that he would not be allowed to approach within 6000 metres, or three and a half miles, of the French ships at anchor off the fortress. Ten thousand Bourbon troops in retreat along the narrow isthmus which connects Mola with Gaeta must have been cut off by the Sardinian squadron, had not the latter been prevented by the French ships of the line from acting offensively against them. The effect of this armed foreign intervention will be to protract for many weeks the civil war in the kingdom of Naples, and be an encouragement to Francis II. to defend himself to the last. His Majesty had the opportunity of safe retreat, and might probably have availed himself of it, had not false hopes been held out to him of assistance from without." Hardly had the annexation been proclaimed, and the Piedmontese army and navy entered upon their task of completing the liberation of the continent, when, Admiral Persano having received orders to co-operate with the Sardinian army in its passage of the river Garigliano to undertake the siege of Gaeta, the French vice-admiral De Tinan got up steam, and two line-of-battle ships placed themselves between the Sardinian squadron and the shore. Admiral De Tinan then stated to the Sardinian officer that he should oppose with his force any attack upon the town. On the

receipt of this answer, the Sardinian squadron stood out to sea, and the French ships re-anchored in the bay. The King of Naples openly vaunted French protection; more than one of the old Neapolitan constitutionalists warned Cavour that, as a return of the Bourbons was impossible, if Victor Emmanuel's government should be discredited the propaganda for Murat might even yet succeed. Brigandage, fomented by the soldiers still attached to the king, assumed frightful proportions, and General Goyon with the French who were in Rome openly protected them by receiving the fugitives who crossed the frontier, preventing the Italians from pursuing them—nay, actually compelling them to give up a number they had captured. Cavour pleaded and protested with Napoleon in vain; either he received no answer, as Nigra had been recalled from Paris when Napoleon withdrew his minister from Turin in September, or he was reminded that the emperor never had and never did intend to favour Italian unity. Lord John Russell, throughout the month of December, remonstrated, reminding the emperor that if he had decided to maintain King Francis on his throne, such a policy might have been deeply regretted, though it would have been intelligible, and might have been successful; but that now, after the recent proclamation of King Francis, the French fleet could only remain on the principle of intervention in the war between the Kings Victor and Francis. He ordered Lord Cowley to inform the emperor that in the opinion of her Majesty's Government he ought not only to advise the king to leave Gaeta, but should also put an end to French interference. As the remonstrances of Lord Palmerston's government grew more and more peremptory, the emperor finally ordered the French fleet to quit the waters of Gaeta, hence the fortress, which would assuredly have fallen in October, 1860, had the royal troops and volunteers and the fleet combined, finally surrendered in February, 1861. Cavour, in a letter to Antonio Panizzi, says, "The emperor seems about to withdraw his fleet—not to pleasure us, but to appease the irritation of England."

VII.

1861.

Last visit to England's "good admiral"—Fatal dualism—Cavour's letters to the king and Farini—Reaping the whirlwind—Parliamentary duel—Cavour proposes, Fanti disposes—The southern army humiliated and dispersed—Garibaldi's project for national armament rejected—Formal reconciliation between Cavour and Garibaldi—Remarkable letter of Garibaldi to Cavour—"Troppo tardi"—Cavour's death—Notes.

GARIBALDI, on leaving Naples, ordered his son and all his officers "to remain at their posts," allowing only a chosen few to accompany him on board the *Hannibal* to take his farewell of "England's good admiral." * The details of the last visit on board the *Hannibal*, as narrated by Admiral Mundy, † are so characteristic, and cast such light on the events of the next ten years, that we give the chief passages.

* See Note A.

† We should like to correct one of the rare errors made by Admiral Mundy in his "The *Hannibal* at Palermo and Naples." He twice calls Missori, who always accompanied Garibaldi, an Hungarian, whereas he is an *Italianissimo*, who as a mere boy mounted the barricades of his native city of Milan during the five days of Milan, and distinguished himself in every later campaign, saving Garibaldi's life at Milazzo. He has declined office, rank, or decoration; as a republican, refuses to sit in Parliament. He is now one of the foremost promoters of "peace that shall be no counterfeit" among European nations. See "H.M.S. *Hannibal* at Palermo and Naples," pp. 280, 287.

“Looking out of the stern verandah windows, and pointing to an English merchant vessel blowing off her steam, at a cable’s distance, Garibaldi said, in a melancholy tone, ‘There is the ship which is to carry me to my island home; but, admiral, I could not depart without paying you a farewell visit. It is the last which I make before leaving Naples. Your conduct to me since our first meeting at Palermo has been so kind, so generous, that it can never be erased from my memory. It is engraven there indelibly; it will last my life.’

“Without his steadfast faith in the honour of the British flag, my action as a neutral power would have been inoperative for good, and the armistice which had brought about the cessation of hostilities might never have been arranged. . . .

“Garibaldi then invited me to pay him a visit at his cottage in Caprera, and spoke much of the beautiful harbour between the island and the main, where Nelson had once anchored for the protection of his fleet.

“I told him that eighteen months had yet to pass by before my time of service in the Mediterranean would expire, and I could hardly expect to find him at the same little spot at the end of that period. This remark appeared to strike a chord which threw the whole train of his reflections into a different channel. From a tone of dejection and gloom, he seemed suddenly to wake up to one of buoyancy and hope. He hastily exclaimed, ‘Before five months have passed I shall again be in the field! In March of next year we must have a million of men under arms, and the work of the regeneration of my country must be completed. I shall never rest satisfied till emancipation from foreign rule has been effected throughout the entirety of the Italian kingdom. Rome and Venice are not French or Austrian cities. They are Italian cities.

They belong to Italy alone, and the powerful of the earth have no right to retain them. . . .’

“Two months’ reflection, since the advice given to him by Lord John Russell, through Mr. Elliot, had evidently made no change in his determination to agitate, even in arms if necessary, to force the foreign garrison from Rome. He stated again, as he had stated at Palermo, that the French emperor was the prime enemy of Italy, and that the great Italian capital would never be delivered up, unless the whole nation rose in arms and compelled his Majesty to act justly. It was not the love of Italy, but the hope of enlargement of the empire by the acquisition of Italian territory, that brought the French armies into Lombardy in the spring of last year; and, for his own part, he could never offer his hand to an Italian minister, however great he might be, who had acquiesced in the degradation of his country by yielding to the will of the spoiler.

“I found the attempt which I had made on the present as on two former occasions, to moderate the opinions of the dictator on this question of state policy utterly useless. Rome, the empress-city of the world, Venice, the queen of the Adriatic, to be in the hands of the alien! It was humiliation intolerable, and they must be rescued at all risk. During the whole of this interview the name of King Victor Emmanuel was not once mentioned, in relation to his Majesty’s entrance into the city, nor of the advance of the Sardinian army for the investment of Gaeta. It appeared to me that the dictator wished to avoid allusion to the subject, and it certainly was not for me to bring it into notice. With the insight I now possessed of the imaginative character of the man, I cannot say I was altogether astonished at the vehemence of his language, but I was at a loss to understand the inveterate hatred he seemed to cherish for every act of the chief minister.”

Alas ! this fatal dualism between Cavour and Garibaldi was destined to endure until the bitter end. Even as with Admiral Mundy, so afterwards at Caprera, he in private conversation either refrained from speaking of Victor Emmanuel, or he placed the king's conduct in the most lenient light—attributing the destruction of the volunteer army entirely to Cavour. But in this judgment he was mistaken, as were the majority of his followers and all his biographers up to the present day.* Alas ! there was no chance for the few “would-be mediators” to bring about a reconciliation which might at one and the same time have saved the southern army and ensured the willing adherence of the southern populations to the new order of things. Garibaldi's words to Admiral Mundy, that he would “never take the hand of the Italian minister,” etc., referred to an attempt made as early as October 19, to bring about an understanding between Cavour and Garibaldi

* In the “all” we include ourselves, and Alberto Mario, in “Garibaldi and his Thousand,” our “Life of Garibaldi,” and “Garibaldi and his Times,” and his best English biographer, Colonel Chambers. “Cavour,” writes the latter, “can never have been in earnest in affecting a desire to be reconciled to Garibaldi. For if he were, why was General Fanti permitted to accompany the king? The conduct of General Fanti in Central Italy, and General Garibaldi's resignation of the command of the army in Tuscany in consequence of that conduct, will be fresh in the remembrance of our readers. Yet now General Fanti was chosen to regulate the future destinies of the southern army, although he had always been the greatest adversary of the volunteers, and was believed to be the bitterest foe of Garibaldi himself.” The few letters which we give, show that Cavour did his utmost to prevent this disaster, and most signally failed.

by Bertani, his devoted friend, the able organizer of his volunteers, the most tenacious supporter of his plans for Rome. The result was intense indignation on Garibaldi's part, a storm of reproaches from the Garibaldians pure and simple; while the "Cavourians," who desired and fomented divisions, piled up the calumnies against Bertani to such a height that he was well-nigh suffocated by them, though he triumphed ultimately—when his "ashes were in their urn!" *

As we have not attempted to gloss over the unprincipled conduct of the great Piedmontese statesman during Garibaldi's campaign in Sicily and Naples, it is but just to refer our readers to the entire series of Cavour's letters to the king and to Farini, after his point was gained, the annexation secured and sanctioned by parliamentary vote—letters which have only been given to the public within the last two years. When Cavour first heard that Fanti was to accompany his Majesty to Naples, he seems to have been fairly staggered, and telegraphed to Farini to do his utmost to induce Fanti to return to Turin to his post as minister of war. "At any price, don't let him go to Naples." He wrote letter after letter to the king in person:

"No compromise with the Mazzinians, no weakness with the Garibaldians, but infinite tact with their general. Garibaldi has become my greatest enemy, but for the good of Italy and for your Majesty's honour, I do most ardently desire that he shall withdraw fully satisfied. For this reason I entirely disapprove of Fanti's going to

* See Note B.

Naples ; it is a fact calculated to irritate Garibaldi beyond measure. Your Majesty will have accomplished a great purpose in coming to terms with Garibaldi before Fanti crosses the frontier."

Again to Farini, who seems to have been displeased by his telegram—

"You are right. The telegraph is not a good method of venting one's bile ; it is too concentrated, hence becomes bitter and venomous. If I get into a rage again (*se mai vado altra volta in bestia*), I will dilute my bad temper in ink. The king, in my opinion, ought to show himself inexorable to Mazzini and the Mazzinians, masked or unmasked. But we must show ourselves generous to those who have combated. If Garibaldi's army acclaim the king, it must be well treated. Here you will have to fight against military pedantry and pretensions. Don't give in ; supreme state policy forbids it. Woe to us if we show ourselves oblivious and ungrateful to those who have shed their blood for Italy ; we should be condemned by Europe. A tremendous reaction in favour of the Garibaldians would spread through the country. On this point I have had a hot discussion with Fanti. He talks of the exigencies of the army. I told him that we were not in Spain ; that with us the army *obeys*. Not that I mean to maintain all the grâdes bestowed by Garibaldi on his officers. Heaven preserve me from such absurdities ! But, on the other hand, we cannot, as Fanti would have us do, disperse the Garibaldians with a simple dole. In my opinion, a commission composed of two generals of our army, Sonnaz and Villamarina, with two Garibaldian generals, Medici and Cosenz, and Cialdini president, ought to be instituted. The Garibaldian officers should be divided into three categories : the

first composed of a select few, might enter the army; the second might form one or two special divisions, called the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, detached from the army, with a separate system of promotion; the third, and certainly the most numerous portion, may be sent home with a year's pay. The commission should distribute a certain amount of medals and crosses of the Order of Savoy, and pensions for the wounded. Consult Cialdini, who on this point is more reasonable than Fanti; make him see clearly what a chorus of indignation we shall arouse if we maintain the grades of the Bourbon officers, many of whom fled ignominiously, and discard the Garibaldians, who conquered them. On this point I will not yield. Rather than assume the responsibility of an act of such black ingratitude, *I will go and bury myself at Leri*. I despise ingrates so much that I feel no anger against them, and pardon their injuries. But, by God! I could not bear the merited stain of having ignored services such as that of the conquest of a kingdom of nine millions of inhabitants" (see Cavour's letter of October and November, 1860, vols. iv. and vi.).

But, like many other ambitious and obstinate men in power, Cavour had sown the wind, and was doomed to reap the whirlwind. He had encouraged in his colleagues and subordinates envy, hatred, and even fear of Garibaldi, and now that they had their opportunity they took their fill of vengeance. It was Cavour's express intention to preserve the army of the south for future war against the Austrians, quite sure that Garibaldi would forgive him all things on the day on which he should summon him to head them against Austria for the liberation of Venice. Cavour, in short, having gained

his point, had no desire or thought of humiliating Garibaldi; but his efforts came all too late. The king gave ear to Fanti, and to Fanti alone. The infamies * perpetrated in Naples, the insults lavished on the generals, the officers, on the rank and file of the volunteers, were such as no mortal who felt his own dignity and the honour and respect due to men who out of pure patriotism had given their substance, their blood, and so many their lives for the liberation, not the "conquest," of Italy, could possibly have borne in silence.

The electoral colleges throughout Italy were convoked for January 24; the order of the day was the exclusion of all Garibaldians, and, of course, Mazzinians. Cavour's success was only partial, but sufficient to ensure an immense majority. Benedetto Cairoli, whose two brothers, Luigi and Ernest, had died for Italy, whose third brother Enrico was, like himself, wounded in Sicily, was excluded from his native town of Pavia. Bertani, whose election was fiercely opposed, did not succeed in Milan, but was elected at Milazzo; Garibaldi in half a dozen colleges. Saffi, Nicotera, and some thirty Garibaldians, were also elected later; then came the question whether, as republicans who had only lowered their flag to ensure the unity of Italy, they could take the oath to a monarchical government. With two single exceptions, the question was resolved in the affirmative, and on logical grounds. The unity of Italy accepted in principle, all Italians were bound to respect the sovereignty of the people, whose universal and

* See Note C.

unanimous will had been expressed in the formula. "Italy one and indivisible with Victor Emmanuel." Clearly the men elected by that same people to represent them in Parliament ought to accept the office, to do their utmost to complete Italy by the liberation of Venice and of Rome, and to promote the principles of free, progressive government. But, said some, "the king was elected by universal suffrage, and we are not;" to which came the reply, "Electoral reform and universal suffrage can only be obtained by becoming a majority in Parliament." Mazzini approved the entrance of his friends; Garibaldi strongly urged it on them, although for his own special reasons he declined to accept a seat, even as he refused the petitions signed by thousands on thousands of Neapolitans and Sicilians for his return to Naples.*

*. Implored by the Neapolitans to return to them, to represent them in Parliament, he answered, "No, I cannot come to Naples, because my presence there would be the cause of fresh and more cruel persecutions against my friends and my soldiers, on the part of those whose only aim is to cancel the memory of the good they have effected for Italy. Nor can I accept the candidature; my place is not upon parliamentary benches. Here I await the fresh call to arms."

Here is one of the letters of the people of Naples given in the *Times* :—

"THE PEOPLE OF NAPLES TO THEIR GARIBALDI.

"Every day, every hour, every moment, we bless you, dear Joseph our father; you reign in our hearts. Our children have learned your name, and mingle it with their prayers; you are the father of the people. Quite alone, without regarding weariness or difficulties, without thinking of any interest of your own, you have shed for us your generous blood. Our hope in you is eternal, as is our gratitude, and will be handed down from sire to son till the

And assuredly Garibaldi's element was the battle-field or Caprera. But the outrageous treatment of his volunteers, the calumnies with which the moderate press teemed, the reproaches of his officers and soldiers that, after summoning them from their homes and receiving their devoted obedience, he had abandoned them to their fate, convinced him that it was his duty to uphold their rights and those of Italy to their future services from his seat in the first Italian Parliament. He knew that Fanti, in opposition to Cialdini, General Sonnaz, and to his own officers, Medici, Bixio, Sirtori, Sacchi, and Cosenz,* had vowed the annihilation of his

end of time. May the breezes bear to Caprera the echo of our acclamation, 'Viva Garibaldi!'"

* The project sanctioned by these regular and volunteer officers and presented to the king was virtually the same that Cavour had shadowed forth in his letter to Farini. It was proposed that an army corps should be formed with the old title "Cacciatori delle Alpi," composed of five divisions, the soldiers to serve under the colours even as in the regular army for eighteen months, the officers also to take rank with those of the regular army. Should the Government at any future time see fit to dissolve the volunteers as a separate corps, soldiers and officers to be received on equal terms in the army. Previous to the formation of this corps, the mixed commission of regular and Garibaldian generals were to examine one by one the merits and titles, the fitness and capacity and conduct, of the Garibaldian officers, and eliminate, as Garibaldi had proposed in his letter to the king, all who for whatsoever reason should be deemed unfit for their office. The soldiers who preferred it were to be dismissed to their homes with six months' pay—only those who chose to enlist for eighteen months, subject to the rules and discipline of the regular army, to remain on the rolls. Fanti, still a general in the army, minister of war, and chief of the king's staff, bent on the utter annihilation of the volunteers, moved heaven and earth—more truly earth and hell—to prevent the passage of this project. His

southern army. Of all Fanti's underhanded scheming and overbearing conduct Garibaldi was informed, and in the hopes of obtaining some shred of justice for his volunteers, and of saving this nucleus, round which the armed nation might be gradually formed, he telegraphed on March 31 to the electors of the department of San Ferdinand of Naples, "I accept the candidature of the first college of Naples which at first I refused." On arriving at Genoa, the king sent for him, and requested him to abstain from any altercation with Cavour or the ministry. "As a general, I am bound to obey your Majesty," answered Garibaldi; "as a representative of the nation, I must consult my conscience only, and fulfil my duties." In a letter addressed to the Speaker, he reminded the House that his devotion to and friendship for Victor Emmanuel were proverbial in Italy.

own plan was to send home the volunteers with three months' pay—thirty-six francs—or oblige them to accept service for two years; while their officers, instead of being placed on a par with those of the regular army, were not to enjoy the same rights of promotion; were, in short, to be subjected, controlled, and in reality placed at the orders of Fanti and his hierarchy. To add insult to injury, quite other terms were to be offered to the defeated Bourbon army. Once the married men and invalids pensioned off, such as declined to serve under the new Government dismissed, the Bourbon officers were to be admitted into the regular Piedmontese army, the soldiers to be distributed among the various regular corps or in the deposits of those corps, and only compelled to enlist for eighteen months. The king himself seems to have been taken aback by this shameless proposition. He consulted Farini, then lieutenant-general of Naples, and General Morozzo della Rocca; both declared themselves contrary to Fanti's proposition. Nothing daunted, Fanti summoned a council of ministers, and, threatening resignation, obtained their consent, rushed back to Naples, and put his decree into execution.

"The deplorable state of Southern Italy," he continued, "the abandonment in which my valorous companions-in-arms are so unjustly left, has indeed filled me with indignation against those who are the cause of such serious disorders, of such profound injustice. Devoted to the holy national cause, I spurn all individual contest to devote myself solely and constantly to that cause. For this end I submit to you a bill for national armament. I beg you to communicate it to the chambers in the form prescribed by the regulations. I cherish the hope that all fractions of the House will agree to avoid all superfluous digression, and that the Italian Parliament will bring the whole weight of its authority to secure such measures as are most urgently necessary for the salvation of our country.—G. Garibaldi.

"Turin, April 12, 1861."

It may be noted here that this project of law, which Garibaldi said was "but a weak, pale shadow of his thought," now forms the real basis of the national armament, its fundamental principle being that every able-bodied male inhabitant of the Peninsula should serve his country in one form or other and for a given time, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five; that none should be exempted save delinquents, idiots, invalids, only sons of widows, and the eldest brother of a family of orphans; that none be allowed to provide substitutes. At that eleventh hour, had the Government accepted the discussion of this bill, the thundercloud hanging over their heads might have passed away without bursting. But Fanti was determined to accept the challenge. On April 28 Garibaldi took his seat in the House, entering between two most unmartial supporters, Mauro Macchi,

the peace-at-any-price patriot, and Professor Zuppetta. Ricasoli opened fire, inviting the Government to explain its decree of April 11, which established the skeletons of three divisions of volunteers, placing their officers on the unattached list. If Fanti's object had been to inflame the passions already kindled, and arouse every bad and bitter feeling latent in the human breast, he could not have succeeded better. Garibaldi, thanking Ricasoli for having introduced the question of the southern army, observed that with regard to the dualism alluded to, he assuredly had not created it; that he had, on the contrary, at whatever sacrifice to himself, refused to take up the gauntlet, considering any dualism between the regular army and the volunteers fatal to Italy. "Certainly," he said, "I have not offered my hand to the man who made me a foreigner in Italy." Then he addressed himself to the minister of war, who had affirmed "that from patriotic motives he had gone to Southern Italy to put down anarchy," whereas, observed Garibaldi, "no anarchy existed in Southern Italy as long as I remained at the head of my troops." After alluding to the victories won by his volunteers, he continued—

* "The prodigies effected by those brave youths were neutralized and arrested by the cold, unfriendly hand of this ministry. When that cold and hostile hand caused its baneful effects to be felt, when a desire for concord, when the horror of a fratricidal war, which the ministry had provoked, decided me on quitting Naples——"

and here Cavour, the other ministers, and the deputies of the Right, rising to their feet, shouted and protested

and called upon the Speaker to compel Garibaldi to eat his words. But he thrice repeated them, standing meanwhile calm and serene to let the storm pass over, *a guisa di leone quando si posa*. Then, after repeating the same phrase, he continued—

“Well, if you don’t want to hear any more about the past conduct of the ministry towards the volunteers, let me ask what is the present conduct of the minister of war to the southern army? Why has he not amalgamated it with the national army, even as the army of Central Italy was amalgamated? Or if he did not deem it worthy to form part of the regular army, why did he not form it into a separate corps? Finally, when it was decided that the southern army should not be allowed to live in any form, or under whatsoever title, why did he not dissolve without humiliating it?” Then, speaking of the state of Southern Italy, whose condition was no secret to any, he said, “There is a remedy for everything still, and that is national armament. I have presented a project of law. I shall esteem myself fortunate if the Chambers will correct it and modify my bill, but I implore the representatives of the nation to study it, to ponder this grave argument seriously, because national armament is the only anchor of salvation for our country. I deem the reorganization of the southern army necessary, as the beginning of this indispensable armament, as an act of justice and of safety.” Here he reminded the House that England, whose unity and independence had been achieved since centuries, whose fleet was mistress of the seas, yet held the institution of volunteer corps to be a safe and wise precaution for the defence of her soil and of her liberties.

Fanti’s second speech was worse than his first. After

a conciliatory speech from Bixio, Cavour, convulsed with emotion, rose to his feet—

“Who,” he asked, “summoned General Garibaldi from Caprera in 1859, to place himself at the head of the volunteers, despite hostile influence, inveterate prejudice, and universal opposition?”

Without detaching his responsibility from that of Fanti, he promised that the ministry would take into consideration Garibaldi's project for arming the national guard—in short, held out the olive branch; which Garibaldi did not refuse, begging Cavour to use his powerful influence to promote national armament, and urging him to send the volunteers, exasperated by Fanti's insolence, to that part of the country where they would be useful in combating anarchy, brigandage, and reaction.

Bixio and the other chief officers of the southern army had tendered their resignation. Cavour entreated them to withdraw it, promising that, though to reorganize the southern army would, in the opinion of many, be equivalent to a declaration of war against France and Austria, the *cadres* should be at once formed, and that whenever war should be proclaimed, the southern army should be called into activity. For one day it seemed that all might yet be well: but there were “wheels within wheels.”

It is still a mystery how and why Cavour allowed Fanti, in opposition not only to Garibaldi and the Garibaldians, but to General Lamarmora, to carry his army bill and spend fourteen millions in destroying

the southern army. Clearly the king gave ear and credence to his military minister rather than to Cavour the civilian. Indeed, a military, *chauvin* epidemic was raging. The laurels of Castelfidardo, the final surrender of the King of Naples, seemed to have determined the royal generals to separate their cause entirely from that of a "fortunate and audacious adventurer," but had Cavour retired to *Leri*, as he had threatened to do in his letter to Farini, the terrible duel between himself and Garibaldi might have been avoided, and in this case no choice would have been left to the king but to recall him, and take his stand with Cavour and Garibaldi, united on the question of national armament. What blood and treasure and humiliation would have been spared to Italy, who would not now have Custoza and Lissa on her records, had Cavour followed his first instincts, and accepted Garibaldi's order of the day—that "weak, faint shadow of his real wishes!" Instead of doing this, he accepted that of Ricasoli, which, if not hostile to the southern army, opposed the idea of its inclusion as a factor in the sum of national forces. One cannot but think that the illness which carried Cavour to the tomb in less than two months was already undermining his physical energies, sapping his iron will.* Garibaldi left the chambers, declaring himself

* Another suggestion of the same kind occurs with regard to Luigi Farini, the patriot "revolutionist born and bred," the energetic dictator of Central Italy. True it is, that after the "scene" at Bologna and Garibaldi's proclamations, Farini became Garibaldi's enemy, but, even apart from his treatment of the Garibaldians, his conduct in Naples in no way copies fairly his past. He allowed three days to

“perfectly unsatisfied (*perfettamente insoddisfatto*); “neither armament nor mobilized national guard nor “promise of war for this spring.” Before he left Turin, a formal reconciliation was brought about between him and Cavour by the direct intervention of the king, and though Garibaldi always maintained that he had never given his hand to the “salesman of Nice,” Cavour’s speech, “We shall never be thoroughly reconciled until I take Garibaldi’s arm and say, ‘Let us go and see what they are doing at Verona,’” was not a mere jest, as is proved by facts that have recently come to light.

In the month of February, 1861, Cavour already entertained a revolutionary project for the liberation of Venice and Hungary.* Microslawski and Klapka had been to Turin to sound the minister as to whether,—given an insurrection in Transylvania,—he would consent to the formation of a foreign legion, to be commanded by Garibaldi, or in the interim by Bixio, to attempt a landing on the Adriatic coast—and, in the case of success, to follow it up by a declaration of war against Austria by the Italian

pass without referring to Garibaldi’s departure. He announced his appointment to the Government of the Neapolitan provinces without mentioning the name of the liberator; so acted and allowed others to act to the Garibaldians and the Neapolitans themselves, that a hue and cry for his recall was raised by all without distinction of party. He resigned on account of ill health, was never really himself again; softening of the brain set in, and he died a year after Cavour, without ever recovering his mental faculties. The creation of Italy consumed other victims besides those who died upon the scaffold or on the battle-field!

* See Note D.

Government. Cavour promised that, should the result of the investigations he intended to make first in Hungary be satisfactory, and the non-intervention of England be ensured by the promise that the Ottoman empire should not be touched, he would give 50,000 muskets and *qualche milione* (a million or so) of money for the formation of the foreign legion. This was before the parliamentary duel. Afterwards, during the month of May, several letters passed between Cavour and Garibaldi, in which allusions are made to the project. On May 10, Cavour writes to Garibaldi concerning certain officers and affairs relating to the campaign of 1860. The letter ends thus :

“The news from Hungary has been for several days very serious. I trust they will not precipitate affairs for many reasons, and especially because at this moment no concert exists between the Hungarians and the Croats. Attempts are going on to establish it, but obstacles crop up from one side or the other. Klapka and Kossuth are to come to Turin shortly ; you will be informed of our deliberations.”

To this Garibaldi makes the following remarkable reply on May 18, 1861 : the first three paragraphs relate to officers and affairs. Then the general continues—

“I will not neglect the opportunity which this letter affords me to make a few suggestions. The sacrifices with which you have been obliged to pay the ‘magnanimous alliance,’ will have rendered you cautious as to the hopes to be based upon it, and your superior intelligence will assuredly have placed you in a condition to understand clearly your own situation. I agree with you as to the necessity of maintaining an alliance with France ; but,

Signor Conte, you ought to be the arbitrator of Europe, and treat on a footing of equality the man who seeks to act as its master. Italy to-day represents the aspirations of the nationalities of the world, and you rule Italy. But to rule it well one must not descend to the weaknesses inherent in present conditions. Kossuth, Manin, Guerrazzi, Mazzini, were overthrown rather by an inherent defect in their intrinsic conditions than by the power of their enemies. They were dictators, but not soldiers. A single example, not to weary you. Mazzini, a dictator in fact, without possessing the indispensable qualities or the will to assume the title, yielded to the susceptibilities of individuals who were unfitted for their posts, set aside the men capable of commanding the army, and from the inferior ranks of the militia promoted Rosselli (*quel brav' uomo*) to the chief command. Rosselli may have been excellent at the head of his regiment, but was incompetent for the difficult position in which the Republic found itself. The same causes have generated the same errors in so many other circumstances. Let Victor Emmanuel be the arm of Italy, you, Signor Conte, her intellect (*senno*), and thus form that potent whole which alone is wanting to-day in the Peninsula. I shall be the first to raise in Parliament the cry for a dictatorship—indispensable in a great crisis.

“Give to Victor Emmanuel the armed nation, call to your councils men capable of realizing (this idea), Italy will give with enthusiasm all else that is needed.

“These are the guarantees which will induce us to throw ourselves blindly into the arms of a dictatorship; thus there will not be in the state a single dissentient voice. This done, you may sleep peacefully, feeling sure that the last of Italians will do his duty. Leave others to govern by the miserable subterfuges of deceit, and the dynasty of the Re Galantuomo will last for ever in Italy as an emanation of Providence. If human progress

be not a delusion, an armed nation will be substituted for the standing army, and you will have led Italy an immense way along the right path. Let me, Signor Conte, entreat you to believe me. Italy and those who rule her ought to have friends everywhere; but they must fear no one. In 1849, I quitted Rome with 4000 men, and was obliged to hide myself alone within the forests. In 1860, you have seen what could be done with a thousand. To-morrow we shall proceed in geometrical progression with the people who gave the Romans to the universe.

"Trusting in your superior capacity and firm will to effect the good of the country, I await the longed-for voice which shall summon me once again to the field of battle. Believe me, meanwhile,

"Devotedly yours,

"G. GARIBALDI."*

When this letter reached the continent, Cavour was already attacked by the mortal malady that on June 6 led him, in his fiftieth year, to the tomb. Between him and Garibaldi it would have been "diamond cuts diamond" to the last. But that they would have "gone arm-in-arm to see what was going on at Verona," we most fully believe. As to "going on to Rome," that was quite another question, which assuredly the means proposed by Cavour would never have resolved. Though he had proclaimed the necessity of "Rome the capital of united Italy," he had saddled the proposition with three riders:—the conversion of the Catholic world to the belief that the spiritual authority of the pope would be augmented

* This letter, which exists in the original in the state archives of Turin, was first published in the *Rivista Storica Italiana*, and is republished by Chiala (vol. vi. p. 712).

and strengthened by the renunciation of the temporal power; the consent of France, for Italy to take possession of Rome; the renunciation of temporalities by the pope himself—his consent to remain henceforward an unkinged pope in Rome !

NOTES.

NOTE A (p. 337).—It is pleasant to remember that Garibaldi's last visit after his abdication was to Admiral Mundy on board the *Hannibal*. His love for England was intensified by the conduct of the English people and of the English Government; and well it might be, for the heart of England beat in unison with the Italian people struggling and dying for freedom, for independence, for actual existence. English volunteers had been with him from the first, and, though the inhabitants of Sicily did their duty, nay, their very best for the wounded, these would have been in a sorry plight in the island, and still more in Naples, but for the money and the stores sent out by the friends of Italy and by the ladies' committee instituted by Lady Shaftesbury and Mrs. Colonel Chambers. If the British legion did little credit to the English name, it was not the fault of the Englishmen who came to fight for Italy and freedom, nor of the organizing committee in London, but of the scamp who, under false colours and a false name, betrayed the cause and the legion. Colonel Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman," so called, to whom the command was given on his arrival, a splendid rifle shot, and a "true Briton" in his love of liberty and Garibaldi, would have succeeded in "weeding" and rendering it efficacious; but it came too late, only just arrived as Garibaldi was bidding adieu to the battle-field. He gave the legion a hearty welcome, saying, "Happy indeed I am to see around me the representatives of a nation which, from the beginning, has done so much for our cause; which has helped us in every way; and to whose powerful voice we owe it, in a great measure, that the principle of non-intervention, which is our safety, has been upheld." This fact was ever present in his mind. Many years later, he wrote, "To the Italians! Lord John Russell is about to visit Italy. Let me recall to the memory of

my fellow-citizens that this illustrious statesman in 1860, threw into the balance of our country's destinies the powerful voice of England against those who had decided on intervention and on the isolation of Sicily from the emancipating movement. By that generous conduct, the liberation of the Neapolitan continent, which rendered it possible for all members of the Italian families to embrace, was ensured, therefore a sign of well-merited gratitude is due to that noble man." Equal merit was due, of course, to Lord Palmerston !

NOTE B (p. 341).—"Beat the saddle when you can't beat the horse," says an Italian proverb. When the moderates dared not further calumniate Garibaldi, they vented their envious hatred on his *alter ego*, Agostino Bertani, who, after Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cattaneo, shines out in the sky of Italy's political renaissance as a star of first magnitude. One of the most celebrated surgeons and professors of Lombardy before 1848, he so distinguished himself in the ambulances and hospitals throughout the war, that Radetsky, finding his own wounded enthusiastic for the treatment received, sent him a safe-conduct and urged his return to Lombardy. The Piedmontese Government also offered him a high post in the service. But the soldier-surgeon was in Rome, saving with his marvellous skill many a mutilated lad to do good service yet in future campaigns, tending the dying with a mother's tenderness ; then, when Rome fell, remaining with those whose death-agony was embittered by the presence of Oudinot's *Gallic friars*. Goffredo Mameli, the soldier-poet, died in his arms, and in 1872 Bertani revealed to the family the place where his body, deposited in two coffins, was hidden in Rome. Determined that the families of "Manara," "Morosini," and "Dandolo" should have the remains of their beloved, he embalmed them with such instruments and liquids as he could obtain, nearly lost his own life by blood-poisoning in so doing, and smuggled the coffins out of Rome into Lombardy. Between 1849 and 1859, he stood at the head of his profession in Genoa ; Sir James Hudson sent him all his English clients. Lady Minto was attended by him to the last, and among his papers are some touching letters from Lord Minto and Lady Russell. Hence Bertani's annual income of twenty-five to thirty thousand francs was, for an Italian physician in those days, considerable. To join Garibaldi in 1859 he virtually renounced this lucrative profession, nor throughout 1860 would he receive one farthing for his services. Although this fact was well known to the

moderates, they accused him through their "reptile press" of having secreted millions, and sold steamers on his own account: of purchasing estates and building palaces with the spoils. Unable to reach the real calumniators, who remained behind the scenes, he brought actions against their tools, the editors and contributors to their newspapers, who were duly condemned for libel. When his account of the moneys expended for the volunteer expeditions was published, the one marvel was how he had done so much with so little; but until his death in 1886 the Italians never realized that he had sacrificed health, strength, his entire career, and fortune to his country. In life, he heaped coals of fire on his enemies; only from beyond the tomb he sped a shaft of irony which struck straight home. Having nothing to leave, his will ran thus: "I leave my landed estates, my funded capital, shares, consols, and all my personal property, to my calumniators, who ever since the year 1860 have practised the Government maxim, *corrupt or calumniate*. My calumniators satisfied—not a farthing remaining to me, I leave to my widowed sister the furniture, papers, etc., etc. . . . Let my calumniators remember that I have given time, career, my savings, labour, daring, resignation to my country, content indeed to die really poor for her sake." When he died, the Romans wished and the Milanese insisted on having his corpse, which was cremated in Milan. Bertani's "ashes in their urn" repose in the monumental cemetery of Milan, and are finally to be deposited in the Famedrio beside those of Carlo Cattaneo and Manzoni! A beautiful marble bust has been placed in the cemetery by the democrats, who would not join their offerings to those of his whilom foes, saying, "There's *mud* on the bawbees, Tammie." In the centre of the city of Milan, a magnificent monument, with a life-sized statue of Bertani, has been erected by subscriptions from "all Italy." The attitude in which the great Vela has sculptured him is, as it was meant to be, a lasting reproach to his defamers. For he holds in his hand the receipts of the moneys spent in creating the armies with which Garibaldi liberated ten millions of Italians. The expression of the face, severely sad as in these last years it had become, may well awaken the "too late remorse" in many a reaper of the harvest sown by his and other hands in the old heroic days. Vela truly has "extracted the teeth of the dragon of calumny and fused them in the statue of bronze."

NOTE C (p. 344).—When Garibaldi was once away, when the king

was relieved from the daily and hourly demonstrations of his popularity, of the people's love for him, which amounted to idolatry, one might have thought that he would have considered it a point of honour as a king and as a soldier to enforce on his ministers and generals a just and generous treatment of the Garibaldian army. No words can describe the ignominious treatment that they underwent, or enumerate the insults, the persecutions, to which they were subjected. Even General Sirtori, who had long been noted for his Cavourian sympathies, who had sided with the annexationists, who had striven always to induce and maintain cordial relations between the regulars and volunteers—Sirtori, who had obtained permission from Garibaldi to employ some companies of Piedmontese bersaglieri at Caserta on October 2, referred thus, in a celebrated speech in the House, to the scandalous treatment which the Garibaldians had undergone: "The minister (Fanti) is well aware that when we commenced the war, we knew not whether the Sardinian army would come to our assistance or abandon and deny us; whether, while we were fighting against the Neapolitan army, we might not also have to combat the army which had obtained permission to enter the Marches and Umbria. That army obtained permission to enter the Neapolitan province to fight against us—against Italy I say it with sorrow. From the first we were treated, not as friends, not as patriots, but as enemies." Voices to the right, "No! no!" Voices to the left, "Yes! yes!"

Crispi: "That is true; we were treated and are still treated as enemies."

Sirtori: "As enemies from the first to the last day. Interrogate all, from the general to the last soldier in the ranks of the southern army, all will tell you that we were treated, not as brothers, but as foes. I found myself in a terrible dilemma between the protection that I owed to my soldiers, and the pretensions, the insults, the outrages——" And here the Speaker stopped him.

On the morrow Sirtori indignantly refuted the accusation of having offended the army. "No," he said; "it is the minister of war whom I accuse of having created an antagonism which may lead to the most deplorable consequences between the volunteers and the regular army. General Fanti will remember specially that I said to him, 'If ever I have the honour to be elected deputy, I shall accuse you, the minister of war, before the House of having purposely established a dualism between the volunteers and the regular army.'"

These words were spoken four months after Garibaldi had left Naples and his army in the hands of the king.

NOTE D (p. 353).—This was the first of the many projects floated for a fresh offensive and defensive alliance between the King of Italy and the French emperor. Previous to 1866, the general idea was to stir up a revolution in Austria's subalpine provinces, the volunteers under Garibaldi to go to their assistance (a capital plan for getting rid of them). Should the revolution succeed, then Victor Emmanuel was to attack Austria in Venice, the emperor to second him; and in return Italian troops were to assist him in depriving Prussia of her Rhenish provinces. Of course, this compact was carefully concealed, as Garibaldi would never have treated on such terms. But Mazzini, to whom no diplomatic secret was ever unrevealed, had tidings of this from the first, and wrote on January 11, 1861, "Treaties are going on between Napoleon and Cavour for a war on the Rhine; Italy is to send an auxiliary force to assist Napoleon to conquer the Rhenish provinces. If Italy is to assume at her renaissance the mission of a conqueror of the soil of other peoples for the benefit of despotism, she had better remain enslaved and dismembered." Again, when the Ricasoli ministry was being undermined by Napoleon, and Garibaldi was again lured from Caprera, Mazzini wrote to me (in English) on February 12, 1862, from London to Manchester: "I shall know next week the result of the interview between Miceli, Mordini, Crispi, and Garibaldi. He is bent on Dalmatia. Enlistments are going on. The scheme is between the king, Garibaldi, and Rattazzi. Ricasoli is kept out of it. Of course he knows everything, and is against, and declares he will try and prevent the realization of, the scheme. Rattazzi went to Paris—I know it positively now—with an autograph letter of the king, to propose the cession of Rome and moral co-operation for Venice, and have in exchange an offensive and defensive alliance with Italy, and our co-operation on the Rhine. Should Louis Napoleon have accepted, Ricasoli was doomed, and Rattazzi was to replace him; but Louis Napoleon listened, and did conclude nothing. Rattazzi still believes that action would lead him to accept. Hence the Garibaldi-Dalmatian scheme. If he succeeds, they believe that Louis Napoleon will accept, and most likely help by occupying Naples, and allowing the king the full use of the 60,000 men now in the south. If Garibaldi does not succeed, the attempt, being out of Italy, would not compromise the king to

action. Ricasoli wishes to offer the same terms to Louis Napoleon, but on the basis of giving back Nice. *How moral all this!*" When we come to 1870, we shall see that, despite the war of 1866, when Prussian victories had liberated Venetia, the king still clung to the French alliance, and had pledged his word to send an Italian army to assist the emperor. Garibaldi, who was as devoted to the cause of nationalities as Mazzini, with whom that cause was a principle, a fundamental dogma of his religion, believed that, with all Austria's subalpine provinces in revolution, Venice could be freed without any interference by Napoleon, hence lent himself to every scheme that might lead to a general conflagration.

VIII.

1862-1870.

Rome or death *versus* "Rome never"—Conflicting wills—Who endures wins—Garibaldi's special mission—Royal recompense for service overtrue—Aspromonte—To England and back—Garibaldi's toast to his friend and teacher, Mazzini—The campaign of 1866—Exodus from the Tyrol—The Roman crusade—Mentana the cradle and grave of the temporal power—Notes.

"IN Rome lives the unity of the fatherland. Rome is the heart, the temple, the palladium of the nation. Rome is the true, the only capital of Italy; without Rome Italian unity is impossible.—MAZZINI."

"We ought to go to Rome, but on **two** conditions. We ought to go Rome in **concert** with France, in such a way that the **reunion** of this city to the rest of Italy shall not be interpreted by the grand mass of Catholics in or beyond Italy as a signal for the servitude of the Church. We must go to Rome without lessening any of the true independence of the pope, never allowing the civil authority

to intrude its power into spiritual order. It would be folly, in the actual conditions of Europe, to think of going to Rome despite the opposition of France. I will say more. When, in consequence of events which I do not deem probable or even possible, France should find herself reduced to such conditions as to be unable to offer material opposition to our entry into Rome, we ought not to effect the union of Rome to the rest of Italy should such an act be seriously detrimental to our allies.—CAVOUR.

“March 25, 1861.”

“I declare frankly to your Majesty, that I shall leave my troops in Rome, although recognizing the new kingdom of Italy, until that kingdom shall be reconciled with the pope, or as long as the Holy Father shall find himself threatened with invasion by regular or irregular forces.”—French Emperor to Victor Emmanuel, July 12, 1861; repeated October 26, 1862, December 3, 1867.

“We declare, in the name of the French Government, that Italy shall never get possession of Rome. Never.—ROUHER.

“December 5, 1867.”

To which the majority of the deputies in the French Chambers, headed by Thiers and Berryer, shouted, “No! no! never! Never shall Italy get possession of Rome.”

“I will not yield Rome.—THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

“August 8, 1870.”

“Death, yes; Rome, ~~never~~. *C'est ma guerre*.—EUGÉNIE MONTIJO.”

“I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I say that you will not get possession of Rome. *Non possumus*.—PIO NONO.

“September, 1870.”

"At Rome shall we proclaim the kingdom of Italy. There only can we sanctify the family compact between the free and enslaved sons of the same soil. As long as in Italy there are chains to be broken, I shall pursue my path or strew it with my bones. I will never sheath my sword until Rome is proclaimed the capital of united Italy. Rome or death.—GARIBALDI."

In these conflicting expressions of conflicting wills we see the warp on which the Italian patriots wove their web, too often cut or tangled by malice or incapacity, yet ever woven afresh by those patient and heroic hands between 1860 and 1870.

At the close of that decade, Rome was made in 1870 the capital of Italy, the temporal power of the papacy was abolished. Italy was united, one, and free; yet the apostle of her unity was once again, as in 1830, a prisoner between sea and sky. In the fortress of Savona, Mazzini had seen as in a vision his Italy with her "crown of towers" in Rome; now from the fortress of Gaeta he beheld the material accomplishment of that dream—"dreamt right by genius in a world gone wrong." And a prisoner and a cripple in his sea-girt home was Italy's champion. With sword unsheathed, "marching on to Rome," Garibaldi had strewn the path with the bones of her noblest and bravest sons, dyeing it with his own "red blood and pure;" from the Italian Tyrol also he had taken the title-deeds of Italy's right in exchange for 2084 Italians killed or wounded between Caffaro and Riva, again writing the name of Italy in his own blood on Monte Suello.

Compelled to halt on the day and hour that General Von Kühne had abandoned all hope of saving the Italian Tyrol for Austria, ordered to renounce even the *uti possidetis*, he obeyed, and commanded the exodus from the Tyrol! Then, with sword still unsheathed, marching Romewards, he planted the white, red, and green tricolour in face of the seven hills, in sight of the pope-king in Rome—but again the chassepots “miracles,” even as the “wonders” of the Vincennes rifles of 1849, replaced it with the white, red, and blue, entwined with the yellow-white flag of the papacy. As he recrossed the frontier, guarded by Italian troops silent and indignant, ashamed to stand with ordered arms, though in doing so they did his bidding, his very silence said—

“Gladly we should rest for ever, had we won
Freedom; we have lost, and very gladly rest.”

But the rest that he desired was not vouchsafed by fate, who, in giving the supremest “gift,” had proved indeed “unkind,” saying in keenest irony, “Here is Rome: you have your heart’s desire; take it, and I wish you joy.”

For Mazzini no joy was possible in the shred of life in death remaining, for reasons too deep and too intense to be touched by profane hands. For Garibaldi there was little joy, but a grim exultation in “the accomplished fact”—in the tangible reality of Rome united to Italy, of Rome in possession of Italians. There was also a personal satisfaction in his own intimate conviction that, without Aspromonte and Mentana, the breach in Porta Pia would never have been made; that, had he and his obeyed the *lascia fare a chi tocca*, he “whose

business 'it was to do" would have done nothing; that Rome and Civitavecchia would have been left to the pope. By this time he too was convinced that the Italian army, instead of entering Rome, would have been fighting side by side with the soldiers of the empire against nationality and Germany on the Rhine. That this was the king's intention documents already published prove.* Many more, still jealously withheld, will yet add confirmation strong as Holy Writ. And for us this fact constitutes Garibaldi's greatest merit; verifies the truth of Anzani's dying words, "Medici, do not be hard upon Garibaldi. He is a man who has received a special mission from heaven. It is the duty of all patriots to help him to complete it. The future of Italy depends upon him; he is predestined." In his brief pages on Aspromonte, in the chapters devoted to the Roman campaign, Garibaldi reveals none of the secrets which he was supposed to

* For the proofs of this assertion we must refer our readers to the "Life of Quintino Sella," by the Marquis Alexander Guiccioli, the present syndic of Rome. That there had been an offensive and defensive alliance existing between Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon, whereby the former was to assist the latter to strip Prussia of her Rhenish provinces, and the latter up to 1866 was to assist in the liberation of Venice, and after that became an accomplished fact, to enable the king to take possession of some portion of the papal territory, Rome and Civitavecchia excluded,—Mazzini had asserted ever since 1861, adducing proofs year by year (see Note D., p. 361). This assertion was, however, rejected as "Mazzineria." Now that Sella's biographer, a whilom pillar of the moderate Church, has narrated the whole story, showing how Victor Emmanuel resolved to the last to send an army across the Rhine, refused till the eleventh hour to allow that army to cross the Roman frontier, we presume that the "truth of the truth" will be recognized!

share with two men at the utmost, probably with one alone. It was never his opinion that people have a *right to know all about everything and everybody*, yet several times he thought of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about men and events. After Aspromonte, when at Pisa he heard of the illegal and cruel execution of six deserters from the royal army, and of one who was no deserter, then of the promotion of the executioner, he said to me, "Find me an English publisher, and I will write the whole story;" and I found the "prince of English publishers," who agreed to publish everything, leaving the author to put his price, if he would place his own name on the title-page. But, when this answer reached Pisa, a change had come over the spirit of his dream. He said—

"It is a sad, shameful page of family history written in blood—and more must be shed before Venice and Rome can be ours. No; silence is best—at least, till we are free."

Had he told all he knew and all he guessed and all that he discovered afterwards of the schemes devised to get him and his out of Italy at any cost and to any place—of the resolute will of the king to annex Venice, of his hesitation, his reluctance, nay, his repugnance to wield a sacrilegious sword, to lift "a parricidal hand against the holy father in Rome," new lights would have been thrown on monarchs and on ministers, but none on his own attempts and failures, which may be summed up in the serenade, to the lady of *his* love, to Rome:

"I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber window, sweet."

The "who knows how?" was a moot question truly. After the arrest of his officers at Sarnico and the blood shed in Brescia, in 1862, after an interview with the king and with Rattazzi, when he went to Caprera, accompanied by friends and officers whose hands were more used to the sword than the ploughshare, not one of them, by their own confession, had an inkling of his intentions,—even when they sighted Palermo from the steamer. When a venturesome subject asked, "Where are we going, General?" "To Palermo," he answered. Once arrived there, welcomed with the old enthusiasm of 1860 by every class of the population, lodged by the Prefect Pallavicino in the royal palace at Palermo, Garibaldi, in the presence of the syndic, the prefect, and the first magistrates of the city—during a review of the national guard—pronounced the following words:—

"People of Palermo! the master of France, the traitor of the 2nd of December, he who shed the blood of our brothers in Paris, occupies Rome under the pretext of protecting the person of the pope, of defending Catholicism. Lies! lies! He is stirred by lust, by rapine, by the insatiable thirst of empire. He is the main prop of brigandage;* he is the chief of brigands, of assassins!

* "Brigandage" fomented by the French and the pope for the purpose of rendering the government of the south impossible. Lord John Russell, writing to Lord Cowley in March, 1862,

People of the Vespers, people of 1860, Napoleon must quit Rome. If necessary, we must have fresh Vespers. Italians, Rome or death ! ”

The royal bullet aimed at Garibaldi's heart on Aspromonte, when he believed that by marching on to Rome he was, as in 1860, fulfilling the king's *unwritten* wish, pierced his thigh and broke his ankle-bone upon the “bitter mount,” but altered his resolution not one whit.*

bade him warn the emperor that the French Government was growing every day more unpopular in Italy ; that, on the other hand, no Italian Government, whether that of Ricasoli or Rattazzi, could in the long-run resist the Mazzinians if the Roman question was not resolved ; . . . that during the last eighteen months the pope had waged war against the King of Italy in his southern provinces ; that armed bands were sent by Monsignor de Merode to assail the Italian troops in the south ; hence the right of the Italian Government to wage war against the pope was clear and incontrovertible. To these arguments Thouvenel merely replied that discussion was useless ; that the emperor was determined never to permit the ingress of Italian troops on the Papal territory without the consent of the pope. Lord John Russell, in reply, observed, “Certainly all discussion is useless, seeing that the principle maintained by France converts Rome into a foreign territory, on which the Romans are precluded from any discussion as to the form of government. They can do nothing, foreign soldiers constrain them. Such a system, contrary to the principles maintained by England and by France herself on other occasions, cannot last long, being in diametrical contradiction to all international laws, and to every Italian aspiration.”

* Although Garibaldi fully believed up to that time that he was doing the king's behest ; that nothing would please “Vittorio” better than to have the Roman question finished off, and himself liberated from that utter dependence on Louis Napoleon which chafed him as a man and galled him as a king, it is certain now that the king had no such desire and “quite other” intentions. Naturally, in his interviews with Garibaldi, the king would not have spoken to

Throughout 1861 and the early period of 1862, Garibaldi aided that portion of the party of action which deemed that Rome must be occupied before Venice could be freed—this is proved by documentary and collateral evidence. He may have intended to send an expedition of Italians “under my son Menotti to the Danube;” and he was certainly preparing a camp in the Tyrol. But all this time the work was going on in Rome. On

him of his own repugnance to go to Rome, of his filial tenderness for the old pope, of his sincere hope that the crowning in the capital would be left for Humbert. But, as Garibaldi had misinterpreted his silence, the king need not have allowed him to be awakened from his dream so roughly by the bullet which mutilated him for life. There was not a shadow of necessity for the brutal episode—

“Onde Aspromonte è infame,”

as the two royal men-of-war, which were at anchor when Garibaldi quitted Catania for the mainland, might have arrested both of the steamers without firing a shot. Again, when, surrounded by the royal troops, he distinctly gave the order not to fire, he was twice fired upon and wounded, then refused embarkation on board an English steamer, conveyed in the most brutal manner on board one of the Government vessels; Cialdini, with folded arms, from the deck, of another enjoying the discomfiture of the man who in Naples had refused to accept any higher grade than his own. The lesson, if severe, was duly conned. Garibaldi from that hour knew that if Italy was to possess herself of Rome at last, the question must never be allowed to rest for an instant; hence it was that he kept his hand well twisted in the Italian mane, so as to be able to give Italy now a shake, now a tug, finally to drag her under the walls of Rome. Though his sufferings were intense, and purposely aggravated by his transport from Reggio to the “filthy den of Varignano,” it was the failure of his onward march to Rome that hurt him most as he writes from Varignano, September 30, 1862, “I have in my heart an Italy, the thought of which rends me, hurts me more than the bullet, than the broken bone, oh, *patria!*”

March 25, 1862, Bertani sent two letters to Garibaldi, "just arrived from Rome," and writes—

"You will understand, on reading them, how important is secrecy, and will see that our envoy in Rome works admirably. He is able to enter into the highest and best-informed circles. The Tuscan agent will enter within a few days. Rome holds the destinies of Italy.

To this Garibaldi replies from San Fiorano, a villa belonging to "our Giorgio," Marquis Pallavicino, on March 29—

"CARO BERTANI,—I send you back the two letters with thanks. Let us again take up our cross, which we let fall for a moment, and we will hope to be able to make a longer march this time.—Your GARIBALDI."

The "feet" were crippled at Aspromonte, but the spirit was not exorcised.

Garibaldi's visit to England, to which he does not even refer in his Memoirs (as it was always a sore remembrance with him), was undertaken in the belief that the Government and "the great British nation were going to support Denmark" and oppressed nationalities in general. The reception—such as England never gave before or since to emperor or king or conquering hero—given to the rebel of Aspromonte, will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. In order to explain the reasons why that visit was brought to such a sudden close, we have but to remember that England was still in close alliance with the "man of evil," and that Garibaldi was in as close an alliance with all the noble leaders of forlorn hopes then gathered

in London, their one asylum in Europe—with Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Herzen, Karl Blind, and with the “good genius” most feared by Bonaparte—with Giuseppe Mazzini.* Hence he was “given to understand” that his presence was an embarrassment to the Government; that his promised visits to Newcastle, to Birmingham, and to the great centres of the working-classes, might entail serious complications; so without a protest or a demur he quitted the British shores, leaving the following letter for his friends:—

* On arriving in the Isle of Wight, Garibaldi telegraphed to Mazzini, begging him to go and see him there; and, on his arrival in London, made a point of paying a formal visit to the Right Honourable James Stansfeld, that type of English courage, loyalty, and constancy, the friend of Italy in her evil days, the champion of the weak and of the oppressed abroad and in our island home. The visit was significant, and intended to be so, as the junior Lord of the Admiralty had, despite Lord Palmerston’s opposition, resigned his post in the Cabinet, so as to have his hands free and his lips unsealed to defend Mazzini, accused as usual of being the author of a plot against the life of Bonaparte, whom he despised but never feared. After their cordial meeting, Garibaldi breakfasted at the house of Herzen, the great Russian patriot, with Mazzini, Saffi, and other illustrious exiles, and as though speaking out a long-nurtured thought, he said, “I rise to make a declaration which I ought to have made long since. There is a man here amongst us who has rendered the greatest services to our country and to the cause of freedom. When I was a youth and had only aspirations towards good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my youthful years. I sought such a guide as one who is athirst seeks the waterspring. I found this man. He alone watched when all around him slept, he alone kept and fed the sacred flame; he has ever remained my friend. His love of country, his devotion to the cause of liberty has ever remained constant, fervent, strong. This man is Joseph Mazzini; he is my friend and teacher.”

“Thanks from my heart for your sympathy and affection. I shall be happy to return among you under more favourable circumstances, and to enjoy at ease the hospitality of your noble country. For the moment I am obliged to leave England. My gratitude will be yours for life.—G. GARIBALDI.

“April 21.”

The Duke of Sutherland invited him to make a cruise in the East; but arriving at Gibraltar in the *Ondine*, Garibaldi expressed his intention of going at once to Caprera, writing thence to Benedetto Cairoli, “I am at home again, *despite the plans made for me by others for a longer navigation.*”

When the fatal convention of September, 1864, pledged the Italian Government to renounce Rome—to assume the guardianship of the pope in Rome,—and to prevent the invasion of his states by regular or irregular forces,—to hedge round the papal throne with bayonets as France had done till now,—the moderate papers affirmed that Garibaldi had approved the terms of the convention; on which he flashed from Caprera to the continent the following declaration:—“That criminals seek accomplices in their crimes is natural, but that they should try to duck me in the mud with the men who have defiled Italy with the convention of September 15, this I did not expect. With Bonaparte one convention only—let our country be disinfected by his departure, not in two years, but in two hours. . . . The French are to quit Rome, let the Italians enter at once.”

When informed that the king, no longer allied with France, but with Prussia, had finally decided on waging war against Austria, he for that year agreed to postpone any attempt on Rome. Even as Mazzini, to certain Puritans who declared that they would not fight under the royal banner, proved that—

“it is clearly the duty of every patriot to take part in a war declared by the Government against Austria for the liberation of Venice,” so Garibaldi, on May 22; ordered his followers to “make no factious opposition to the Government; to prove by deeds, not words, their will that unity should be accomplished. Venice freed, Rome must follow; with our Venetian brothers freed, together we shall march on Rome. Go every one of you. Write your names on the rolls of the volunteers; show that you are willing, strong, true patriots.”

When the order came to evacuate the Tyrol,* numbers of the best and bravest of his officers and soldiers did not entreat him to *proclaim a republic*, but to “lead them out of the Tyrol into Rome.” “I obey, do you obey also,” he answered sternly. Then more gently, “Yes, we will march on Rome.”

* In his *Memoirs* (vol. ii. pp. 254-282), and in the Appendix on Custoza, Garibaldi gives the military history of the campaign of 1866. His loss in killed and wounded amounted to 2080. No sign is there to tell where the dead heroes sleep beneath the cyclamens, as the Austrians brutally destroyed the monument erected by the inhabitants of Bezzacca. Wounded himself in the Tyrol at Monte Suelo on July 4, his birthday, he wrote with his own hand, on the same evening, lest his daughter Teresita should be alarmed, “MY DEAR TERESA,—I am wounded with just such a wound as Anzani gets when playing. So don’t heed any rumours that you may hear. A kiss to the children, and remembrances to all our friends.”

There lies before me, as I write, a sheet of paper left in our house on Bellosguardo Hill, above Florence, to which Garibaldi went straight from his head-quarters at Salò after the exodus from the Tyrol in 1866, so full of bitterness and indignation that he refused even to make official propositions for "rags or crosses," of which "we have too many," for such of his officers and soldiers as had distinguished themselves in the war.

"Yesterday I was a general of the army, fighting the enemies of my country; it was my duty to obey. The enemies of my country were defeated, and to-day I have returned to the file of citizens. I intend frankly to narrate what my saddened soul feels under the shame and humiliations which we drain. The men who presided so unworthily over the destinies of Italy, and those whom we see still on their knees at the feet of overbearing potentates or of false protectors,—these men, I say, are false representatives of the nation. Italy has not deserved to be dragged through the mud, to be ignominiously made the laughing-stock (*ludibrio*) of Europe. Her army is intact, her volunteers are intact, and if the men who stand at the helm of affairs, at the head of her army, have the fibres of sheep—if they tremble before usurpers, I do not fear to become the interpreter of the nation. Here we tremble not; here is the conscience that fears not."

Here the pencil lines end. When, in the spring of 1867, Garibaldi returned to Bellosguardo, once more honouring our modest home, I showed him the paper, and asked, "Have you finished your narration?" "No," he said; "I have been writing a novel." "May I keep the scrap?" "Yes," he said, and wrote over the pencilled words in ink, adding, "The time may come when

all must be told. Now? Well, we must go on to Rome. Meanwhile, we will go and see whether Venetia will come with us."

"How can we go into Rome?—Rome now placed under the safeguard of the Italian king, who is bound not to allow, nay, to prevent by force, the invasion of the Papal States by regular or irregular forces?" asked his friends, and officers in chorus.* "The thing is impossible at least until the Romans rise in revolution."

"How can they rise," answered Garibaldi, "with papal sbirri and French soldiers in disguise spying their every look and word? They have no weapons save their knives. You others (*voi altri*) are always expecting the five days of Milan to be re-enacted, the bloodless victory of Venice to be renewed. That was a surprise; our enemies were unprepared. Were they ever surprised a second time? What of the revolution in Milan in 1853."

"And Palermo, General, what of Palermo?"

"Well, yes. Palermo is an exception. But the Sicilians had arms, and they took to the mountains; and then, Pilo arrived with the news that we were coming, and you were all prepared—had been standing with swords unsheathed, with muskets shouldered, ever since the Cattolica, and we landed in the nick of time."

"Give time to time, General—time to prepare a revolu-

* Ferrari, the great federalist philosopher and historian, writes, "‘Wait,’ they said in the spring, to Garibaldi; ‘we are discussing the law on ecclesiastical property.’ ‘We can settle that at Rome.’ ‘Wait a moment while we prepare the arms.’ ‘Prepare! I go ahead.’ ‘We are in treaty with Rome.’ ‘*A rivederci*.’ ‘You will compromise the monarchy.’ ‘Monarchy will take a new lease of life in Rome.’ ‘But the French will intervene.’ ‘Well, if the French kill us, it will be difficult for the survivors to fight with France against German unity on the Rhine.’"

tion in Rome, to procure arms for the volunteers," some courageous ones ventured to say (for Garibaldi's conversations were generally soliloquies). "Well, well, stir up your revolutions and unearth your arms. Dolfi knows where there are some to begin with; the rest we will take from our enemies. I, for one, am going into Rome."

This is the sum and substance of the talk that went on between February and August, 1867. As Guerzoni writes, "Garibaldi had neither money, arms, captains,* partners, soldiers, no one, nothing." A very Peter the Hermit crying, "God wills it!" "A voice in the wilderness," as one venturesome, "undisciplined" red-shirt told him. "But a voice that echoes from the Alps to the sea," he answered. And three months later all Italy was on foot; "To Rome! to Rome!" cried the volunteers one and all; they armed under the eyes of the prefects, who telegraphed to the Government that they were powerless unless authorized to call out the regular troops to fire on the people. "Arrests are useless," wrote one prefect; "how can we arrest an entire population?" The syndics and municipal authorities, senators and deputies, headed the subscriptions under the thin disguise of "succour for the wounded." When Garibaldi was arrested, September 22, Rattazzi ran a terrible risk of his life. "To Rome with Garibaldi; if the king won't go, to Rome with the Republic!" were cries resounding under the Pitti Palace. Rattazzi has been made the scapegoat of Mentana as he was of Aspromonte, but unjustly. He did his duty as a constitutional minister from first to last.

* See Note A.

He would have dissolved the convention in June, when it was proved that the Papal troops were French soldiers in disguise. He was not allowed to do so. The authors of that fatal convention, the aristocratic interest, bankers, and wealthy classes in Florence, whose interest it was to retain the capital there—the party who looked on Napoleon as the only safeguard against the triumph of democracy—had the ear of the king, whose repugnance to commit the “great sacrilege” was almost invincible; who would have preferred abdication, could such a step have been taken without detriment to the nation, without prejudice to his dynasty. His evil counsellors, while dissuading him from tearing up that convention, quoted it as a justification of their inaction. How, they asked, could he, the king *galantuomo*, allow that convention to be violated? How permit irregular troops to cross the frontier and regular troops to follow when he had pledged his word to prevent the invasion of the Papal States by either? Meanwhile, his chief adviser assured him that the pope would now come to terms, and would cast himself into his filial arms.*

* Menabrea to the last maintained that the pope, when he should see that his temporal power did not give him sufficient force, would understand that his first protector ought to be Italy. “It is to Italy, therefore,” he said in Parliament, December, 1867, “that he will turn, and as he feels the weight of the temporal chains gradually fall from him, he will also see his spiritual authority increased, his independence and the reverence paid to him by the faithful augmented. Consequently, gentlemen, we ought to present ourselves to the pontiff not as enemies, but as friends; and if another nation can claim the title of the first-born son of the Church, the Church must yet consider Italy as her best-beloved son. In this way, gentlemen, the Roman question will be solved, and the disputes between the Italian and

The arrest of Garibaldi, which it was supposed would put an end to the agitation, only increased it. When it came to a question of Rome or anarchy, of Rome or civil war,—it being doubtful whether the officers and soldiers, the commanders and crews, chafing under the humiliations inflicted on them—the defeat of Custoza, the disgrace of Lissa—would turn their arms against Garibaldi, the volunteers, and the people,—the king made a last appeal to his magnanimous ally, who answered by the voice of Rouher, “Never shall Italy have Rome—never!” *

Rattazzi maintained that Italy had the right to intervene; France denied it. Rattazzi refused the mixed intervention. Then from Paris was demanded a change of government in Italy. Rattazzi insisted on intervention with or without the consent of France. He had with him the majority of the cabinet, but it was not pontifical governments will cease. Once they shall have ceased, the question of Rome capital of Italy, by the vote of the Romans, will be resolved by itself.” Thus they prated, knowing all the while that France and the pope were agreed to exclude Italy from Rome. Even Minghetti, on December 14, said, “France will never recognize our pretensions, will never abandon the papacy *al pieno arbitrio del regno d’Italia*, to the power of the Italian kingdom, still less to the violence of invading bands.”

* Thiers, who hated Italy with a hate surpassing all his other faculties save ambition, compelled the French ministry to be more explicit than they seemed to deem prudent. Hence Rouher’s words, “Nous le déclarons au nom du gouvernement français, l’Italie ne s’emparera pas de Rome: jamais!” and the majority of the chambers shouted, “Non, non, jamais! jamais l’Italie ne s’emparera de Rome.” Yet not even this sufficed. After Rouher had left the tribune, Thiers and Berryer led him back to add that France guaranteed the inviolability, not of Rome only, but of the whole Papal territory.

unanimous; hence the king's perplexity. Finally, French insolence growing strong in proportion to the vacillation in Florence, there came from Paris an imperious demand that the king should issue a proclamation, disapproving the invasion of the volunteers, expressing the firm resolution of the Government to repress it, insisting that the committees of enrolment and the committees of subsidies should be suppressed. This Rattazzi refused to do, proposed instead to cross the frontier with the regular troops. When the king refused to allow this, Rattazzi resigned. Garibaldi re-appearing on the scene after his miraculous escape from Caprera, Cialdini, failing to form a ministry of "reconciliation," declined to form one of reaction; Lamarmora refused to make any attempt; so Menabrea was summoned, and with Cantelli, Mari, Gualterio, Cambray Digny, Bertolè-Viale drew up that atrocious document called the royal proclamation, in which the king is made to say that

"the rebels who have violated the frontier, carry a flag on which is written, '*The destruction of the supreme spiritual authority of the head of the Catholic Church* (whereas the destruction of the temporal power was their only aim). . . . *This flag is not ours . . . a war with our ally would be a fratricidal war!*'"

This when the soldiers of "our ally" enrolled at Antibes, defeated at Monterotondo, were murdering the *wounded* Italians; * when French zouaves, invading

* Bertani, in his exhaustive speech on Mentana in the House reproached the French zouaves for their cowardly brutality on the

the house in the Trastevere of the heroic Arquati, had butchered men, women, and children, and, after the husband and two sons had been murdered, the mother Giuditta and her unborn child: this when Enrico and Giovanni Cairoli "*dolce italico fiore*" with seventy-three companions were dead and dying or wounded under the walls of Rome! This—and perhaps it is the most shameful line of the dishonoured page—when the Government allowed papalini, zouaves, antiboini, and the French troops to attack Garibaldi without warning him that the French had really landed at Civitavecchia and were marching on him from Rome.* Then, after sending Italian troops into the Papal territory to stand mute spectators of the massacres of Mentana, at the

night of October 26. Five wounded Garibaldians had been carried to the station of Monterotondo; two were murdered outright in the most brutal fashion—Giordano Ettore d'Asti, also received eighteen bayonet-cuts; Lenari Sante di Rimini, seventeen bayonet-wounds, of which he died; Bortolucci Gironomo di Cerni, thirty-two.

* This is an absolute fact. Such were the precautions taken by the French on arriving in Rome, that no news could be taken out to Garibaldi; indeed it was utterly impossible for a messenger to quit Rome. Sent into the city by Garibaldi on the "day before Mentana," *i.e.* on November 2, to offer our wounded prisoners in exchange for the dead Enrico and wounded Giovanni Cairoli, it was with a feeling of horror that I learned from the wounded zouave whom I took in as hostage, that the soldiers we saw were French troops, actually preparing to march down on the shoeless, badly fed, badly armed volunteers. Arrested (after receiving from Kanzler the promise of exchange, which he kept), and so personally debarred from returning with the news, three different friends undertook the mission. All failed. Might not the Government, might not the king himself, have sent a word of warning? Menabrea, instead, seized the arms, and even the bread sent to the frontier for the volunteers.

bidding of Bonaparte, Menabrea withdrew them, leaving the French in full possession; then arrested Garibaldi, then amnestied him, and initiated a series of such ferocious persecutions as only find their parallel in the annals of the Bourbons, the Austrians, or of the popes themselves!

Garibaldi, in his *Memoirs* (vol. ii. pp. 283-315), certainly wrote without the help of any documents. Throughout the whole last afternoon it was clear to all his followers that, shut out from Rome, he was bent on seeking death. When told by his most trusted officers that the French troops were supporting the Papal forces whom he had defeated, he scorned their tidings. On the morrow he insisted on returning from Monterotondo to Mentana; alone the venerable and beloved Fabrizi succeeded in convincing him that his soldiers had fired their last cartridge—that they were famished, disheartened, utterly incapable of further effort. He then rode alone to the bridge, followed by his grieved friends, none of whom broke the silence that was worse than death. Few, if any, alluded afterwards to the catastrophe in his presence, unless he broached the subject; then they still kept silence, nor attempted to rectify his erroneous conjectures as to the causes of defeat. The “parasitical Thersites” meanwhile trumped up a story of “Mazzinian” treachery, which accounted satisfactorily (to him) for everything, and under these impressions he penned the Mentana episode in his *Memoirs*.*

On December 5, Parliament met. On one side, the

* See Note B.

moderate faction supported the Menabrea ministry, and the continuance of the French alliance, condoned the French intervention. On the other, Garibaldians, republicans, unitarians, and the Piedmontese opposition demanded that, if Italy could not expel the French army from Rome, the convention violated by France should be torn up, and diplomatic relations suspended until the French invaders should have evacuated Italian soil. After sixteen days of tempestuous debate, the Menabrea ministry was defeated, but retained in office by the king (Gualterio, the reactionary minister of the interior, created minister of the royal household, was replaced by Cadorna; Mari by De Filippo). The convention was not torn up; diplomatic relations were not suspended with France; the French troops remained in Rome until September, 1870, when the pope took ironical leave of the last battalion "without regret, seeing that *la France a perdu ses dents* (Sedan)." But at Mentana the temporal sovereignty of the popes ended as it began.

"On November 23, 800," writes Muratori, "the Pontifex Leo III. went to meet King Charlemagne at Nomento, now Lamentana [to-day Mentana], twelve miles from Rome. Léo promised to crown the French king emperor in Rome; the king promised Leo that he and his successors should have the temporal dominion of Rome and of the duchy. Leo returned to Rome on the following day, to receive the king with greater solemnity. On Christmas Day, the pope duly anointed Charlemagne, and pronounced him the most Christian Augustus crowned by God great and powerful emperor. Henceforward the popes became temporal sovereigns."

On November 4, 1867, Pope Pius IX., the cardinals, the French and papal troops visited Mentana in triumphal procession, little dreaming that the blood there shed had cancelled the impious alliance between emperors and popes. Italy's poet, in a poem addressed to "the splendid rebel of Aspromonte, the proud avenger of Mentana," wrote the true epitaph for empire and for papacy.

"Surse in Mentana l'onta de i secoli dal triste amplesso di Pietro e Cesare. Tu hai, Garibaldi, in Mentana, su Pietro e Cesare posto il piede" (Carducci to Garibaldi, *d'Aspromonte ribelle splendido e di Mentana superbo Vindice*).*

NOTES.

NOTE A (p. 377).—All his old officers and friends did their utmost to persuade him that success was impossible—Benedetto Cairoli, Cucchi, Miceli, Guerzoni, Dolfi, Bertani, Fabrizi, Mario. The latter more than once had said to him, "I am willing to die for Italy any day, but not for your king without Italy. When you write on your flag our old motto, '*With, without, or against* the king,' then we shall follow you. We will not assume the responsibility, and store up for ourselves the remorse of helping you to a second Aspromonte." Garibaldi only smiled and stroked his beard. On July 9, he wrote from Monsummano, where he was taking the baths, "MY DEAR MARIO,—I have already written that I wish to see you. If it disturbs you to come to Vinci, where I am going to-morrow, set all the ladies to work on red shirts. Prepare *yourself in any event for Rome*.—Your GARIBALDI." General Acerbi had received a

* "In Mentana, from the foul embrace of Peter and of Cæsar, the shame of centuries was born. Thou, Garibaldi, in 'Mentana, hast set thy foot on Peter and on Cæsar."

similar letter. He and Mario agreed to go to Vinci, and to tell Garibaldi that if he was tired of living and wished to die like a hero on Roman soil, they had no intention of accompanying him to get arrested, wounded, or killed—turned back, at any rate. In the long carriage-drive to Vinci, they made notes of the special arguments that each should adopt. They were warmly welcomed, and Garibaldi's first words were, "General Acerbi, you will command the volunteers; Viterbo is to be our meeting-place. Treat with Rattazzi, and tell our friends in Parliament that I give them yet a month to prepare." Acerbi answered not a word, went back to Florence, and *obeyed*. Mario spoke his mind, demonstrated the impossibility that an invasion from without would succeed; the necessity of a long energetic preparation in Rome; the certainty that, if the king and the regular army should be finally compelled to enter and "restore order," the guarantees offered to the papacy would be such as could keep Italy morally enslaved, etc., etc. "All this we will think about in Rome," said Garibaldi; "meanwhile, march." Despite their presentiment of failure, all joined their beloved chief; Acerbi was the first to cross the Roman frontier. Fabrizi, the veteran of Italian revolutions, a member of parliament, and one of those who believed success impossible, yielded like the rest, and became the chief of Garibaldi's staff; Mario, who resisted the longest, became his vice-chief at Mentana. Bertani took refuge in absolute silence, in the solitude of Miasino, yet again became the providence of the wounded volunteers at Monterotondo and Mentana—was the last to recross Ponte Correse, remaining for twenty hours after Garibaldi's return, hedged in by the chassepots. The two younger Cairolis, then absent in Paris, returned, and failing, as their elder brother, Benedetto, had failed, to dissuade the general, went into Rome to prepare, barely escaped arrest, returned to Terni, and with seventy-five picked men arrived with barques laden with arms under the very walls of Rome. Assailed at Villa Glori under the Pincian Hill, Enrico, already wounded at Calatafimi and Aspromonte, was killed; Giovanni, mortally wounded, and carried prisoner into Rome, returned thence only to die a lingering death in the arms of his widowed mother and of Benedetto, her one surviving, mutilated son. Guerzoni, Cucchi, Adamoli, Castellazzi, also went into Rome to prepare the revolution. The three former escaped arrest, and rejoined Garibaldi in time to lead the forlorn hope of Mentana; Castellazzi was seized, imprisoned, and kept in the Papal dungeons until 1870.

Francesco Crispi, who had just refused a portfolio offered to him by Ratazzi, even as he had refused one offered to him by Ricasoli, saying "the Opposition could only go in on its own programme—'Rome and Liberty,'" gave Garibaldi very clearly to understand that he, who knew what were the intentions of the Government, could assure him that he would be arrested if he attempted to approach the frontier. Three times he went to remonstrate with him; twice Garibaldi avoided the subject, the third time Crispi would speak, and did—expounded the ideas of the Liberal party, the impressions brought away from France, where he and Bertani had been during the exhibition. He dwelt on the immensity of the catastrophe which a failure in the Roman expedition would produce, conjured him to wait until revolution should be prepared at least in Rome; warned him that the Government was resolved to prevent any attack on Rome. Garibaldi answered that he was weary of living in such shame; that it was better to die fighting. Crispi then alluded to the great probability of French intervention, observing at the same time that Italy was not in a position to repulse it. Garibaldi smiled, and said that a war with the foreigner would regenerate Italy. "Well," said Crispi, clasping his hand sadly, "if France intervenes, I shall be with you; if not, no!" And he kept his word. While giving time to the Romans and their allies to prepare, Garibaldi organized his volunteers. Acerbi with the right wing aiming at Viterbo; Nicotera on the left aiming at Velletri; Menotti in the centre moving on Monterotondo; Rome the point of concentration. On September 22, invited by Garibaldi to take a drive to Arezzo, I told him that General Fabrizi and Carbonelli had bidden me warn him that he would be arrested before arriving at Perugia. "Well," he said, "what then?" He was arrested at Sinalunga; had just time to write in pencil, "Avanti, Italians! to Rome, to Rome! The arrest of fifty Garibaldis must not hinder your march." Joining him in the fortress of Alexandria, I found him exasperated at the arrest, but not shaken one iota in his resolve. The entire garrison of Alexandria acclaimed him; two regiments, to the cry of "To Rome, to Rome with Garibaldi!" mutinied. He calmed them by saying, "Yes, of course, to Rome; we shall go all together. Obedience and discipline will lead us there." Again at Caprera, where he went "free and without conditions," I was sent by his son and friends to plan his escape, as they knew that the Government meant to keep him prisoner there. But he,

not believing himself a prisoner, refused our plans, giving me the necessary orders to be executed by his friends on the continent—enjoining on his son and his soldiers not to desist for an instant, nor to doubt that he should join them. And he did join them after his miraculous escape from Caprera, brought back by Canzio, his son-in-law, with funds furnished as usual by Adriano Lemmi. Again, after his return to Florence, whence he went in a special train to the frontier, halting at Rieti, all the troops applauded, crying, “To Rome, to Rome with Garibaldi!” Again he harangued them on the necessity of obedience and discipline saying, “To Rome, of course; we form the van, then you will follow, ‘to meet again’ in Rome.” It was his firm conviction that, should victory crown his efforts, the king would feel himself constrained to send the regular troops across the frontier, on the pretext of keeping order, as in 1859 and 1860.

Sheer obstinacy this, some people still say; we answer them in the words of the minister of public instruction, Coppino, who, after the catastrophe, insisted on the rejection of the convention, “deliberately violated in June, quenched in blood at Mentana. Garibaldi takes no account of danger or opposition. He does not ask the people if it is time to do; takes no count of what they may be doing at the time. He disturbs them in their daily occupations; for their quiet and serious work of ordering their internal affairs, he substitutes the completion of the national territory; and the nation interrupts its own work, and sets itself to that other work counselled by Garibaldi. Why? Because Garibaldi is the embodiment of Italian aspiration. Rome is the sentiment of the Italian nation. Schools may teach the tradition, but it is our soil that instils the sentiment into every man born thereon. It is the love of country; it is the sentiment, the instinct of liberty. The two wings of this daring hunter of kingdoms, of this falcon who flies boldly in the light of the sun, are the unity of the fatherland and its liberty. Garibaldi arrested, cries, ‘To Rome, despite the arrest of fifty Garibaldis!’ and the people march, and the whole country cries to the Government, *Avanti!* From the prison of Alexandria he returns to Caprera; cries, ‘I am a prisoner; carry on my work.’ The representatives of the municipalities initiate subscriptions to aid the volunteers. Can anything prove the vitality, the profound vitality, of a political movement more than this? Can any words say more clearly, ‘This is the national thought?’ The Rattazzi Government

did its utmost to suffocate the movement—arrested volunteers, lined the Papal frontier, sent its vessels along the coast, compelled our soldiers to compress with one hand the beating of their hearts, with the other to arrest the volunteers, to sequester their arms, to seize their provisions. Remember how, during the first combats, the volunteers were dressed, armed, nourished. The situation is not the fault of Garibaldi, of the volunteers, nor of his friends in Parliament; we all are guilty, all have helped to create the situation. When a nation has for so long been taught to believe that the possession of Rome is necessary to its unity, indispensable to its independence, to its prosperity, then arises the fatal necessity to acquire this indispensable thing. When the problem of existence, of organization is placed before the country, when all feel and know that this is subordinate to the question of Rome, then, gentlemen, if you wish for financial prosperity and good administration, you must take possession of your capital city. When the nation believed that the late ministry was opposed to Rome, cries of, ‘Down with the ministry! *viva* Garibaldi!’ resounded through the country. When this ministry resigned, throughout the country, in this same city, another menacing cry was raised (that of ‘*Viva* the Republic’). . . .”

NOTE B (p. 382).—Throughout his brief account of the campaign in the “*Agro Romano*” (vol. ii. pp. 284, *et seq.*), Garibaldi attributes the causes of his defeat to *Mazzineria* and to the Mazzinians; and that he had been fully persuaded that this was the case by persons who had failed in their own duty, and thus accelerated the catastrophe, every word he spoke and every line he wrote during his lifetime proves. But eye-witnesses who were the chief actors, the facts of the case, internal and circumstantial evidence, all go to prove that not only did Mazzini and his followers refrain from hindering the success of the enterprise once commenced, but would have very materially promoted it had success been possible. It is quite true that Mazzini, as did every other member of the Liberal party in Italy, disapproved the campaign, initiated in that moment and in that manner; and for the following reasons. Mazzini knew that the king would not stir a finger in the Roman question without the consent of Napoleon; he knew that the French empire was tottering to its fall. He knew, also, that the only plausible excuse for a Garibaldian intervention in Rome would be an insurrection in the city, and this, owing to the manœuvres of

the moderates—the moderates who acted entirely in the interests of the Napoleonic party—to the imprisonment and espionage exercised over the whole party of action, he deemed next to impossible, but attainable perhaps if sufficient time were allowed for the importation of arms, ammunition, and leaders, before any suspicions had been aroused. All these reasons he explained in words and in writing to Garibaldi, and to all who went to London or to Lugano to consult him.

“To Rome you will not go,” he wrote to all the associations and to his friends; “by this road you go, not to Rome, but to a second Aspromonte. Foment, organize a movement in Rome, carry arms and ammunition into or around the city. A movement in the provinces would be a fatal mistake. It would sound the alarm for the Papal police, cause all the Papal troops to be concentrated in Rome. Even if such a movement should succeed, it can but annex another strip of Italian soil, *but Rome and Civitavecchia will remain to the pope*. If even the king consent to infringe the convention and cross the frontier with the army, the French clergy enraged (*inferocito*) would compel Napoleon to intervene. Possibly he does not desire so to do, because Sadowa was a violent shock for him, the *fiasco* at Mexico has irritated the French people, the abandonment of Maximilian has rendered Austria his enemy, and now he counts on the Italian monarchy as his ally on the Rhine. But all these causes summed up into one do not outbalance the impossibility in which he finds himself of breaking with his ultramontane allies. In the name therefore of Rome and of the Fatherland, aid a movement in the city, but do not allow yourselves to be drawn into a movement in the provinces. You would be lost, and the Roman question sent to the Greek Kalends.”

Everything was done contrary to his advice; but that this was sound is proved by Guerzoni, who with Cucchi, Adamoli, Bezzi, Castellazzo, and others did go into Rome and try to promote an insurrection there. “Up to October 16,” writes Guerzoni, “the Romans had not a single weapon; and as for conspiring, the alarm given to the papal police by the Garibaldian invasion of the provinces had rendered the affair so difficult and dangerous, that it was a miracle that the plot was not discovered ten times a day.” Nevertheless, once the die was cast, Mazzini did everything in his power to ensure the success of the movement by giving all the money he possessed, all the arms and ammunition at his

disposal, by urging all his friends and followers to go in and win if possible; and I who knew them all can say that all capable of bearing arms obeyed—that of the dead and wounded of Mentana, of Monterotondo, the greater number were Mazzinians.

That Mazzini should do this was natural. Garibaldi assumed the command of the Roman campaign, not as general of monarchy, but as “general of the Roman Republic invested with extraordinary powers by that Government, the most legitimate which has ever existed in Italy.” The following, written after the victory of Monterotondo, is a specimen of his proclamations: “We are on the road to Rome, the precursors of the people. On their banner, which we unfurl once more, is written, ‘Abolition of the temporal power of the pope! Rome, capital of Italy! Liberty of conscience! Equality of all religions (*culti*) before the law!’ This was the banner unfurled by the Roman people, when, between October 22 and 24, they made a desperate and heroic attempt to stretch forth their hands to us and open the gates of Rome. This, and no other, is the cause for which we fight. Against us are arrayed those who have forgotten the very name of Rome, who conspire for the return of the foreigner on Italian soil. The irrevocable pledge of honour assumed by the Government and the people was and is—Italy one and indivisible. When a government fails to redeem such a pledge, the people supervenes and saves itself.”

And when he learned that the Italian army had crossed the frontier to hinder him from marching on to Rome, he wrote, “The Government of Florence has invaded the Roman territory, which we have conquered from the enemies of Italy with precious blood. We shall welcome our brothers of the army with our usual benevolence, and aid them to drive the mercenary foreigners sustained by tyranny from Rome. If, however, in continuation of the cowardly convention of September, the Jesuitry of a loathsome *consorteria*, committing more infamous deeds, should enjoin on us to lay down our arms in obedience to the orders of the Man of December, then I shall remind the world that here I, a Roman general, whom the only legal government of the Roman Republic, elected by universal suffrage, endowed with plenipotentiary powers, alone have the right to remain armed on this territory of my jurisdiction—that these volunteers, champions of liberty and of Italian unity, intend to make Rome capital of Italy, thus fulfilling the vow of the Parliament and the nation, that they will not lay down their arms until Italy shall be

complete; until liberty of conscience and of creed are built up upon the ruins of Jesuitism, and the soldiers of all tyrannies are driven out from our freed soil."

All that Mazzini ever demanded was, that once arrived at Rome the constituent assembly should be convoked to decide the form of government and declare the national compact. Now, admitting that Mazzini hoped for, and believed in the possibility of the establishment of a Republic which should embrace the whole of Italy, it is self-evident that in proportion to the republicans who entered Rome would be the votes for the Republic! When, after the defeat, Garibaldi attributed his failure to the plots and the manœuvres of the Mazzinians, the leaders of the party protested in chorus. Saffi demonstrated that in Forlì, then the stronghold of republicanism, every available youth went out to fight; that he and Fortis (now secretary-general for the interior) were members of the committee of enrolment; that 400 youths, well armed, equipped, and organized, were led across the frontier by Major Cantoni, who fell mortally wounded, with many of his men, during the battle of Mentana. Among the wounded were republican leaders, such as Burlando, Stallo, and Mosto. Usiel was killed; Bezzi, a Mazzinian pure and simple, was wounded, and affirmed on his honour that he had received especial orders from Mazzini to join Garibaldi with all the friends he could rally.

When, in his romance of the "Mille," published in 1874, Garibaldi first formulated his direct accusation, I set to work to collect from the chiefs of the campaign—who remained with the general after the victory of Monterotondo and the defeat of Mentana, during his return over the bridge of Ponte Correse, and his arrest by the Government—their written testimony. Important is that of the Bayard of Milan, the Garibaldian pure and simple, Giuseppe Missori, who gave me the following statement in writing: "I went to Lugano to consult Mazzini. He offered me the command of several hundred Romagnoli belonging to the republican associations. Terni was our meeting-place; there I found my men, and under the eyes of the commander of the military division, General Ricotti, I distributed the arms, and with the men thus armed on Italian territory I crossed the frontier."

* General Nicola Fabrizi, the venerable and venerated chief of Garibaldi's staff, answered me in a long letter which ends thus: "My unalterable conviction is founded on everything that I fore-

saw, and listened to, and recognized. It was the royal proclamation issued when Menabrea first formed his ministry that morally decided the situation. The accusation brought against Mazzini of having suggested the abandonment of Garibaldi by the volunteers, I have always held to be an error on the part of Garibaldi, a calumny of those who insinuated it." At the inauguration of the monument at Milan, in 1880, to the fallen at Mentana, Garibaldi again repeated the accusation. Guerzoni, who had published in the *Antologia* of 1868 an excellent report of the causes which led to the catastrophe of Mentana, in his life of Garibaldi, writes, "I also visited him on November 5, 1880, in Milan, and he said to me, 'Do you know who carried off our troops at Monterotondo on the eve of Mentana? They were the Mazzinians.' I had often heard the same accusation, and I had never believed it—*no*, I knew that it was not true; but that was neither the place nor the time to discuss, and I left him in his error." This reluctance ever to contradict Garibaldi when he made an erroneous statement, or to "stand up for the absent," was a common weakness among many Garibaldians, and is much to be deplored.

As no one contradicted this reiterated assertion, I again wrote to General Fabrizi, who had promised me to refute the calumnies publicly. He replies, "I have already written to you as to the causes which attenuated the real and moral force of the enterprise of 1867;" and here he repeats much that he had said in his former letter, and adds, "A fact quite special to new troops unaccustomed to the alternatives of military combinations, and under the influence of the traditional maxim of Garibaldian campaigns, *of always going ahead*, was the retreat from Monterotondo after the advance on Casal dei Pazzi, made for the purpose of reconnoitring in the neighbourhood of Rome. It was during the retrograde march after that fact that the desertions took place."

Finally, when engaged on my of life G. Mazzini, to make assurance doubly sure, I wrote to the wounded hero of Calatafimi, Colonel Elia, who held one of the chief commands during the campaign of 1867. Here is his answer:

"Isola de Tremiti, November 12, 1885.

"CARISSIMA SIGNORA,—You ask me if it is my opinion that the catastrophe of Mentana was caused by the abandonment of the Mazzinians before the combat, in obedience to orders from Mazzini.

Quite the contrary is the fact (*A me consta il contrario*). The truth is as follows: When I arrived at Monterotondo after the reconnoitring expedition under the walls of Rome, there remained to me but the skeleton of my three battalions, each of which numbered previously more than a thousand volunteers, who formed the sixth column commanded by me. When the proclamation of King Victor Emmanuel was spread among my men, all who did not choose to be considered rebels, and others who had abandoned their families and their employment, convinced *after that retreat* that Rome would not be entered, deposited their arms and withdrew. And it was with acute pain that I saw the files of my battalions so reduced, that on receiving instructions to march, of the 3000 and more volunteers who composed them, but 700 or 800 remained! Of those who did remain, and who performed their duty bravely, many professed republican principles and sealed their faith with their blood—even as Captain Grassi, killed at Mentana; the officers Tironi; the brothers Zerti and Occhialini, seriously wounded; and other officers killed and wounded, whose names are registered in the report which I transmitted to the chief of the staff, General N. Fabrizi, whose loss we to-day deplore. And were not Canzio, Valzania, Mayer, Frigesi, Stallo, Missori, Burlando, Bezzi, and Mario, your husband, whose loss we mourn, professors of republican principles? Who, but they and so many other republicans, headed the few volunteers remaining to us during the combat which cost General de Failly, despite his chassepots miracles, so dear? This is the truth—truth well known to all who shared in the not fortunate, but certainly not inglorious battle, of Mentana.

“I have never heard any one assert the contrary. The causes which in my opinion induced so many volunteers to return to their families were various. The two causes which preponderated were: First the belief that after the retreat (from Casal dei Pazzi) to Monterotondo, we should not be led to Rome; the second, that many did not choose to be considered as rebels, and feared the consequences. Believe me ever devotedly yours, A. ELIA.” *

* This unanswerable document I first gave to Saffi for his preface to the fifteenth volume of the writings of Mazzini, and afterwards published it in my life of Mazzini (Edoardo Sonzogno, Milan, 1886).

IX.

1870-1871.

To Rome at last—Mazzini a prisoner in Gaeta—Garibaldi blockaded at Caprera—Garibaldi for France against the world—The French campaign—The three days of Dijon—The colours of the 61st—Garibaldi's resignation—His refusal to "go home by way of Nice"—Victor Hugo's noble defence of "the only general who had not been defeated"—Manteuffel's opinion of Garibaldi's military genius—Michelet for Garibaldi and Italy—Notes.

WHEN, in 1870, hostilities commenced between France and Prussia, the belligerents themselves were scarcely more excited during their march on the frontier of Lorraine and the Rhineland than were the Italians in watching their movements and scanning the respective chances of victory. The king, the court, the Government, and the moderate party, accustomed to depend on France for counsel and advice, to regard the empire as their safeguard against revolution at home, offered up fervent prayers for the success of French arms; while from the people, the volunteers, the Liberals within and without the House—in whose hearts the insolent *jamais* of Rouher rankled as deeply as did the actual massacres of Mentana—there went up to the God of battles David's prayer, "Give them according to their deeds and according to the wickedness of their endeavours; give them after the work of their hands, render to them their desert." For these, the victories of Wissemburg and

Woerth were as victories of their own. "Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us," was the cry of each unregenerate heart ; and when, on September 4, the telegraph-wires announced the fall of the Empire and the proclamation of the Republic, still there was little softening towards the vanquished, no certainty that republican France would atone for the sins of imperial France. Did not the French Directory, in 1792 seize upon Nice long before any victories could make it theirs by right of conquest ? Did not Lamartine, in 1848, declare that Nice must be made a French province ? And were they not republican soldiers who murdered the Roman Republic in 1849 ? Seeing that France was compelled, in her own defence, to recall her troops from Rome, the Italians naturally considered that now or never was their time for taking possession of their capital. The king decided to send an Italian army across the Alps to assist the French, and had asked in return permission to enter Rome and the Roman States, but to the last moment that permission was refused. But Sedan averted such a catastrophe as the alliance of Italy and France against Germany would have proved, and compelled the French troops to measure the chassepots (which had effected such "miracles" on the volunteers armed with flint locks) against the needle-guns of Prussia. The cry "To Rome ! to Rome !" echoed from the Alps to the sea. The people and their old leaders in the House repeating the old *Se non non* : "With you, if you choose ; without you, if you hesitate ; against you, if you oppose us." Clearly there was no

choice between revolution and a march on Rome. King and ministers knew alike that the crown of Italy was once more in the balance. To Quintino Sella belongs the honour of saving the dynasty of Savoy by wringing from the king the permission to cross the frontier.

Finally, with trembling lips and quivering voice, the Catholic King of Italy gave orders for the royal army to march Romewards, but to halt eight miles distant from the holy city. Generals Cadorna, Angioletti, and Bixio crossed the frontier, and even then it was hoped that the "bitter cup" need not be drained to the dregs. But the imperative will of the nation rendered the consummation of the *gran sacrilegio* inevitable. The pious commander of the land and sea forces ordered that not a cannon-shot should be turned against the Leonine city, nor a shot be answered to the shots of its defenders. And under the gate of San Pancrazio Bixio remained exposed for full four hours to the "thunders" of the Vatican, the veteran of the Roman Republic chafing and fuming in vain, and compelled to point the royal guns on less sacred objects.

On the other side of the city, a breach was made in the Aurelian wall at Porta Pia, and the Italian troops entered Rome, preceded by the letter of the "most humble, most obedient, most devoted son of the holy father," informing his Holiness that

"Only to save at one and at the same time the papal tiara and the royal crown from the cosmopolitan revolution now menacing both, on all sides, had he, the King of Italy, assumed the responsibility of entering Rome, in order to

maintain and occupy such positions as were indispensable for the preservation of order in the peninsula and the security of the holy see."

The Italians, caring little how the deed was done, so that the temporal power was suppressed, the kingdom of Italy established, and unity an accomplished fact, exulted. Europe and the world in general, amid the roar of cannon and the plaint of fallen emperors, found time to note the event, and to cry, "Bravo!" Vainly the king tried to save the Leonine city for the pope, refusing to allow the votes of the inhabitants of the left bank of the Tiber to be taken! On the 2nd of October, 47,000 Romans, marching in columns—sculptors, lawyers, merchants, working-men, and the returned exiles bringing up the rear—deposited in the urn placed in the Capitol 47,000 "yeas," which proclaimed Rome the capital of United Italy. And the inhabitants of the Leonine city, although their entire livelihood depended on the dominion of the priests, placing a glass urn on the bridge of St. Angelo, added their "yeas" to those of their fellow-citizens, and the pope was powerless to compel, as Victor Emmanuel was powerless to refuse, their allegiance. Rome was Italy's; the Italians were in Rome. Pio Nono was a self-constituted prisoner in the Vatican. In the hearts of the survivors of the siege of Rome in 1849, of the victory of Monterotondo, of the defeat of Mentana, grief and exultation were mingled; exultation, because, but for that desperate defence, that later victory and defeat, but for the indomitable courage, constancy, and death-defying abnegation of Italian heroes, Italy would never

have cemented her unity in Rome; grief, because both he who had lit and kept alive the sacred flame, and he who had led them alike in victory and defeat, were absent, prisoners,* ill in body, sicker still at heart. All rejoiced heartily that the military power of France was broken at Sedan—that she was, by the catastrophe of September 1 and 2, bereft of her last army in the field; all agreed that the King of Prussia, who “warred against the soldiers, not the citizens of France,” was a benefactor of humanity, and that the proclamation of the Crown Prince was the most magnanimous on record. Clearly we had left our New Testaments behind us on entering Rome, and the old Jewish code, “eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,” prevailed. In the constant, vivid discussions that took place, as to the probable results of the war, there were few voices raised in hope that France would be dealt with leniently; the majority maintained the right of Prussia to cripple her, so as to render her incapable of disturbing the peace or meddling with the affairs of other nations. Even Americans, who took part in the conversations, recalled French interference in Mexico with indignation, the fate of Maximilian as one more sin to be atoned for.

Truly the Gallophobians, who represented by far the majority of the Italians, must have been satisfied when the terms of proffered peace were made known.

* Garibaldi, on September 13, wrote to Canzio, “MY DEAR SON, —that rubbish (*robaccia*) that calls itself the Italian Government keeps me a prisoner in Caprera.” And to an old comrade, imprisoned for a press offence, “I am here in compulsory domicile (*a domicilio coatto*), watched day and night. Let this console you.”

The intoxication of victory, the indifference of Europe, and, alas! the incorrigible *blague* of the French people themselves, had rendered the victors ungenerous, relentless, insatiable. If the conditions of peace were not literal copies of the first Napoleon's, they were such as France could not in honour accept; such as the world would have despised and scorned her for accepting. Paris rejected the offered terms. The provinces sanctioned and the world applauded the rejection. "Justice had changed sides, had abandoned the camp of Germany attacked, for the camp of France invaded." Still, the majority of Liberals in Italy clung to their vengeful mien.

"France," they said, "has disowned the emperor, not because he was a criminal, but because he was an unsuccessful criminal. She has accepted the Republic as a *pis-aller*; to-morrow she will allow it to be overthrown by the first adventurer who promises glory and revenge. She is a standing menace to the peace of Europe, a permanent obstacle to the liberty and consolidation of nations such as ours. Germany renders a service to humanity in reducing France to impotence for evil. Let them fight it out together."

Four days after the rejection by the French of the Prussian terms, the man whom France had most keenly wronged, the exiled defender of the Roman Republic, the outcast of Nice, the wounded of Aspromonte, the vanquished of Mentana, offered "what remained of himself" to France, and invited his friends to follow him to the rescue of the Republic. A thunderbolt falling from a cloudless sky could not have produced

a greater sensation. The Garibaldian chiefs were beside themselves with vexation. To go and fight under a De Failly, perhaps side by side with the zouaves of Charette, seemed an impossibility; to leave Garibaldi alone in a foreign land was equally distasteful. On the other hand, there were the Ruth-like followers, who each answered Garibaldi's appeal unhesitatingly, "Whither thou goest I will go; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

"*A rivederci*," said Castellazzi, one of my wounded of 1860, just liberated from the Papal dungeons of San Michele, with Petroni, who had been immured there eighteen years, "I wonder where *we* shall come up with Garibaldi?" "Speak for yourself, and take plenty of rags and plaster," I made answer, "for never a surgeon-soldier or Garibaldian nurse will you see unless you fall a prisoner into the hands of the Prussians." Then, "*Chi lo sa?*"

Truly, if Garibaldi had summoned the rank and file to fight for Prussia and against France, very few would have failed to answer, "Present." Still "*A rivederci*" was Castellazzi's only farewell; and, indeed, within a fortnight we did "meet again," at Dôle, the beautiful capital of the Jura, whose heights command the country from the Saone to the Doubs, where the Garibaldians were concentrated.

I was told that it would be very difficult to see Garibaldi that night, as he had just returned to his head-quarters at Amanges; but at that moment an officer of Menotti's staff offered me a seat in an open

vehicle, and, despite pouring rain and the coldest of north winds, I accepted it, and arrived frozen at a little hut, dignified with the title of head-quarters. Entering the kitchen, I was welcomed with that glad greeting only given by old comrades meeting in a foreign land. There was Canzio, who had left Italy without waiting for the arrival of his ninth child, whose birth Teresita announced by telegraph twelve days after his departure; and there was Castellazzi, gleefully triumphant. The Genoese dialect predominated, and the host was requested to continue Béranger's song of "The Conscript," which my entrance had interrupted. I listened politely, my eye fixed on the door opposite, where, as I expected, Basso appeared, followed by Garibaldi, who had recognized my voice. His face lit up with the radiant smile so exclusively his own, as he said, "This time I scarcely expected you." I had not seen the general since the day he sent me from Monterotondo into Rome to exchange the wounded. He looked older and greyer than the three years justified, still he walked erect, and his voice was strong and vibrating. While sharing his modest supper of bread and cheese and dried fruits, he asked anxiously after each of his old officers and friends, adding, that with very rare exceptions he should summon none specially, leaving each to decide whether to come or stay. I told him of the precautions taken by the Italian Government, adding that the news sent by correspondents from the camp was not encouraging. "Ah!" he said, with his eyes twinkling, "the family of correspondents is a very

difficult one to keep in order ;” but, summoning Canzio, he ordered him to make me out a *laissez-passer* as correspondent of English and American papers attached to his own head-quarters. Anxious to know what was his real position in France, I ventured to say, “General, are you captain of the free corps of France, or commander of the first army of the Vosges?”

“I am neither the one nor the other,” he replied, “as there are corps of *francs-tireurs* attached to all the armies, and there are several commanders in the army of the Vosges. I am a soldier of the Republic ; let that suffice.”

As I looked at that man, at whose feet I had seen the populations he had liberated prostrate themselves—before whom the proudest heads in my own proud England uncovered in reverent admiration—there in that wretched room, regardless of the ambiguous post assigned to him, of the no sort of account in which he was held, intent only on discovering and seizing the moment in which he could avail for a people suffering and struggling for liberty, Béranger’s lines came to my mind :

“Je connais le secret de ses modestes vertues,
Bras, tête et cœur, tout était peuple en lui.”

and as I went to sleep in the house of the curate, where my friends had secured a lodging for me, I was more thoroughly penetrated with the true greatness of Garibaldi than I had ever been on the victorious banks of the Volturno, or on the triumphant heights of Montecitorio. And he *was* greater, greater than his greatest

self, the greatest man in Italy at that hour, right to the core when all his countrymen were wrong. After Sedan, the king, the court, and the moderate party cared not what became of republican France; even the vengeance of the Italian republicans was far from being satiated; but he, the inborn liberator—Shelley transformed into a warrior—only felt that the French people were suffering, only saw the goal that must be attained through seas of blood, through years of expiating sacrifice!

“So, moved with wrath toward men that ruled and sinned,
And pity toward all tears he saw men weep,
His loving lion heart
Arose to take man’s part.”

Garibaldi, in offering “all that remained of himself to France,” merely acted up to his undeviating principle,

“Wherever an oppressed people struggles against its oppressors, whenever an enslaved people combats for its liberty, my place is in their midst.”

Called by his adversaries a *cosmopolitan*, an *internationalist*, he frankly accepted the titles, adding, “There can be no internationalists without nations. Every people has a right to its own individual nationality;” and for him a nation was not a mere nation in the abstract, but a special, absolute, particular—Italian, English, or French—nation in the concrete. And it seemed to him merely the right and natural thing for Italy, now that she was independent, free, and one, to fly to the rescue of France when foreign armies contaminated her soil. When still a prisoner at Caprera, he wrote to his friends in Nice, in England, and in Stock-

holm, urging on them to unite and to enjoin upon the Germans to end the war of offence and invasion.

"French, Scandinavians, Germans, are all my brothers; and, if I desired the triumph of Prussian arms, it was that they should destroy the most execrable tyrant of modern times. That done, war must be rendered impossible among nations. All differences that may arise between them must be submitted to arbitration. In the interests of humanity, I would gladly see England, which more than any other country on the earth is the classic land of peace, take the initiative in a world-wide effort to put an end once for all to these savage assaults, which hang like a malediction over Europe."

And when the terms of peace were known, he wrote to his friends in Genoa, "To-day, I say to you, assist the French Republic with all the means in your power. Yes, indeed we must consider it a sacred duty to assist our brethren of France. Our aim will certainly not be to fight our brothers of Germany, who, armed by Providence, have relieved the world from the incubus of tyranny that crushed it to the earth." And to his generals in Greece, "Brothers, France is in peril! Individual liberty, the liberty of the nation, the France of 1789, is in peril. The nation who was never deaf to the voice of other nations is in danger. It is Italy's duty to fly to the assistance of France now that Napoleon no longer dishonours her. I am old, but I owe the rest of my forces to France combating for liberty. Greece, the mother of Miltiades, of Leonidas, of Thrasybulus, and of Timoleon, Greece of the heroes of 1821, Greece, the mother of liberty, cannot but feel sympathy with France. Let us fight to-day for France and her liberty; to-morrow we will fight in Epirus and Macedonia." To another friend, "I am a son of the armed people. Opposed to capital punishments, a friend

of peace and human brotherhood, I am yet waging war because, while a friend of peace, I am the enemy of thieves, and such I consider Austria, Bonaparte, and, above all, the pope. I applauded Prussia up to Sedan. Humanity must ever be grateful to him who overthrew the impostor of Rome and his protector. Now I in turn become the enemy of Germany, because she abuses her victories, and tramples on a generous nation which has done so much for human progress. I consider the Germans as brothers, and trust that, disapproving the conduct of their leaders, they will confer upon Europe the peace she desires. The army of Bonaparte is destroyed; France has been humiliated. Autocrats, Jesuits, and pessimists believe this noble nation to be for ever crushed. This is a false belief. Germans especially ought to disabuse their minds of it. The French are retempered by misfortune. Now there is not a single man capable of bearing arms who is not ready to shoulder a musket for the defence of his native soil. The male population of Germany all in arms on the French territory decreases every day, owing to sickness and to battles. France assuredly is incapable of holding the field in open fight against the Prussian army, but French soldiers augment the enthusiasm of the populations, so that the position of the Prussians will become every day more precarious. I neither exaggerate nor make vain boasts. I am in the ranks of the people, feeling their pulses day by day, and I do not think that I deceive myself. In fact, I will confess to you that I believe in final success."

This last letter was written from Autun, on December 16. Another letter to Maurizio Quadrio, written on the 27th, is still more radiant with hope.

"The pictures drawn of France crushed and mute with despair are false. France has two millions under arms,

and a third million arming; her wealth is immense. National enthusiasm progresses: I believe in the final triumph of right over might. Never, my dear friend, did I hope that my poor life, so near its end, could be spent in serving France, and the generous, the holy cause of the Republic." Once more, to his friends in Genoa, on the last day of 1870, "Never, dear ones, have I desired as I desire now to be twenty years younger. I consider this war as the most important one of my life. I am thankful to see the cause of the Republic take a favourable turn. I have never doubted of the final triumph, and now doubt less than ever. The spirit of these populations has revived. Men of all ages rally to the standard. You see from my writing that my hand is infirm, but for the rest I am in excellent health, and can mount horse without difficulty."

There is not a word of exaggeration in these letters, as far as Garibaldi's hopes and military beliefs were concerned. It was only when he was informed that the great army of the Loire, commanded by General Bourbaki, was to move across the country over the ice-bound soil, through wildest snowstorms, towards the East, that his hopes began to fail. His grief that heroic Paris should be thus abandoned was poignant. His whole heart and soul were centred in doing his utmost to arrest the flank movement of Manteuffel. Being at Langres with the detachment under Lobbia during the first days of January, it was my lot to pass through the entire army of the enemy (who respected a safe-conduct given me before at Chatillon, where I had been sent to exchange the wounded), and I arrived at Dijon, having been stopped two-and-thirty times by the Prussian sentinels, reaching head-quarters at four in

the morning. "You have scented the powder," said the general. "We are coming to blows, decidedly." I could but shudder as I thought of Garibaldi, both his sons, of Canzio, the father of Teresita's nine children, and the very finest flower of Italian youth trying their strength against that gigantic mass of solid fighting forces silently approaching. Garibaldi's face was stern and grave, as, indeed, became the leader of those three all-glorious, costly days of Dijon. Never purer and richer blood was poured out in Italy for Venice or for Rome than drenched the soil round Dijon. Foremost in the onrushing van was Giorgio Imbriani, soldier-poet like Goffredo Mameli, like Rosalino Pilo, all Mazzini's best-beloved disciples, all Garibaldian heroes. So far ahead was Imbriani with his company that the three days' fight was over before we could recover his corpse. Throughout those three days the needle-guns picked off ever the brightest and the best. And it is a not-to-be-forgotten fact that nearly all the officers of Mentana, who had led the forlorn hope against the French chassepots, now armed with those very guns, were killed or wounded in their victorious attempt to keep the Prussians out of Dijon. And when, at the last hour of the great third day, Garibaldi, seeing the last Prussian regiment retire, gave orders to his men to cease firing, just as the colours of Kettler's regiment were dug out from beneath a heap of slain, who had fallen one across the other in the hand-to-hand fight to seize and to defend them,*

* See Note A.

Adamo Ferraris fell with a bullet through his brain, Giorgio Imbriani and Adamo Ferraris, whilom soldiers of Mentana, were republicans *pure and simple*, and for France and for the Republic they had given their lives—given them, as far as that past and this present, in vain. Too late the Government of Bordeaux realized of what Garibaldi would have been capable had adequate forces been assigned to him in time. All the letters and telegrams that now poured in had the ring of "*Troppo tardi ti ho conosciuto*"—of that bitter "too late" recognition of a friend neglected, of an opportunity for ever lost. It was indeed "too late"! Heroic Paris famished, and enfeebled; Bourbaki's army, her one hope, itself irrevocably lost. Even Garibaldi, if he performed miracles, could only help to cover the retreat of those most unfortunate men. What mortal man could do or attempt Garibaldi attempted and achieved. The history of his French campaign has yet to be written. We doubt not that the day will come when Frenchmen will themselves record it as one of the most memorable pages of their history. Eighteen years have passed since we placed in their coffins the remains of Giorgio Imbriani and of the noble Polish General Bossak—sent the son to the broken-hearted father, the husband to the desolate widow, "in their bier." Eighteen years ago we stood beside the open graves of Adamo Ferraris; of Perla, who left a mother of eighty years, a wife and eight children; of Rossi, Cavalotti, and the nameless heroes who flung their lives into the abyss yawning at the feet of France. And it would seem to

us a profanation of their memories and of the faith for which they died were we to quote one word of insult uttered by men unworthy of France and of her defenders; men who were the authors of her twenty years' degradation under the empire, of her final collapse, of the desperate revenge perpetrated by a conquering, ungenerous foe. We turn rather to the heartfelt expressions of recognition and gratitude which Garibaldi received from Frenchmen who loved the country they could not save, because words written by such men and at such a time were the genuine expressions of the actual truth which will live in the hearts of both nations when the curse of standing armies and the very name of the despicable race of the *chauvins* shall have passed away.

On January 28, De Freycinet, minister of war, telegraphs—

“We place in your hands the entire command of all the forces united in Dijon and the department of the Côte d'Or. You know better than I do, General, the urgency of the situation. You have accustomed the world to hold you the equal to any foe. What we ask to-day is that you shall ensure the absolute defence of Dijon, and send without delay an expedition to Dôle and Moucharde, putting yourself in relation with General Bourbaki at Besançon in order to secure a diversion of the enemy's forces, which will be useful to that general. The task is difficult—not too difficult for your courage and your genius.”*

* On January 27, 48,000 troops were united under Garibaldi's command in Dijon. It should here be said that Monsieur de Freycinet more than once asked Garibaldi to make special propositions for the recompenses and decorations to be awarded to his valiant troops, begging him also to name some of the *mobilisés*, so as to “con-

To these entreaties Garibaldi replied, "Thanks for your confidence. I shall execute your orders to the utmost of my ability. Menotti Garibaldi starts for Bourg. I have sent officers towards Pontarlier and civilians into Switzerland to obtain news of Bourbaki."

This dispatch bears the date of January 28. On the 29th, he received a copy of the telegram sent by Jules Favre from Versailles to the delegation of Bordeaux: "We have to-day signed an armistice with Count Bismarck, which is to last twenty-one days. An assembly is convoked at Bordeaux for February 15. Tell this news to France, and convoke the electoral colleges for February 15. A member of the Government is starting for Bordeaux."

With this copy came a private letter, informing Garibaldi that the delegation at Bordeaux, Gambetta and the rest, had not been consulted, nor received the slightest warning of the scheme.*

ciliate them, and make them love his authority." They had just been placed under it, De Freycinet having taken them from Pelissier, asking that general, in an ironical letter, whether he thought he had been sent with his troops to Dijon to take a walk—bidding him to send before court-martial the chiefs who had refused to fight (as "even the *mobilisés* ought to fight and their guns ought to fire"). When at length the chief of Garibaldi's staff sent in a list of the most meritorious of the three days of Dijon, De Freycinet was no longer Minister of War, and the list was relegated to the Greek Kalends. Freycinet's last letter before the armistice is as follows:—"I am waiting for your list of proposals. They are well deserved. It was promised that the volunteers would do their duty. They have kept their promise, and covered themselves with honour."

* That the minister of war was entirely satisfied with Garibaldi's conduct is proved by his telegram during the armistice: "I count

As soon as the news of Dijon reached head-quarters, Monsieur Crémieux telegraphed to Garibaldi—

“FRIEND,—Allow me personally to send you my congratulations, and to express my joy for your splendid victory; yes, long live the Republic, so well defended by the great soldier who at this moment carries so high the French flag, adding one new glory to so much glory. Long live your Garibaldian soldiers! motionless as a wall in face of the foe; then flinging themselves upon him as a wave! Long live all those to whom you communicate your ardour. Thanks, dear Garibaldi; you know my affection for you. Continue to conquer.”

To the last the main hope of the ministers at Bordeaux was in Garibaldi.

“I come,” writes De Freycinet, “to entrust to your great heart the situation of our army of the East—to implore your assistance. You alone, in this moment, can create an efficacious diversion in its favour. General Bourbaki has tried to commit suicide. At this moment I do not know if he is yet alive. The army, fatigued by the rigour of the season, and by sterile marches, is in retreat on Pontarlier. Its retreat is threatened. The enterprise we ask of you is very difficult—impossible for any other than for you. You will have, with weak forces, to preserve Dijon, to snatch Dôle from the enemy, and at the same on your troops continuing to occupy Mont Rolland, since you have been so clever as to seize it. Let us prepare for the end of the armistice. I count greatly on your army, and I mean to increase it. Let me know how many more guns and *mobilisés* are required.” Again, in reply to a dispatch from the head of the staff, announcing that all the outposts were engaged, deploring the armistice, De Freycinet replies, “I understand your bitter regret after the successes so happily inaugurated, but I beg you to believe that I was not even consulted on the question of the armistice.”

time to maintain your own along an immense line, and to seize the forest of Chaux, which doubtlessly the enemy already occupies. Do you think you can attempt this? Reply instantly, I pray you." To which Garibaldi replied, "We send our heavy material to Lyons, and shall manœuvre with the army. We have already 15,000 men above Dôle; 2000 are on the flank of the enemy between Langres and Dijon."

This dispatch is of the 28th or the 29th. Garibaldi's troops occupied the forest of Crochères, between Auxonne and Dôle. On the 29th, during the night, they seized Mont Rolland and dislodged the Prussians from Dôle. On the evening of the 29th, Garibaldi himself with the first brigade was already at Montrerel and Bourg, marching on Mouchard and Lons-le-Saulnier—that is, between the Prussians and the army of the East retreating into Switzerland.*

Garibaldi, in his order of the day announcing the armistice, reminded his troops that "even as they had proved their bravery on the battle-field, they must by

* On the 29th, Garibaldi sent a staff officer with the following letter to General Clinchant, who had assumed the command of Bourbaki's army after his attempt on his life at Pontarlier: "The news of the armistice surprises us at the moment when we have seized Mont Rolland. . . . Enlighten us on the situation of the army of the East, so that we may place ourselves in communication with you, according to the orders of the Government." At Bourg, Garibaldi received from General Clinchant the following dispatch: "I am shut up in Pontarlier, surrounded by forces immensely superior to my own. We have scarcely any rations. I shall do my utmost to save my army from being made prisoners."

The following dispatch is so important that we give it in the original, as it shows with what intense anxiety Garibaldi strained every nerve to protect the retreat of Bourbaki. Major Baghino,

hourly exercise and discipline prepare for the final battle, when he trusted that the defenders of the Republic would drive from the soil of France the soldiers of the invader." He refused to allow a single officer to leave his post. Drill was carried on more rigorously than heretofore. He reviewed each brigade himself—that of Ricciotti at the outposts; that of Canzio, to which was now added a fine Garibaldian legion, organized in Algiers, bearers of two ambulance cars—Bertani model—a present from the Algerian committee of succour. Seven thousand men, commanded by Canzio, of what would they not have been capable? Suddenly one forenoon the cannon recommenced its thunder. The outposts were attacked; the Prussians were pouring down from Mirabeau on Dijon, 150,000 men against Garibaldi's troops. Telegrams were dispatched to Bordeaux, and at length came the news that the armistice did not include the Doubs, the Jura, or the Côte d'Or.* The Prussians were at the gates, but such was the discipline of the Garibaldian camp that by midnight one of his bravest, had seized Mont Rolland, which is the key of Dôle, but the French general, who was at Grey and Versoul with large forces, had not done his duty.

"Commandant Baghino, Auxonne.

"Restez sur les positions a fin de constater occupation et de me renseigner exactement sur la situation. Consigne sévère aux avant-postes, point de communication sous quelque preteste que ce soit avec ennemi.

"Ligne de demarcation bien déterminée par les villages de Peintre, Chevigny, Rainaus, Biarne, S. Vivon où vous pourrez placer vos détachements.

"Dijon, 30 janvier."

* See Note B.

every corps had withdrawn in perfect order—Menotti by the Valley d'Ouche towards Autun; Canzio's brigade marching to Chagny; and Ricciotti, who remained till midnight to secure the cannon, directing his brigade to Macon. Not so with Bourbaki, who, when he heard that line was occupied and the road closed to Besançon, fired a couple of bullets into himself, and left General Clinchant to do for the army as best he could.

On February 5, Leon Gambetta addressed the following letter to Garibaldi :—

“DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND,—How much I thank you for all that you have done for our Republic. Your great and generous heart carries you always wherever there is a service to be rendered, or a danger to encounter. Oh, when will the days come in which my country shall be able to express all the gratitude which it reserves for you? I recommend warmly to you our department of the Saone-et-Loire, since our Côte d'Or has been abandoned. Cover Lyons; and to do this, hold your positions at Chagny as strongly as you can. You know now, by the measures which I have taken, how I still believe it possible to take advantage of the situation which has been created for us. Aid us by your military action and your influence. Let us avoid complications. While awaiting the renewal of hostilities, let us conduct ourselves as republicans, who understand, and, understanding, practise, a republican policy. I thank you for your letter; it is very precious to me. I embrace you.—LEON GAMBETTA.” *

* On the following day, the 6th, he sent a postscript to this letter, informing the general that, finding himself no longer in accordance with the views of the Government in Paris, he had sent in his resignation; and that an appeal to the electors would be made. He published a semi-official note in the provinces, affirming that the

In his address of February 12 to his troops, Garibaldi wrote—

“We are resolved to share the good or evil fortune of France, and it is, above all, in her distress that we are proud to consecrate ourselves to her. We shall submit with resignation to any decision whatsoever of the National Assembly. We shall not increase, by exigency on our part or by exaggerated advice, the desolation into which despotism has precipitated this noble country. If she remain on foot; if, retempered by misfortune and by the humiliating conditions imposed upon her, France chooses to make a supreme effort, to summon round her her last

Government of Paris had surrendered the defences of Paris without consulting that of Bordeaux. Then followed a proclamation to the effect that “something more sinister and painful than the fall of Paris has come upon us. Unknown to us, without informing us, and without consulting us, an armistice has been signed, of which we have but too late learned the guilty thoughtlessness, which surrenders to the Prussian troops departments occupied by our soldiers, and imposes upon us the obligation to remain inactive for three weeks, in order to convoke a National Assembly under the sad circumstances in which our country finds itself.” Later, a semi-official note in the Bordeaux papers denounced the partial character of the armistice as the cause of the ruin of General Bourbaki’s army. Gambetta accepted the armistice, however, and with it the obligation to convoke a National Assembly, which he doubted not would decree the instantaneous renewal of the war. His proclamation ended with the summons, “To arms! to arms!”

Owing to dissensions between himself and Jules Favre, Gambetta resigned his functions, dissolving his connection with the Government, with which he had neither hopes nor ideas in common.

We have dwelt upon this point in order to prove that, throughout the war and after its termination, the Government of Bordeaux, alone competent to judge of the service rendered by Garibaldi and his army, rendered them full justice, withholding neither their admiration nor their gratitude.

remaining sons rather than bend the knee, then with all the devotion of which we are capable we shall hasten once more to the field of battle, proud indeed to give our lives for the right, the justice there represented. Absenting myself for a few days, the command of the army remains in the hands of General Menotti."

On his road to Bordeaux Garibaldi received letters from Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, and other members of the war party, entreating him not to abandon them, as the very existence of France and of the Republic was at stake. When he arrived at Bordeaux, where he was received by frantic cries of "Long live Garibaldi! Long live France! Long live the Republic!" He answered, "Long live France, Republican France!" He soon saw, however, that peace would be acclaimed by an immense majority. He was informed that a question would certainly be raised whether he, having refused the French citizenship offered to all citizens of Nice at the time of its annexation, could legally take his seat in the Assembly. Hence he decided on resigning both his command in the army and his seats as deputy for Nice, Paris, and the Côte d'Or. He sent his chief of staff to the new general of war, Le Flo, who said, "But what will become of the army of the Vosges? This is too serious an affair for me to decide upon my own responsibility; I must submit the question to a council of ministers." Then Garibaldi sent him to Monsieur Emanuel Arago, minister of the interior, to inform him of his intention to resign; and at the moment Garibaldi entered the House, his formal resignation was

placed in the hands of Monsieur Benoit d'Azy, just chosen Speaker.

Here are his letters, which he himself gave to me that they might at once be telegraphed to the English and American papers—

To the Minister of War: "Having been honoured by the Government of the National Defence with the command of an army corps, and seeing that my mission is finished, I resign and demand my discharge." To the President of the Assembly: "As a last duty towards the Republic, I came to Bordeaux, where the representatives of the nation are assembled; but I now renounce the mandate with which several departments have honoured me."

Although Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Quinet, and other republican deputies, failed to dissuade him from his intended departure, he wrote at their request—

"My Programme."

"1. My vote is for the Republic—the Republic, the Government of honest men; the Government which falls by corruption, and which is sustained by virtue; the only Government which can prevent France from being convulsed by a revolution within six months.

"2. As a condition of peace, the *status quo ante bellum*.

"The expenses of the war ought to be paid by the seven millions who voted for the war, and especially by the imperialists and the priests who urged them to vote. The amount of the expenses of the war ought to be decided upon, by an equal number of commissioners chosen by the two belligerents."

Garibaldi rose to record his vote for the Republic, and to recommend to the care of that Government the

wounded and the widows and orphans of the Italians disowned by their country and their king. But when he saw that his very presence envenomed the inevitable conflict, he at once took his resolution—resolved to start that instant for Marseillès, and thence, at once for Caprera. His Italian followers, as may readily be believed, were stung in their tenderest point. All demanded from the general that at least he should take them “home by Nice.” The populace of Nice clamoured for him; it was with the very utmost difficulty that a revolution was prevented there.* To his friends at Nice he gave evasive answers; answers stern and curt to his own officers and to his men alike. Moreover, he strictly forbade any of them to go to Paris, where the patriots, who fain would have carried on the war, were clamouring for him and for them; he also implored them not to take any share in the internal affairs of France. Having accompanied him to Marseilles, with a feeling of devout thankfulness that those dreadful months were over—that the tide of Italian blood, so willingly and so vainly shed, was stemmed, I was summoned by him to the room where he was awaiting the departure of the steamer, he having “several things to say.” Of the “several things” the chief was a prayer, which from him was a command, to return to Chalons and the other places where we had left our wounded, to see how many could be invalided home, and how the rest could be provided for. “You will not leave the wounded till the last, will you?” he said; and then he

* See Note C.

spoke of the novel he was writing, in which "to do something to please you in return, I shall not print what I have written about Mazzini." "Are we to get back to Nice or not, my General?" I asked point-blank, for in truth I had promised many of our comrades to get at the truth, if possible. There came a sad, hesitating, troubled look over that face

"Whose eyes elate and clear,
Nor shame nor ever fear,
But only pity or glorious wrath could blind;"

as he said—

"Why, you see, Nice is my birthplace; the bitter days of France have just begun, Germany will be unmerciful, France will be rent in twain by civil war. How can I add to the troubles of this unhappy people? Besides, how can I, who came to help them voluntarily, ask for a recompense on leaving? No; it seems to me that we must be silent about Nice for the time being. What say you?"

As I kept silence, he continued, "Well, tell our people what I think." Then, changing his tone, as if choosing to justify to himself his own renunciation, he said in sterner tones—

"Tell them that 229 representatives of the Italian people voted for the sale of Nice; that that vote has never been rescinded nor the session cancelled by any succeeding Italian Parliament."

Garibaldi quitted Marseilles, accompanied by his faithful friend and secretary, Basso, and by one orderly. Although he had resigned his seat for Paris, Nice, and

the Côte d'Or, the electors of Algiers, who had elected him later, ordered their delegates to insist on their electoral rights being respected; hence demanded the recognition of Garibaldi as their deputy. A long debate ensued.

"Garibaldi," said the delegate, "was born in a French city, of a father and mother who were then French. In refusing to become the subject of Bonaparte, whom you yourselves by your vote have disowned, he does not lose his rights. Garibaldi is a French citizen by the adoption of many of our principal cities—Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Algiers (Nice is not named); and, above all, by the devotion which led him, with all his family, to the defence of France."

Hereon ensued a terrible scene, which it was really painful to witness, and which ended in Victor Hugo's own resignation.*

* When the party for the conclusion of peace, which formed an immense majority, and the party which insisted on war to extinction rather than accept the terms proffered by Germany, came to issue, then, the peace-at-any-price party, and the generals who had fled before the enemy, and had been defeated ignominiously, either through want of skill or experience, naturally sought a scapegoat, and found one in Garibaldi. The generous defence of Garibaldi made by Victor Hugo brought their envy, jealousy, and mean search for pretexts and excuses to a climax.

After Garibaldi's departure, the province of Algiers, which had elected him, insisted on his representing them, nay, declined to elect any other representative. The commission tried to avoid a discussion which all knew must be bitter. But Monsieur Grévy, the president, decided that the commission must pronounce anew on the validity or nullity of his election in Algiers, since Garibaldi had not resigned the mandate of that province. A member from the right shouted, "Garibaldi is not a Frenchman, hence he cannot be a member of a French Assembly." Here a tumult ensued; all

Victor Hugo's testimony to Garibaldi's military genius was confirmed by one whom all will admit to be a competent and impartial judge.

"Garibaldi's tactics," writes Manteuffel in his history of the Franco-Prussian war, "are specially characterized by the great rapidity of his movements, by the sapient dispositions given under fire during the combat, by his energy and intensity in attack, which, if partly due to the courage of his soldiers, demonstrates that the general

began to speak at once. The speaker summoned Victor Hugo to the tribune. "France," he said, "has passed through a terrible trial, whence she issues bleeding and vanquished. France, oppressed in the sight of all Europe, met with cowardice in all Europe. None of the powers of Europe rose up in the defence of France, who had so often espoused their causes. Not a king arose! not a state! none, one man alone excepted. (Interruption; derisive cheers from the right, applause from the left.) The powers did not intervene, but a man intervened, and that man was a power. What did this man possess? His sword. (Hisses.) This sword had emancipated one people, it might save another. (Protests from the right.) He came, he fought. ('He feigned to fight,' from the right. 'He fought and he conquered,' from the left.) I do not wish to wound any one; but I state the simple truth when I declare that *Garibaldi was the only general who fought for France and was not conquered.*"

Impossible to give the faintest description of the scene that ensued. "But for Garibaldi," it was shouted, "Creuzot and Lyons would now be in the hands of the Prussians," while howls, hisses, deputies with their fists clenched surrounded Victor Hugo. "Withdraw that insult," shouted Ducrot, the general who had sworn "to return to Paris a victor or a corpse." The President insisted on Victor Hugo's right of speech. "*Garibaldi*," he repeated, "*is the only general who was never conquered.*" Here a conflict seemed inevitable. Then Victor Hugo, seeing that all the efforts of the president were vain to ensure him a hearing, descended slowly from the tribune. "Three weeks since," he said, "you refused to listen to Garibaldi; to-day you refuse me the right of speech. I retire. But I shall yet be heard by France."

never for an instant forgets the objective point of the combat, which is precisely to dislodge the enemy from his positions by dint of a rapid, vigorous, resolute attack. The proof of this, his special quality, we have in a combat which proves equally the heroism of our soldiers and the bravery of the Garibaldians. The sixty-first fusiliers had its flag buried under a heap of dead and wounded, because it was impossible for them to escape from the celerity of Garibaldi's movements. The successes of Garibaldi were partial successes, and were not followed up; but if General Bourbaki had acted on his advice, the campaign of the Vosges would have been one of the most fortunate of the war of 1870-71."

Besides Victor Hugo, Quinet, and Louis Blanc, all the truly good and great men of France, did full justice to Garibaldi and to the heroes who had accompanied him to fight and die for France. Nor can we better conclude this episode than with the words of Michelet, who had lived among Italians, and knew and loved them well.

"There is one hero in Europe," writes Michelet, "one! I do not know a second; all his life is a legend, and since he had the greatest reasons for hatred to France, who had stolen his Nice, caused him to be fired upon at Aspromonte, fought against him at Mentana, you guess that it was this man who flew to immolate himself for France. And how modestly withal! Nothing mattered it to him that he was placed in obscure posts, quite unworthy of him. Grand man, my Garibaldi! my single hero! Always loftier than fortune. How sublimely does his monument rise and swell towards the future! Beautiful, too, the story of those noble Italian hearts, who made such noble efforts to follow him! Neither the sea nor the

horrors of the Alps in mid-winter could arrest them. And what a winter! the most terrible. In a snowstorm which lasted several days, obstructing all the passes, at the end of November, one of those heroes was overtaken. He would not turn back. Throughout the frightful storm, from station to station he climbed resolutely. The thunder of the avalanche had no power to stay him—upwards and onwards, opposing the strength of his young heart to the icicles which froze him. And so covered was he with icicles that when he reached the crest he was nothing more than an ice-block. The snowstorm ended, and with it the man. He was found dead, frozen there, where you begin to see France. They found him there, nothing on him, not a single line to tell us who he was. All the papers spoke of him, but none could tell his name. His name? I will reveal it. The one whose great heart sped to France, abandoned by all in her misery, was ITALY!”

Thus Italy, the Italy trained by Mazzini in the principles of duty, of abnegation, of love and not of hate, Italy educated by Garibaldi to transform into chivalrous and glorious facts the sentiments of liberty and humanity — Italy, practising the Christian, anti-papal doctrine of rendering good for evil, cancelled the names of Porta San Pancrazio and of Mentana, writing with her purest blood Autun and Dijon in their stead.

NOTES.

NOTE A (p. 407).—After the conclusion of peace, the Prussians placed a stone in commemoration of the sixty-first regiment, which was cut to pieces on the January 23, 1871. Sent by Garibaldi before he was made aware of the armistice to Kettler's head-quarters

at Massigny, the Prussian general asked me if it was true that the colours of the sixty-first were abandoned in a house. "No, general," I answered; "they were extracted in a way far more honourable to you—from under a heap of corpses." "*C'est l'avoir perdue tout de même,*" he said, in a tone that revealed the mortal anguish of his heart. I changed the subject, asking him if he had any of our wounded: "None," he said. "I know that you treat ours well"—treatment which the Prussians repaid in full to our wounded, dying, and dead, when, in virtue of the armistice, they became once more masters of Dijon. But for their surgeons our wounded must have died in the hospitals and hotels for want of careful skill. When we buried Perla, they sent a company, the band of which played Rossini's funeral march, and three salvos of honour were fired over his open tomb. I refer to this merely because great disputations have been held about the colours taken on the last day of Dijon. Monsieur De Freycinet, in his published work, says, "The flag was sent to Bordeaux with great pomp," whereas it was merely sent by one of the servants of the telegraph office. At any rate, the Emperor of Germany conferred the full meed of merit on the Garibaldian victors when he gave the new colours to the vanquished regiment.

On January 24, the minister of the interior published the following order of the day:—"Yesterday, Dijon was attacked in overpowering numbers by the enemy, who, after a feint on the side of Darois and Saint Apollinaire, condensed the mass of his forces on the north of Langres, seizing for a moment the Terme de Pouilly, whence they were dislodged by the Garibaldians, who effected a breach in the wall under tremendous fire (*fusillade effrayante*). Ricciotti's brigade has highly distinguished itself, having almost annihilated the sixty-first regiment of Prussian infantry, seizing their colours. The enemy has retreated on Messigny and Savigny."

In his order of the day of January 23, Garibaldi writes, "During these three days of glorious combat our young army has seen the enemy fly before it. The Prussian colours taken by the fourth brigade (Ricciotti's), sustained by the fifth (Canzio's), with a few guns, and the magnificent conduct of our right wing, will be presented as a proof (*gage*) of the bravery and devotion to the holy cause of right and honour to which we have consecrated our entire existence." In all his orders of the day, even after the three victories, his admonitions far exceed his praise. He tells the officers that they are not sufficiently careful of their soldiers, of their instruction, of their cleanli-

ness; that they attack in too large masses, hence the numerous wounded; that when they have an advantage they are not sufficiently cool, hence make few prisoners. Above all, they are not to risk a shot if the range be too long; nor must ever fire till they have covered their man fairly; must fire seldom, and never fail to hit.

NOTE B (p. 413).—Gambetta's despatch to Jules Favre explains the strange position in which the convention signed at Versailles placed the ministers at Bordeaux. "The inexplicable mystery as to the effects of the armistice in what regards Belfort, the departments of the Côte d'Or, Doubs, and Jura, gives rise to the gravest complications in the east. The Prussian generals pursue their operations without taking any notice of the armistice, whereas the minister of war, implicitly obeying the imperative terms of your dispatch, ordered all the chiefs of the French army to execute the armistice, which has been religiously observed during the last forty-eight hours. The application of the armistice must be extended instantly to the entire region of the east." When Garibaldi telegraphed to Bordeaux to know whether he was to cause the armistice to be respected by force of arms, he received the following telegram from Bordeaux, signed by General Haca: "Although the enemy has violated the Convention signed at Versailles, it is not possible, for the moment, to compel him to retire to the lines which he occupied at the precise date of the armistice." But it cannot be said with truth that the Prussians violated or even transgressed the armistice. In the convention it was said, "The belligerent armies will preserve their respective positions, which will be separated by a line of demarcation. Setting out from this point (where the departments of the Côte d'Or, the Nierre, and the Yonne touch each other), the tracing of the line will be reserved for an understanding which will take place as soon as the contracting parties shall be informed as to the actual situation of the military operations which are being executed in the departments of the Côte d'Or, of the Doubs, and of the Jura." The fact was that Jules Favre, on January 28, who knew nothing of the real situation of Bourbaki, probably calculated on such a signal victory as to admit of the renewal of hostilities at the expiration of the armistice, during which the German army was not to enter the city of Paris, and was to afford every facility to the French Government for revictualling and for bringing

into the city the commodities destined for it. Under this impression, and without consulting the delegation at Bordeaux, Jules Favre admitted the fatal clause, "The military operations in the territory of the departments of Doubs, Jura, and Côte d'Or, as well as the siege of Belfort, shall continue, independently of the armistice, until an agreement shall be arrived at regarding the line of demarcation." By this clause Bourbaki's army was literally handed over to ruin. It would seem that Gambetta and De Freycinet did not receive a copy of the armistice conventions, simply signed by Bismarck and Favre, until many days later, when they both tendered their resignations.

NOTE C (p. 418).—From the commencement of the war, the question of Nice became for the Italian Liberal party *the* question of the day. On September 19, 1870, Monsieur Senart, the French minister in Florence, assured Crispi that the French Republic would never choose to retain the country of Nice by violence. On October 20, the French Government named Monsieur Marc Dufraisse, governor of the department of the Maritime Alps. From his depositions before the commission of inquiry into the causes that led to the failure of the national war, we find confirmation of the absolute will of the populations of Nice to return to their native Italy. "Long live Italian Nice!" was the cry all day and every day. Numbers of the inhabitants of Nice joined Garibaldi's ranks, but crossed the frontier to San Remo, Ventimiglia, Oneglia, Bordighera rather than enrol themselves in the regular French army. There were a thousand at least of these refractory conscripts. "When, on September 22, the elections of the national guard were held," writes Dufraisse, "the exclusion of Frenchmen was the general order of the day; all the officers elected were hostile to French domination or were men who had preserved their Italian nationality. When the decree for the mobilization of the national guard arrived, the agitation was great, and from the first day I was assured that the mobilized guards of Nice would not stir. I encountered in Nice an insurmountable force of inertia and resistance. So prevalent was this idea of foreign nationality, that I was given to understand that in this province there were none but *the subjects of the king of Italy*. Two or three times the mobilized guard were summoned to elect their officers; out of 3000 electors but three answered 'present.' I obtained permission from the minister of war to send

the corps to Algiers. Once when I found myself at Nice with but seventeen men in garrison, I discovered a plot for firing the bridge over the Var, so as to cut off the town from all succour from France. When the general elections to the National Assembly came on, out of 6000 voters of the town of Nice, the list of the separatist candidates, at the head of which was Garibaldi, received 5000 votes, the French candidate only 920. When the result was proclaimed, the name of Garibaldi was acclaimed with enthusiasm; mine" (Monsieur Marc Dufraisse was a candidate on the French list) "was covered with insults; 'Long live Italy! Long live Italian Nice!' To which were added cries of 'Out with the French! Death to the French!'" He also recounts an attempt made on February 9 and 10 by the separatist party, to get possession of the city, when Admiral Jurien de la Gravière landed a number of naval fusiliers; and adds, "Had this attempt on February 10 succeeded in expelling the French authorities from Nice, who knows but that the *fait accompli* might not have been ratified when the peace, with its terrible conditions, was signed?" Even without this *accomplished fact*, it may be asked, Would Nice belong now to Italy or to France, had Garibaldi, with such as chose to accompany him, "carcared" by land through his native province instead of taking ship from Marseilles to Caprera?

X.

1871-1882.

Mazzini's last work for Italy—War of words—Mazzini's death, March 10, 1872—Garibaldi for the republic by evolution, not revolution—Garibaldi on the English and Italian navies—"Be strong on the seas"—Private life and relations—Marriage, divorce, third marriage—The nation's gift reluctantly accepted—Last visit to Naples and Palermo—Death on June 2, 1882—Garibaldi's will—Orders for fire-burial disobeyed—His grave at Caprera—The grave of his mother and Anita's ashes at Nice.

It was well for the future fame of Garibaldi and the Garibaldians that the general resisted all entreaties to

remain in France, as most assuredly he would have been made the scapegoat for the crimes and aberrations of the communists.

In the solitude of Caprera, his heart was sore for France. He brooded over her misfortunes, grieved for the unwisdom of the men who had seized the helm. The cession of the two provinces whose populations had fought more valiantly than the rest for France alarmed him, not only for the future of France, but for the future of Europe and of humanity. That cession he foresaw and foretold would be the permanent cause of militarism in Europe.

"The populations themselves," he said, "will never submit. France now crushed, France so wealthy as to be able to pay off five milliards so as to get her soil freed from the invader, will never sanction the cession, nor withhold her hand when it shall once more be strong enough to grasp its sword.

"If the provinces were only neutralized, as more than once he suggested Nice might be, breathing-time would be given. Neutral nations might teach Germany that the *soverchio rompe il coperchio*; that their too cruel victories might prove those of Pyrrhus."

The clause permitting the German emperor and army to enter Paris revolted him. Better than accept peace on such terms, war, war to the death, should be pursued to its bitter end. His contempt for Thiers was intense. When he heard that he had decided on transferring the seat of government to Versailles, his indig-

nation knew no bounds.* He wrote a letter to Louis Blanc, applauding his magnificent speech.†

The prophesy, alas! was realized only too soon. When the frightful civil war burst out, the sympathies of Garibaldi were with the Parisians; his wrath and indignation were poured out upon those whom he considered the cowardly authors of the catastrophe. Nor was his wrath less against those who took up the ground that no cruelty on the part of invaders or cowardice on the part of the temporary government could justify the atrocities of the communists, or the principles proclaimed by internationalists and socialists. Now there were signs and symptoms that these sects were inserting the thin end of the wedge in Italy. Mazzini, who had long been dying from a slow and torturing disease, summoned up all his remaining strength, resolved, if need be, to die in the breach, combating what he deemed the

* Tifiers's excuse for transferring the Assembly to Versailles was that he could not be separated a single day from the Assembly; that each day he was in treaty with Bismarck, had to combine with the Bank, etc.

† The speech in which the great French patriot, after narrating all that Paris had done and suffered, implored the Assembly not to discrown Paris, warning them that to do so would unite all its inhabitants, rich and poor, employers and workmen, old men, children, women, especially the women, in one sentiment of irreparable, unanimous, formidable ire. "You will drive Paris to give itself a government apart!" he exclaimed, "against which an Assembly sitting elsewhere will be powerless, or can only exercise power by using impossible means. If you do so you will complete, with French hands, the dismemberment of this idolized France—the dismemberment commenced by foreign foes. From the ashes of the awful war against the foreigner will emerge a civil war still more horrible."

most insidious foe that had ever threatened the moral progress, the true mission of Italy. The pamphlet entitled "*Mazzini e l'Internazionale*" contains, in our opinion, the gospel of the democracy of the future. That the world should be given over in that future to the blind, brutal force of numbers, he never would admit; nor could he tolerate the idea that the masses, in order to secure their rights, were to commit the same excesses from which they had suffered—were to enact vengeance for the past as the new point of departure whence their well-being was to start.

"It is repugnant to us," he wrote in September, 1871, when the pen was already falling from his trembling hand—the breath faltering on his anguished lips, "to be compelled to return to this argument, but the deplorable obstinacy of those who continue, for sudden and unknown causes, to mislead the Italian working classes, to identify a solemn, social movement which the believers in a republic have announced and propagated for more than forty years, with a foreign association which recently contaminated that idea in Paris, involving it in a series of senseless, immoral, sterile negations, which threaten to suffocate it, amid the just aversion of some, the facile terror of others, compels us to speak once more, and, let us hope, for the last time, of the International. It would seem that the enthusiasm born yesterday in these youths for the *poor people*, can find no other formula than this: 'Imitate Paris,' they say to the artisans; 'murder or be murdered' to the other classes of society. They quote the words, 'Truth, Justice, Morality;' assert that those who combat them are apostles of lies,

injustice, and immorality, forgetting that in the proclamations of the princes of our time, from the Duke of Modena to Napoleon III., similar formulas appear. They forget that the commune suppressed in Paris the liberty of the press, the public, political meetings of men who sought to discover whether a peaceful solution might not yet be found; subjected property to blackmail systematically organized; imprisoned arbitrarily; shot men without trial; resorted to incendiarism which was useless for the defence of Paris; they forget that republicans in Italy defended Rome for a period equal to the defence of Paris, and Venice for a still longer period, without contaminating their flag by a single crime."

The whole of this article, and the following "*l'Internazionale, Cenno Storico*," form the most powerful and exhaustive demonstration of the absurdity, danger, and immorality of the internationalists, showing at the same time that all the partial truths contained in their programme belong to the republican party—that they had been taught in Italy long before the sect of the internationalists existed. The summing-up of the means that alone could lead to the desired goal, a republic in which the moral, intellectual, and economical progress of all classes could be obtained—the true meaning of internationalism condensed by the great republican, Carlo Cattaneo, in his expression, the "United States of Europe," gives the beautiful and perfect reverse of the medal in its affirmative sense. But not until death had set its seal on that long life of uncrowned martyrdom, did the Italians realize that their best and greatest had saved them from a peril that outbalanced

all others. Mazzini's sublime protest was a repetition of the cry, "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" but he died unblest by the knowledge that his last and greatest effort would be crowned with immediate and lasting success.

Garibaldi considered that the social question was the order of the day, and in a proclamation which bears his name, proposed

"that as, unfortunately, the nation still belongs to monarchy, to priests, and to privilege, and as (though we are all adherents of the government of honest folk, *i.e.* of the republic), nevertheless, it is impossible for the moment to inaugurate a republic, we had better defer to a more opportune moment an ampler development of the political question, and deal with the social problem."

The practical method he proposed was "the union in one, of all the associations then existing in Italy; the convocation of a congress to discuss the questions propounded by the internationalists and socialists, the solutions of which are at least practicable." This proclamation bears the date of January 24, 1872. Mazzini, in a most temperate and convincing article, written on February 8, gave the reasons why he differed from the general's opinion,—namely, that the social question was indivisible from the political question; that it was impossible to resolve one without the other; moreover, that to keep silence merely because a system could not be inaugurated in the immediate present, was not the best method to secure it in the future. Garibaldi, in a public letter, stigmatized Mazzini's appeal, indeed, his whole propaganda, as "*vane ciarle, cose inutili.*" And

in the last letter of Mazzini's given to the public before his death, referring to his own attempts to compose the differences in the republican camp, he wrote, "I am not the judge as to whether I have done or written many *useless things*; certainly I shall not do that most useless thing of all, offer advice to General Garibaldi." No such words of bitter sadness had ever escaped his lip or pen; they were wrung from him by the agonizing fear that this man who had done more than any other to effect the material liberation of his countrymen should, through his immense ascendancy over their hearts and imaginations, sanction a crusade which could end but in ruin and degradation. It is but simple justice, however, to say that Garibaldi's internationalism had little or nothing in common with the sects and organizations professing principles which he abhorred.*

* Garibaldi's internationalism was of a very rose-water order. "The international," he writes to Petroni, "wishes all men to be brothers, the abolition of priests and privileges, hence I sympathize with it. The detractors of Paris forget that the Parisians kept up three months' resistance against the troops of Thiers, flanked by the Prussian army. Thiers and his *rural* crew are truly very amiable, and have given proof of their amiability by destroying a people worthier than themselves. Wait till the terrible reality of the assassinations at Versailles are known before you condemn a people driven to despair by that cowardly pigmy, the minister of Louis Philippe. The international is an emanation of the abnormal condition of society, and when it shall be purged of certain doctrines propagated by the malevolence of its enemies, it may carry on the emancipation of human right. I hope yet to see the international eject the *doctrinaires* who urge it on to exaggeration and cover it with ridicule; the agents of monarchy and of the clergy are the instigators of these exaggerations, in order to terrify the wealthy classes, who are always conjuring up the terrible spectre of agrarian

Take all his letters, proclamations, speeches, and we challenge any one to find a word exciting, counselling,

laws. These classes will do well to remember that not legions of *sergents de ville* and immense permanent armies, but only a government founded on justice for all, constitutes the safety of the state and of individual property. Let the international be content with its rights, without touching the heritage or the property of others. Let them say to the powerful of the earth, 'I come to take my seat at a banquet where I have as much right as you have. I do not touch your patrimony, though it is so much fatter than mine. Do not you touch the meagre fruits gained with the sweat of my brow, with the odious measures you have employed hitherto, with your grinding tax, tax on salt, and all the other taxes "on a broad basis" which augment my wretchedness.' Hence, what I have to say to Italian democracy is, take warning by the examples of Spain and France during their late revolutions, and if ever you become masters of your country's destinies, don't create Babylons.

"What urges you to anathematize the fallen, the only men who in this period of tyranny, lies, cowardice, and degradation held aloft, till it served them for shroud, the sacred banner of right and justice? Why anathematize Paris? Because it destroyed the Vendôme column and the house of Thiers? Have you ever seen an entire village destroyed by flames because it gave shelter to a volunteer or to a franc-tireur? Yet this occurred in France, in Lombardy, in Venice—everywhere. You say they used petroleum. Ask the priests, who at least know all about the hell fires, what difference there is between a fire lit by petroleum and that used by the Austrians, who burnt whole villages in Venetian Lombardy." This is one of his weakest arguments, as his assailants, Mazzini, Petroni, who had spent eighteen years in Papal dungeons, Giorgio Pallavicino, the martyr of the Spielberg, Alberto Mario, his well-beloved Benjamin, had spent their lives in expelling the Austrian "incendiaries" from Italy without employing their tools.

In the *Manchester Examiner*, a letter to Mr. Taylor appeared on October 10: "DEAR FRIEND,—I hold Beccaria's doctrines for the abolition of capital punishment and of war. How could I approve the assassination of the hostages? At the same time you must have heard that far more homicides were committed at Versailles than by the Communists." To the editor of a socialist paper, he wrote,

or approving violence or crime, least of all deliberate murder, though haters of democracy assert the contrary, as is natural. Was not a letter forged, purporting to be addressed by Garibaldi to Felix Pyat, eulogizing Hödel, Nobiling, Hartmann, Passanante, the would-be assassins of the Emperor of Germany and of young King Humbert? * When a copy of the letter was sent to the general, he scornfully wrote—

“DEAR BANDI,—I have written nothing to Pyat. All lies!—G. GARIBALDI.”

“Yes, we shall side with those who suffer up to the end, even should the fate of Arnaldo and Savonarola await us. As to the general council which you propose, defer it; don’t be precipitate. We shall support everything that can lead to human brotherhood, but, as to certain ideas, we shall maintain our own autonomy. We form a branch of the international, a flag that we have served under all our life, but this does not deprive each nation of the right of regulating its own internal affairs as it chooses.”

* We are sorry to see that Mr. William Thayer, in an appreciative review of Garibaldi (“The Close of Garibaldi’s Career;” in the *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1888), can have believed these things. He writes, “Garibaldi eulogized Hödel, Nobiling, Passanante, Hartmann, and other assassins, who aimed at the lives of Emperor William and King Humbert.” But we remember that in the English House of Commons in 1845, a forged proclamation of Mazzini’s, produced as genuine, was discovered to be false by Sir James Graham, and he honestly declared it to be such. Yet in 1864 the accusation (of instigating assassination) was renewed against Mazzini, and the forged document reproduced as genuine. For calumniators by trade there is no punishment; the contempt of their fellow-creatures does not pierce their hides, and to trace forgeries home to their *real* authors is difficult, if not impossible. But might not honest writers, before handling the “moral dagger,” sift accusations made against men whose lives are acknowledged to be noble, and decline to reproduce a serious accusation unless it has been *proved* to be a just one?

Twice he published a protest against the attempt made on Emperor William, and when Maximilian's fate hung in the balance, he wrote with his own hand to the Mexicans, after congratulating them on being rid of their oppressors, to Juarez, urging him to spare the ex-emperor's life :

“Salve, O Juarez, veteran of liberty, of human liberty, all hail ! etc. The Italian people send thee a soulful greeting, and a word of gratitude for having prostrated the brother of her oppressor. But, as enemies of bloodshed, we ask at thy hands the life of Maximilian. Spare him. We, the fellow-countrymen of the brave General Ghilardi, shot by his order and by his executioners, supplicate you to spare him. Send him back to the family of our murderers, a proof of the generosity of the people who in the end conquers—but pardons.

“Castelletto, June 5, 1867.”

Some fanatics had assassinated Doctor Ferenzona, of Leghorn, as the author of a libel entitled “Ungrateful Garibaldi.” He, the libelled, telegraphs—

“*Giuseppe Bandi, Leghorn.*

“Head a subscription for the orphans of the author of *Garibaldi l'ingrato* ;’ sign with a hundred francs for me.”

Of course Mazzini knew all this ; but he also knew the omnipotence of Garibaldi's name—knew that any sect or party which could say, “Garibaldi is with us,” held victory already by the forelock, and the dying patriot's dread of class-war in his Italy kept him painfully alert in detecting symptoms of the disease. So fearfully intense was this terror, that the last discussion

on the subject with Cuneo (the "*Credente*"), now aged, but ever a staunch friend of both, precipitated the final crisis. At the close of that interview,

"the veins standing out like knotted cords on his forehead, the lightning of other days flashing from his eyes, he exclaimed to Cuneo, 'Should the doctrines of the internationalists poison and pervert our people, divide into hostile ranks the classes which have united against the common foe and conquered; better that none of us had been born to inspire the struggle which found them sinned against bitterly, sinless even against their oppressors.'"

From that last mortal conflict, followed by acutest pain and ever-increasing weakness, Mazzini never rallied. From March 10, 1872, those who had loved him best, even as those who had grieved him most, those who had heeded or disregarded the voice tuned for their teaching, the lamp lit for their guidance, were constrained henceforward to "learn its sweetness by its silence, its brightness by its decay." When the news reached Caprera, Garibaldi telegraphed to Genoa, "LET THE COLOURS OF THE THOUSAND FLOAT OVER THE BIER OF THE GRAND ITALIAN."*

**E questa fia il suggel che ogni uomo sganna.*

* This was the highest honour that Garibaldi could pay to mortal man, and to no other man save to his "dead friend and teacher" did he ever pay it. True, after Mazzini's death, as during his lifetime, when he gave ear to "parasitical Thersites," he vented his wrath again and yet again on Mazzini and Mazzinians; but his own genuine, spontaneous opinion, as expressed from time to time, is worthy of record. We have given (p. 372) the testimony rendered in England. In 1866, the Sicilians thrice elected Mazzini member of parliament for Messina; twice the Italian Parlia-

Six months after Mazzini's death, Garibaldi set himself deliberately to preach republicanism by *evolution*, not by *revolution*. He had hoped that a republic would have worked well in France—have united the people, emancipated them from the thrall of priests and mammon-worship. Again, he hoped in the restorative influences of a republic in Spain, and, fearing that the misgovernment of the moderates would lead eventually to civil war in Italy, he wrote earnest, serious words deprecating

“a revolutionary cataclysm, which would be tremendous in proportion to the immense hate engendered by those who have for so long maintained Italy in anarchy. There-

ment refused to ratify the election, because the uncanceled death-sentence still hung over his head. Bixio apostrophized the “renegades” for their denial of the man “who had taught them to whisper the name of Italy.” Garibaldi wrote to the president of the electoral committee, “I hear that Mazzini’s election will probably be successful in your college. I desire it from my heart, because the Italians have a duty to fulfil towards him, who till now has ever been paid with ingratitude. It is no new fact that your island is ever ready to wash out our shame.” And, in fact, the Sicilians with their usual tenacity, re-elected Mazzini for the third time, and the Italian Parliament for very shame finally ratified the election, though Mazzini declined to take his seat.

Garibaldi also applauded the proposition for a monument to the great apostle, the founder of Italian unity, and wrote to Aurelio Saffi, “I meant to visit with you the tomb of Giuseppe Mazzini. The season is fatal to my infirmities which prevent me. I shall satisfy this my desire on returning to Genoa. I send a greeting to the soul of the Precursor. Be my interpreter to the patriots of Liguria and to all the Italians; tell them that from his tomb I invoke concord in thought and in action, so that our country may rise to the height of her destinies. I join in spirit at the laying of the foundation-stone of the monument to our great Mazzini.”

fore (*dunque*), no bloody revolution. Form the *fascies* (as in ancient Rome), O republicans! rally round the pact of Rome. Society is gradually recognizing that the only government where there is order is the republican. Monarchy corrupts half the country, and tortures the other half; this cannot last, and when the time comes the nation will destroy these abnormal, monstrous systems. Discipline, organization, education of the peasants; above all things, we must detach them from the priests. Patience! Many, especially among our young comrades, will, I know, repudiate this *waiting method*. I am nevertheless constrained to insist upon it; otherwise rivers of blood will flow to obtain a victory which must be ours in the end, for the republic is the only reasonable government, the only one that conduces to the liberty and prosperity of a people."

Take this proclamation of February 26, 1873, and his latest to the *Legge della Democrazia*, with all the intervening ones, and you will find no variation, no discrepancy. In the interim, republican France and republican Spain had not impressed the world with the conviction that republican institutions possess inherent, regenerating virtues. This was a bitter disappointment to Garibaldi, but it confirmed him in his favourite theory of the necessity of a dictatorship at least during the transition period. Thoughtful, silent, and a great reader, he was for ever pondering social and political problems—would startle you at times by questions that had no relation to any event of the moment. Once, at Autun, he, suffering from a sharp attack of arthritis, summoned me early in the morning, to insist on my going to Prenois, where Luigi dell'

Isola * and others of our wounded, believed dead, were reported to be alive and anxious for a sight of their own people. As we had wounded at Autun, and there were ten chances to one that I should be taken by the Prussians and sent round by Switzerland, I demurred. Garibaldi only said—

“Colonel Lobbia, you will kindly prepare the necessary papers and a close carriage. Our ‘inspector of the ambulance on the battle-field’ is going to the scene of our late combat, to see our wounded;” and to me, “Better start at once, as you will reach Pont de Pany by night-fall. Go, and return from Prenoio during the night; the Prussians never make night-sallies.” There was no appeal, so I held my peace, *sulkily*. Suddenly, looking up from the book he was reading, he said, “Why did your republic fall to pieces so soon?” “Oh!” I said, “we don’t like dictators—couldn’t have put up with poor Dick at all.” “Nonsense!” (which it was, but as I had never found a satisfactory answer to that often self-put question, a hit at dictatorship was a safety-valve for inward irritation)—“nonsense! a dictatorship must never be hereditary. One man for a short, fixed season; that is what France needs now. I think your republic-ended because it was born of civil war.” “So was your kingdom of Italy.” “*Pur troppo!* Alas that it was so! hence who knows? But why take back those lying Stuarts?” This was too great a poser. “It is singular,” he went on, that “such a great, serious, orderly nation as yours is will have kings, and yet how you have treated many of

*“Count dell’ Isola belongs to one of the first families of Turin. He came to France to fight for his republican faith, and fought like a lion. His thigh was amputated on the battle-field; well nursed, he recovered, and is still a “pearl” of republicans.

them!" "Only when they want to govern as well as reign." "Singular! singular! the constitutional government of England, is it not?" "Very, but it answers." "Yes, there; but it won't answer in France; I wonder whether it will in Italy?" "Not if you go on as you have done. Our ministers are not the king's servants, but the men whom Parliament chooses, and our Parliament is the elect of the nation." "But you have bribery and corruption." "Yes, but not *your* corruption; a man sells his vote when he ought to give it freely; but he is not forced to sell or give it by the ministry in power." "True, true. Well, the Americans too are English, and they are republicans, but virtually they elect dictators, and they are wise." "Maybe, general, but probably had the English republicans adopted the Swiss system instead of the 'one man system,' our republic might have lasted." "*Che! che!* a council of many persons! It may do for little Switzerland, whose neutrality is respected and guaranteed, but what if a crisis came? Look at France!" Here Lobbia entered with the papers. "Take the poor fellows cigars," continued Garibaldi. "Basso, give the signora plenty;" and to me, "I shall expect you back to-morrow evening, otherwise I shall know you are sent back by Switzerland." This with a very mischievous twinkle, as he knew that my reluctance to quit headquarters was that of an "own correspondent," with the fear of the editor of the *New York Tribune* before my eyes. Now for the "family of correspondents" he had small liking; but, as I used to ride and tie with Frank Vizitelli, who well deserved Garibaldi's praises, the possible fate was not very terrible.

More than once Garibaldi returned to the argument of the English republic. Clearly he had often mused on

"The darkling day that gave its blood-red birth
To Milton's white republic undefiled,"

which had endured "so few fleet years on earth," and deduced that for any government to be lasting it must spring from the heart-wish, the will, of the majority of the people. He had, moreover, a chivalrous sentiment of loyalty towards the king who *had* risked his crown, who had fought against Italy's foes and who, if he had entered Rome unwillingly, once there had exclaimed, "*In Rome we are, in Rome we shall remain!*"

But Garibaldi's political beliefs and sermons are of far less importance than his practical attempts to make the best of Italy as she was and is. No one was keener than he on the organization of her national army, on the creation of her navy—the mercantile navy above all; and this was the work to which, he flattered himself, that his beloved "men of action" would devote themselves. In 1876 ended the sixteen years' reign of the moderates, their fall finally due to the outrageous conduct of the Minghetti ministry, which arrested, and imprisoned and kept in prison for months the flower of Italian patriots, dragging men like Aurelio Saffi through the provinces handcuffed: detaining them for three months without trial in "filthy dungeons," only releasing them because "there were no grounds on which to bring them to trial." On March 26, Victor Emmanuel summoned the Left to his councils. Garibaldi shared the "great expectations" of the public, deploring, however, that the formation of the new ministry was entrusted to Depretis. What he urged upon his friends was the reduction of armaments. "Keep your *quadri*, but the fewest possible number round the colours; send the

soldiers home to plough their fields and plant their crops; let them be all taught and exercised at home; let every man learn how to fire a musket in defence of his country." This for the infantry. The "special arms," artillery, cavalry, and engineers, on the contrary, were to be brought to the utmost possible state of perfection. He wished Italy to remain at peace with all; "to form no alliance with continental despots;" but to keep her hands free to redeem and cultivate her own fertile soil, the Roman Campagna, the Tuscan marshes, the island of Sardinia, etc. To these objects were to be devoted the 200,000,000 lire saved on the war budget; there were to be employed the poor peasants who emigrate by thousands,* and who, instructed and brought into contact with the artisan classes, would "gradually be weaned from the priests, and learn to love their country." Against the grinding tax (*macinato*), and the tax on salt, he fought persistently. This was to be replaced by the ecclesiastical property.

"Old or sick priests were to be cared for as other old or incapable-of-work men; if able-bodied, they were to work, which would be no hardship, as nine-tenths come from the peasant classes."

* On reading in the *New York Herald* that of all the emigrants that come from Europe, the most deformed, weak, and diseased were the Italians, he writes, "How can it be otherwise? The household guard must be 'picked men;' even so carbineers, firemen, policemen. The priests, friars, Jesuits, who contaminate these Ligurian shores, reject the crippled or deformed, and select the healthy and strong. What remains, then, for the propagation of the Italian race?—hunchbacked, cripples, scrofulous people, afflicted with rickets, and similar unfortunates."

For two years Garibaldi remained in or near Rome, abstaining from political speeches or proclamations, working steadily on his projects for the deviation of the Tiber, for the redemption of the Roman Campagna, for the Roman seaport; and such works as are now being carried on are due to his persistency. But the Liberals had to accept the heritage of the moderates, "for better for worse." The country's all had been sold or mortgaged, the railroads, the tobacco monopoly, the very sands of the sea had been alienated. The king still kept foreign policy in his own hands; an alliance with Austria and Prussia was preferable in his sight to an alliance with republican France, even had that Republic brought forth the fairest fruits. And on that alliance hinge all the sins of omission and commission which prevent Italy to-day from producing the maximum, from spending the minimum. When Victor Emmanuel and Pio Nono died, and King Humbert summoned Cairoli, "the Bayard of Italy," to the helm, Garibaldi's hopes rose to the highest point—to fall to zero when "Benedetto," in the congress of Berlin, sat with Lord *Beccafico* (as he always called Lord Beaconsfield, the only English minister he could never tolerate), and brought home "neither peace nor honour." From that time he took little interest in public matters, except in all that regarded the navy, and especially the mercantile navy. Losing all hope in France as a safe and friendly ally, he yet protested against any alliance with continental despots. England, in his opinion, was the only natural ally for Italy, and in the prosperity of Italy's navy her

only safety.* His letters and publications about the defences of Italy are numerous, and quite worth attention in the present day. "*Be strong on the sea,*" was his constant cry. "Don't let an enemy near your coast; have plenty of harbours, coaling stations, ship-yards for repairs; encourage our people to make sailors of their sons; have training-ships for your waifs and strays—naval schools where boys must enter at eight years old, and naval colleges: let theory and practice be combined." Strong was his opposition to the squandering of money in forts and fortification. The following extract is from one of scores of letters on the subject of fortifications in Rome:—

"Fortify Rome! What a nice handful of millions where-with this provident Government will enrich Italy! Remember the fortifications of Paris, how slight was the resistance; even the terrible fortifications of Silistria, Rustchuk, and Nicopoli could not prevent the passage of the Danube by the foe. England is second to no power for military and political importance. She is the first on the seas; she maintains her navy with maternal solicitude, without troubling herself about fortifying her coasts, which would be useless labour. Comparatively she has few soldiers, but

* He gave his vote for the sale of the old ships, spoke and wrote strongly against the useless fortifications around Rome—fortifications which might be useful against the Romans, never against a foreigner. "*Be strong on the sea, like England,*" he repeated to exhaustion; "be strong enough to prevent any enemy from approaching your coasts. Let the Government give up the futile idea of fortifications round Rome, and, again in imitation of England, build ports of refuge along these coasts—one, for instance, at Leigueiglia, close to Alassio, on the Ligurian shore, which could be done at small expense."

should a foreigner attempt to invade her, he would find at every point great masses of her rifle volunteers, round whom would rally all the valid populations of the island. England has never thought of such useless expenditure as that of fortifying London; she leaves such utter absurdities to the Government of Rome. The Italians forget that their Mediterranean and Adriatic shores are defenceless; that they are already accessible to any who choose to land there. To hinder an enemy from carrying out such a plan there are but two methods—the armed nation and a fleet worthy of that nation. To think of fortifying Rome to save her from a raid by an army landing in the Mediterranean, is sheer folly! Such an army will not come within fire of the guns on Monte Mario—and if you begin with this mount you must continue a system of fortifications which shall embrace the whole city, on the Vatican, the Janiculum, the Aventine, the Palatine, the Capitol, the Esquiline, the Pincio; then must add a second circle of forts outside them! And when the forts are completed, they will not serve to defend the country against a foreign foe—though truly they may be used as was St. Elmo, Castel Nuovo, Castel Uovo in Naples, and San Angelo in Rome, as prisons and galleys for the *rompicolli*.”

During the last six years of his life, Garibaldi's thoughts and feelings, hitherto so absorbed in Italy that all else was secondary, became centred in the young family growing up at Caprera after 1866. We are far from holding the opinion that “*people have a right to know*” more about the private life and relations of a man who has done great public deeds and rendered large benefits to humanity than of any common mortal. But so much has been written, hinted, and insinuated about Garibaldi's domestic relations and

private life, that to say nothing in these pages might imply that silence was the only alternative for the whitewashing process now in vogue when poets or heroes are in question. There is little to be told, and nothing to hide. Garibaldi's opinion of woman in the abstract was very high, very reverent, and deferential. His love and reverence for his own mother were such that her portrait, a very sweet, sad, yearning face, was the only one that hung above his camp bed at Caprera. He never allowed his name day, "St. Giuseppe," to be celebrated there as a festival, because it was the anniversary of her death; the sting in the loss of Nice lay for him in that it held her mortal remains. His tender reverence for mothers who gave their children and devoted their substance and their energies to redeem their country from slavery was unbounded. "La Cairoli," "la Mantegazza," "la Nathan" were held by him in respectful affection; he would listen attentively to their suggestions, sometimes even followed their advice. I remember, when on the Venetian tour in 1867, his saying to me at Ferrara, "Let us escape these tiresome demonstrations, and find out the mother of the Leardi," three brothers—what brave, bright boys they were!—one of whom was killed, the other two wounded, in the war of 1866. I took him at once to the poor widow's home, and it was difficult to say who was most moved, she by the honour done to her by her dead boys' hero, or he, as he marked the signs of the direst poverty, and said, "She had but her boys, and she gave them all to Italy." No personal sign of friendship shown to myself or to my

husband, who was one of Garibaldi's few "Benjamins," ever touched either of us as much as his visit made in 1864, in the midst of the delirium of English enthusiasm; to my father's widow, whom he went purposely to see in Portsmouth. Nor can I ever forget his agitation after the three days' victory at Dijon, where he had ordered me to remain with his dying and wounded, when it was my lot to lead to him, at Chagny, Major Perla's mother, who had arrived too late to see her son alive. He had just been interred by the Prussians, with martial honours over his grave. She was past eighty, and she had left her son's widow and eight little children in their poverty-stricken home. Garibaldi's lips were quite pale and his eyes were dim as he kissed her withered hand, and said, "It was too great a sacrifice. Carlo had done his duty; he was 'one of the Thousand,' and an officer of Mentana." "No," she answered gently; "it was well he came for you and for his Republic. If he could have seen how he was honoured in his grave, he would have been content indeed." "What women can equal Italian women and mothers?" said Garibaldi, as he ordered that every care should be taken for her safe return, supplying her scanty purse from his own little private stock. And these are only a few of the instances that crowd on memory; all who knew him intimately could instance hundreds such. Little as he occupied himself with camp discipline, it was well known that dissoluteness or vice, if brought to his ears, would meet with condign punishment. Coming from this his attitude towards "woman," it must be said that his conceptions of the "tender passion" were as

original as himself. In the early days of our acquaintance, a near relation of his own had committed suicide for love. "How very foolish," he said quite simply, "for a man to kill himself for one woman when the world is full of women! When a woman takes my fancy, I say, '*Est ce que tu m'aime? Je t'aime! Tu ne m'aime pas? Tant pis pour toi!*'" and I have not the least doubt that he acted up to his self-set maxims, and never twice asked a woman for her love or for herself. When, however, this and that had been granted, Garibaldi considered himself bound to accept all the responsibility and the consequences. In May, 1859, a peasant woman of Nice bore him a child, which he caused immediately to be legitimized* and duly registered as Anita Garibaldi.† And it was his declared intention to marry "Anita's" mother. But the war of 1859 intervened: his friends, especially the old couple who had adopted Teresita, were bitterly adverse to the step, and

* A merciful law in Italy allows any unmarried man to legitimize a child of an unmarried woman, such offspring having thus equal rights with children born in wedlock afterwards.

† "Anita," entrusted by Garibaldi to the German lady to whom we have before referred, was reclaimed by her father in May, 1875, and died of malignant fever, in Caprera on the 25th of the following August. There was nothing "mysterious" about her death, as the German lady affirms. Little "Clelia" lay for two months between life and death with the same fever in 1872, but her robust constitution saved her. Anita was not "acclimatized," and any one who knows what that means will not wonder at her succumbing. She is buried by the side of "Rosa," who died in 1870, during the French war, named after Garibaldi's mother and his other little daughter who lies in her Montevidean grave. The father sleeps now beside these two.

persuaded the woman to declare herself satisfied if she and the child were provided for.

In January, 1860, Garibaldi married the daughter of Marquis Raimondi,* and, for reasons best left between her and himself, an hour after the ceremony he led her back to her father, saying, "This is your daughter, but not my wife." At that time he took no steps for a divorce, but when other children were born to him between 1867 and 1876, both he and the one hour's wife moved earth and heaven to obtain a legal separation. The demand was rejected by the civil tribunal of Rome in 1877, but the famous jurist Pasquale Mancini and Francesco Crispi won their suit before the court of appeal in Rome, which declared the marriage *rato e non consumato*—null and void on January 14, 1879. On the 26th of the same month, Garibaldi married Francesca Armosina, thus giving his name to the children of his old age. How fully he was imbued with a sense of duty in contracting this marriage will be seen by his grateful letters to his two successful lawyers.

"LOVED AND HONOURED MANCINI,—I owe to you, my friend, more than my life. You have enabled me to fulfil a sacred duty. Tell your family that I intend to belong to it as to

* It is to this lady that, writing in 1872, i.e. twelve years after their one-day marriage and separation, he refers (vol. ii. p. 103), "The news that Como was again in danger was brought me by a handsome and high-spirited young girl, who drove out from Como to tell me of the deplorable state of the town, and to entreat my speedy return, and appeared to me in her carriage like a vision, on the road between Rubarolo and Varese, while I was marching on the latter town to attack Urban."

a brother ; for you I feel all the gratitude of which my soul is capable.

“ Caprera, January 23.”

“ DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS CRISPI,—Bound to you for so many years by our mutual love for this our Italy, which we have had the good fortune to serve on the fields of battle, I have now to thank you for your generous co-operation in enabling me to fulfil a sacred duty, for having made me to-day happy and tranquil about the fate of my dear ones.

“ January 26, 1879.”

This young family had been from the first a heavy burden on Garibaldi's mind. He could no longer gain his living by manual exertion ; he, who had considered all honest work honourable, who had toiled as a sailor, a tallow-chandler, a shipwright, even as a peasant, who had taught in private families and in schools, could now no longer earn bread by the sweat of his brow. The fatal bullet of Aspromonte had, by crippling his foot, ruined his general health. Hitherto he had warned off or cured his attacks of rheumatism by constant bodily exercise—would walk for hours swiftly from rock to rock ; then return to change his clothes, drenched with perspiration ; leap on his horse and ride, and again return and change. This system was in his opinion “ the only one that availed against the enemy ”—now he could continue it no longer, and the enemy took grim advantage, the intense cold of the terrible winter of 1870-71 proving a staunch ally. During the French campaign, none but his intimate friends guessed what agonies he suffered at times. Up at dawn, he used to visit all the outposts, would be carried up to any eyrie or belfry tower, and on

horseback or carriage was ever in the van in skirmish or field-fighting. But five months of such a life had to be discounted by twelve years of pain—pain borne with a stoicism rarely equalled, never certainly surpassed. As he was now in possession of the entire island of Caprera, he hoped, throughout several years, to maintain his family by the sale of its granite, but the expenses exceeded the proceeds. He sold his yacht to the Government, and the intermediary escaped to America with the proceeds. He wrote three novels, "*Clelia*," "*The Volunteer*," and "*The Thousand*," all three failures from a literary or even historical point of view—most touching efforts of such a man to maintain himself and his family in independence.* In 1875, the two chambers had assigned him a gift of a million of francs, and fifty thousand francs annual pension. He at once ordered Menotti to refuse the gift and the pension with the following letter:—

"You will tell Mancini that the gift would be to me the shirt of Nessus. I should lose sleep, I should feel the cold of the handcuffs, see on my hands the stains of blood, and each time that I heard of Government depredations and public misery I must have covered my face with shame."

This public refusal of the national gift and the widespread knowledge of the straitened means of "the donor of two realms," caused offers of assistance to pour in on every side from municipalities and working men's

* "I know," he wrote in answer to a criticism on his novels, "quite as well as any one how worthless are my romantic works, written from a motive which I do not care to expound here."

societies and from individuals. Hence a characteristic letter appeared in the public papers in 1875. We give the principal extracts over Garibaldi's signature :

"As in these days the newspapers have dilated much on my poverty, I will give certain explanations. I have already said that *I have never been poor, because I have always known how to conform to circumstances* (to cut my coat according to the cloth), *during my sojourn in the American republics, where I possessed only one shirt on and one shirt off, which I kept under my saddle, even as when I was dictator of the Two Sicilies.*" He here narrates how he had become security for a loan from the Bank of Naples, "for my eldest son, in whom I have perfect confidence, though his commercial enterprises may not be successful;" and how several so-called friends had abused his confidence, "otherwise my poverty would not be to-day a public theme, and I should have lived as heretofore, not in poverty, but in mediocrity. I have never asked for anything, but have accepted certain gifts. The English especially have been lavish in rich gifts to me; such as the half of this island, which they purchased and presented to me, with a splendid steam-yacht. As I had not the means to keep her manned and afloat, I sold her to the Italian Government, only receiving an eighth part of the value of the purchase-money, as the broker, Mr. Antonio Boa, a confidential servant of the Government, made away with seven-eighths of it." *

* We recommend this statement, written in Garibaldi's own handwriting, to the author of "The Life of Giuseppe Garibaldi," who accuses his second son of having borrowed the yacht and stolen it. But as the same author abuses every member of the general's family, not sparing his angelic and adored mother, who is represented as "leading poor Anita such a life that she was driven to go and join her husband in his defence of Rome," one calumny more or less makes no difference!

Garibaldi here enumerates the money-gifts that he has accepted, from "the thousand dollars from my friend Anderson," to the "five francs from the working man Giulio Mancinelli," and concludes—

"I have now enough and to spare, hence I decline any further offerings, especially from working men's societies; whose sympathy makes me proud, but, as they are more in want than I am, I feel it a crime to accept their gifts."

But in the following year the money "guaranteed" had to be refunded, and Mancini and Nicotera, members of the new Liberal Government, induced him, after a terrible struggle, to accept the national gift. I happened to visit him just as the ministers left him. He was pale and agitated; looked twenty years older than the day before; told me what had happened, saying, "*I never thought that I should be reduced to the state of a pensioner!*" After paying every farthing of debt incurred by any member of the family, and portioning his wife, his eldest daughter, and little ones, he called one of his oldest friends and purest patriots, Luigi Orlando,* of the great shipbuilding firm of Orlando and Co., Leghorn. The failure of the Trinacrea Society had compelled the firm to offer a composition to their creditors; the larger ones accepted the terms, allowing several years for the repayment of capital and interest of over a million of francs, but the smaller fry refused, and failure seemed inevitable. Garibaldi placed the

* This story was related to me by "Luigi" himself, with the understanding that I was to publish it, which I did in my Italian "Life of Garibaldi."

necessary sum in Luigi's hands, who could not bring himself to accept it. "Luigi," said the general, "obey me; it is no question of you or of your interests, but of hundreds of working men, who will be reduced to starvation if your dockyard is closed." So Luigi "obeyed." Within three months he repaid the loan, and to-day the Orlando shipbuilding yard can vie with the proudest on the Tyne. The *Lepanto* and other enormous ironclads have been launched thence, and thousands of working men, cared for and caring for their beloved masters, bless Garibaldi and his patriot fellow-workers.

This, we think, is "all" that the public "has a right to know," and, knowing all, we leave it for them to decide whether Garibaldi's anxiety to give social rights to children born by no fault of theirs, *extra legem*, does not contain a lesson for the many "honourable men" who do not hesitate to abandon the children of their caprice without social status or legal rights, and to leave the woman alone to bear the burden, shame, and misery without the chance of rehabilitation.

When Garibaldi made his last appearance at Milan in 1880, for the inauguration of the monument to the martyrs of Mentana, all who loved him were shocked and grieved to see the ravages that disease had made in a single year. Stretched on his tent bed in an open carriage, his hair white, his features livid, the crowd who followed him in silence murmured, "He looks like St. Ambrose." No one ever thought to see him again on the continent alive, but the outrageous conduct of the

French in the question of Tunis, the insults cast on the Italian flag, the murders of Italian workmen in Marseilles,—all this moved him to such an intensity of passion that he determined to visit Sicily during the commemorative anniversary of the Sicilian Vespers.

“I am a friend of France,” he wrote—“I think we ought to do all that is possible to remain on friendly terms with her; but, as I am an Italian first and foremost, gladly will I give the rest of my life so that Italy be not outraged by any one. The treaty of France with the Bey has lowered the opinion I had of France, and if her unjust proceedings in Africa continue, she will compel us to remind her that Carthage and Nice are French just as I am a Tartar, and that in ancient Carthage the Italians have just as much right as France. It is Italy’s duty to complete the independence of Tunis.”

On September 22, 1881, he wrote—

“When the Italian flag, dragged in the mud through the streets of Marseilles, shall have been cleansed, the treaty snatched by violence from the Bey of Tunis torn to fragments, then, and then only, can the Italians return to fraternize with the French, leaving Bismarck to caress the papacy. Both our eastern and western neighbours ought by this time to have realized that the days when Italy was the home of the foreigner are over for ever; and that, if Italian rulers are afraid, the people are no longer disposed to submit to insult.” Again, in writing to a Frenchman, “It is finished; your tinselled Republic deceives no one any more. The love and the veneration felt for it is changed to contempt. Your war in Tunis is disgraceful. Should the Italian Government have the cowardice to recognize the accomplished fact, it would indeed be contemptible, even as the nation that could

tolerate such a government would be cowardly. Your famous generals, who allowed themselves to be caged in cattle-waggons and dragged to Germany, after having left to the enemy half a million of brave soldiers, now ride the high horse over the weak, innocent populations of Tunis, who owe them nothing, and who have offended them in nothing," etc.

And to an Italian minister who went to visit him, he said—

"I learn that you are treating with France; that you mean to accept the treaty of Bardo. Don't do it. A nation cannot tolerate insult. If you do it I will do all in my power to provoke you to kill me, hoping that my death may stir up the people against you."

On no subject had he ever expressed himself so vehemently since the Roman question was solved. That Italy should tamely submit to insult stung him with keenest anguish—seemed to render him insensible to the sharp pangs of bodily pain, from which he was now never free.

It seemed a physical impossibility that he could reach Naples, pass through Calabria, cross the Straits, revisit Messina, and Palermo. Nevertheless, he accomplished all this, entering the city of his great triumph on March 28. But the sight of that spectre of his former self struck the people dumb; they welcomed him with outstretched arms, mute, tearful, heart-stricken. It was feared that his words would inflame that most inflammable people against the French, to them, the most abhorred of foreigners. But resentment against a

whole people could not live long in that great, that noble breast. In the one letter that Garibaldi wrote during his stay, he made no allusion to France, but called on the Sicilians to make war against Italy's one abiding foe.

"To you, O people of Palermo, city of great initiatives, masters in the art of expelling tyrants—to you belongs by right the sublime task of destroying in Italy the prop of all tyrannies, the corrupter of the human race, which, ensconced on the left bank of the Tiber, there unleashes its black bloodhounds, strives to destroy the plebiscites, hopes yet to sell Italy for the hundredth time to the foreigner. Remember, O valorous people! that from the Vatican were poured out benedictions on the infamous crew whom you, in 1282, drove out with such heroism from your island. Form, then, in your centre, where so many generous hearts palpitate, an association which shall have for its title the emancipation of human intelligence; whose mission shall be that of combating ignorance and awakening free thought. In order to succeed, you must go among the plebs of the country and the cities, so as to substitute for lies the religion of truth."

On April 17, he re-embarked on the *Christopher Columbus* for Caprera. During the months of April and May the rare tidings that came from the island excited no special alarm. For the last six years the Italians may be said to have been watching the death-agony, and yet when, on the night of June 1, came the news, "He is dying," on the 2nd, "He is dead," we doubt whether ever in the history of the world the heart of a whole nation beat in such unison of passion and grief. But he was dead; there was nothing new to

learn. His last letter was written on May 29, to the professor of meteorology in the university of Palermo, asking for the position of the new comet and the day of its greatest magnitude. Then his difficulty of breathing increased, and strength failed rapidly. All the afternoon of June 2 he lay silently gazing from the open window on the ocean, which had been his first love and his last, his eyes resting on two finches trilling gaily on the window-sill. He murmured, "Maybe they are the souls of my little ones come to call me. Feed them when I am gone." Once more his eyes sought the sky, the sea; then the faces of his dear ones; his last look was for his "best-beloved" Menotti. At twenty-two minutes past six in the evening of June 2, 1882, the eagle eyes were sightless, and the clarion voice was silent, the "loving lion heart" had ceased to beat.

It was Garibaldi's wish to be burnt in the old fashion of the Romans and the Teutons, burnt, as Shelley's body was burnt, in the open air. Once, when I returned from the English cemetery in Rome to bring him a photograph that I had taken of Shelley's tomb, and some flowers from John Scholey's, a brave young Englishman wounded at Mentana, who died in the Roman hospital and is buried there, he said—

"Tell me the exact story of your poet's fire-burial; Captain Roberts told me something." *

And after the telling, he said—

"That is the right thing, and it is a beautiful and

* This was the Captain Roberts so much spoken of in Byron's and Shelley's Memoirs, who possessed some "holdings" at Caprera.

healthy thing also; you defy worms and corruption, you do not contaminate the air of the living. Only the priests oppose it; it would hurt their trade."

To several friends he had expressed this wish; to Nuvolari, one of the most constant visitors to Caprera, he said—

"You will make a pyre of acacia—it burns like oil—and place me, dressed in my red shirt, my face upturned to the sun, on an iron bedstead. When my body is consumed, put the ashes into an urn (any pot will do), and place it on the wall behind the tombs of Anita and Rosita. I mean to finish so."

The following letter to Dr. Prandina* leaves no doubt as to the fixity of this his intention:—

"MY DEAREST PRANDINA,—You have kindly promised to burn my body. I am grateful to you. On the road leading from this house northwards to the sea, about 300 paces to the right, there is a hollow bounded by a wall. In that corner build up a pyre, about two metres long, of acacia, myrtle, linden, and other aromatic woods. Place on the pyre an iron couch, and on that my open bier, with my body dressed [adorned] with the red shirt. A handful of ashes preserved in any sort of receptacle should be placed in the little sepulchre where are the ashes of Rosa and Anita. Yours ever, G. GARIBALDI.

"Caprera, September 27, 1877."

Again, he ordered his wife to have his body burnt *before* the news of his death should reach the continent. This was a responsibility which neither she nor Menotti

* This letter, with Prandina's permission, was photographed in my folio edition of "Garibaldi and His Times."

could assume. Of the broken-hearted thousands who assembled at Caprera none dared to do his bidding. He who had "obeyed" orders that wrung his soul, who had been obeyed as never man before, was disobeyed in death. The very elements protested; such a frightful storm on land, such a tempest on the sea, few ever witnessed in their lives. Three gigantic blocks of granite broke as they were being laid over the grave where they buried and not burned him, and whence some time or other Italy will remove him and give him fire-burial, saying, *Obbedisco*.

In death, alas! Garibaldi is divided from his dearly beloved mother and the heroic Anita. The tomb of the former is in the old cemetery on the Castle-hill of Nice, facing the entrance just under the boundary wall. The ashes of Anita were, by her husband, transported from the pine forest of Ravenna, in 1859, to Nice, before the possibility of the sale of his birthplace, and of his mother's grave, had dawned upon him. They were at once placed in a niche of the inner wall of the cemetery chapel, with a simple marble tablet, on which is inscribed, "THE ASHES OF ANITA GARIBALDI." Below hangs a garland, renewed every year, from "Her children to Anita," and encircling this a marble wreath with the words, "The Garibaldian Union of Nice to Anita Garibaldi." *

* We enter into these particulars for the benefit of our many Garibaldi-loving countrymen and women who, visiting Nice, may be misled by the German lady-author of "*Garibaldi: Recollections of His Public and Private Life*," published in 1887, who affirms that the last time she visited Nice she found that Anita's remains had

Every year the Garibaldians, who are numerous, industrious, and much respected in Nice—not dressed in the classical red shirt, but each wearing a tiny silver lion as the badge to prove their membership—with the Italian-hearted population, go up in procession (headed last year by the mayor) to the grave of Garibaldi's mother on Castle-hill, where, on a marble monument erected by the disciples of Mazzini, you read—

“Genius, Virtue ! To Joseph Garibaldi, first knight of humanity, the greatest hero of the nineteenth century—from Montevideo to Dijon—united with Joseph Mazzini in hand and action, pen and sword, deriving from Rome their force, from the communes their faith ; in this republican soil which was his cradle, which holds the ashes of his mother and Anita—in eternal memory of the people's *Duce* dead—as an encouragement to the timid, an example to the brave, *The Circolo Repubblicano intransigente* GIUSEPPE MAZZINI, Nice branch, places this record, June 22, 1885.”

On another slab below—

“To the undying memory of the most illustrious son of Nice, Joseph Garibaldi, the town of Nice and his fellow-citizens and comrades dedicate this tablet in commemoration. Nice, July 4, 1807 ; Caprera, June 2, 1882.”

Finally, on a marble slab covering the mother's grave—

“To Rosa Garibaldi, pious, brave, virtuous, dead March 19, 1852 ; the exiles of various nations, with the people of Nice, to honour the mother of her noble son, Joseph Garibaldi, have laid this stone.”

Of the many epigraphs and eulogies written for the cabin boy of Nice (*mozzo di Nizza*), as he was dubbed in scorn by his envious detractors, and called proudly been buried on the Castle-hill, and there was nothing to indicate the particular spot.

and tenderly by his lovers and his admirers, the most expressive burst from the women of Naples, who, weeping, wailing, and tearing their hair, chaunted as a dirge—

“È morto Galubardo,
È morto lu mio bel.”

FINIS.

